

A SKYWALD HORROR-MOOD PUBLICATION

SCREAM



75¢

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NO. 6

JUNE

1974

T.M.

WHO KILLED
FRANKENSTEIN'S
MONSTER?



FBI

— a MANIAC is on the loose —
he kills without mercy
and YOU may be the next on his list!
coming soon in

NIGHTMARE

LIKE A BAT OUTTA HELL

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A SKYWALK HORROR-MOOD MAGAZINE

SCREAM

— EDITED BY ALAN HEWETSON —
NUMBER 6 JUNE 1974

...in this issue...

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the
MINDPIRE
of the OPERA

EDGAR
ALLAN
POE'S

MS. FOUND IN A BOTTLE

NOSFERATU

AND THE GUITERS
RAN WITH BLOOD...

THE
SAGA OF
THE VICTIMS



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...ASHES TO ASHES...
DUST TO DUST...

WE COMMIT OUR BELOVED
CLAYTON STOKES TO HIS
ETERNAL REST...

REST IN
PEACE, MAN...

HALLELUJAH,
BROTHER...

...BY RELEASING
THIS HERE
ELECTRIC BUTTON...

...THE CREMATDRUM
APPARATUS IS SET
INTO MOTION...

...THUS, BROTHER
CLAYTON STOKES IS
USHERED FROM *THIS*
WORLD... A WORLD
BEYOND...



...A WORLD KNOWN
AS DAMNATION AND
HELL! ...MAY YOUR
SOUL ROT IN
HELL, MAN...

the WWWKNDMPRE of the OPEW

WRITTEN BY ALAN HEWITSON
ILLUSTRATED BY GABRIEL VILLAMONTE

...THIS IS CLAYTON STOKES, VAMPIRE, EXORCISED FROM THIS EARTH--THUS IS WELCOMED INTO THE LAND OF SATAN'S DEAD...THUS IS THE VAMPIRE MURDERED BY HIS BLACK BROTHERS OF EARTH--LEST THE READER THINK FOR A MOMENT HIS MURDERERS WERE HIS SOUL BROTHERS--UH-UH--WRONG...CLAYTON STOKES LOST HIS SOUL TO HELL A LONG, LONG TIME AGO...AS WE SHALL LEARN FROM THE FUNERAL ORATION OF THE REVEREND ABLE LIVINGSTON...

...THE MAN WE KNOW AS
CLAYTON STOKES WAS
NOT A MAN...

...THE **BROTHER** WE COM-
MITTED TO DEATH WAS NOT
OUR **BROTHER**...

...THAT HE WAS ONCE-
UPON-A-TIME A HUMAN
BEING IS TO THE DISCREDIT
AND DISGRACE OF THE
HUMAN RACE...

CLAYTON STOKES WAS A VAMPIRE...

HE WAS BORN IN HARLEM--THE WORST
Ghetto ON THE FACE OF THE EARTH--BUT HE
BROUGHT SHAME TO EVEN HARLEM...

...FOR THE PEOPLE IN HARLEM TRY TO
LIVE RIGHT LIKE DECENT HUMAN BEINGS...

AN DECENCY IS SOMETHIN'
CLAYTON STOKES NEVER
EVEN UNDERSTOOD...



...HE WAS A BAD KID... HE
WAS SNATCHIN' PURSES ON
PARK AVENUE WHEN HE
WAS ONLY TEN
YEARS OLD...



...AND WHEN HE WAS ELEVEN HE WAS
A MURDERER...



...HE FORMED A STREET GANG AND
INITIATED BLOOD WARS WITH RIVAL GANGS...



"... WHEN HE WAS 15 YEARS OLD HE WAS SO TOUGH, AND SO OUTRAGEOUS, HE HIRED HIMSELF OUT TO ORGANIZED CRIME, HE WAS A HIT MAN, AN ENFORCER... HE COLLECTED AND PAID DEBTS...



"... BEING COMPETENT, AND SLICING HIS FELLOW WORKERS BETWEEN THE SHOULDER BLADES EVERY 50 OVEN, HE QUICKLY ROSE THE LADDER WITHIN THE ORGANIZATION, AND AT 18 YEARS OF AGE, HE WAS PROBABLY THE RICHEST SELF-MADE KID IN AMERICA...



"... HE HAD LIVED SO FAST AND SO RECKLESSLY, THAT BY THE TIME HE WAS 21 YEARS OLD HE HAD DONE EVERYTHING... EXPERIENCED ANYTHING... KNOWN EVERYONE...



"... BUT HE WAS NOT AS YOU WOULD SUSPECT, WITHOUT MANY ENEMIES...



"... IN A RESTAURANT IN THE UPPER 50'S ONE NIGHT, WHILE DINING ALONE WITH LADY FRIENDS, THREE GUNSELS ENTERED AND BEFORE A CROWD OF 50 PEOPLE... TOOK HIM PRISONER..."

THEY TOOK HIM UPTOWN...
TO AN ATTIC...AND THEY LAID
INTO CLAYTON
STOKES AS NO
MAN WAS EVER...
THEY BUSTED
HIS HEAD
WIDE OPEN...



...NOW IT IS--OR WHY IT WAS THEY DIDN'T WASTE HIM
COMPLETELY NO ONE KNOWS--BUT PERHAPS THEY
SHOULD HAVE...FOR CLAYTON STOKES WAS SO FULL OF
HATE HE WANTED REVENGE ON THE WORLD...



EVERYONE KNEW ABOUT THE BEATING
HIS FRIENDS (WHAT FEW HE HAD) DESERTED
HIM COMPLETELY. HIS NAME WAS MUD--
AND RIVAL CRIME KINGS, SEEING HIS POSI-
TION IN UNDERWORLD SOCIETY VULNERABLE,
SENT OUT CONTRACTS ALL OVER TOWN TO
GUARANTEE HIS IMMINENT DEATH...HE
LEFT TOWN, HE LEFT THE COUNTRY SO
FAST NO ONE KNEW HE'D EVEN LEFT...



...HE FLEW TO SWITZERLAND, AS PLACID
A PLACE AS ANY TO RECOVER FROM THE
BEATING AND HUMILIATION...HE KNEW A
GIRL THERE, A WHITE GIRL, WHO HE'D MET
AT A SOCIETY GATHERING IN NEW YORK...
HE DIDN'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT HER, EXCEPT
THAT SHE WAS RICH AND LIVED IN AN OLD
GOTHIC CASTLE...



...AND SHE OBVIOUSLY KNEW NOTHING ABOUT
HIM...WHAT HE WAS...FOR IF SHE HAD SHE'D
NEVER HAVE BEEN INVITED TO STAY IN THAT
OTHER-CENTURY MANSE...

.. NO ONE KNOWS, OF COURSE, EXACTLY, THE EVENTS WITHIN THAT CASTLE-- BUT THEY CAN BE RECONSTRUCTED PRETTY EASILY... THE COUNTESS-- FOR INDEED THE BEAUTIFUL AND RICH YOUNG GIRL WAS OF NOBLE BLOOD, WAS NEAR TO HER GRANDFATHER'S RICHES AND LANDS-- BUT THE OLD COUNT LUGOS SAW CLEAR THROUGH THE YOUNG MAN AND REFUSED HIM PERMISSION TO MARRY HIS GRAND-DAUGHTER, WHICH IT WAS STOKES' GRAND DESIGN TO DO...



.. CLAYTON STOKES MURDERED THE OLD MAN...



.. AND SHORTLY THEREAFTER MARRIED THE BEAUTIFUL COUNTESS LUGOS... WHICH IN TURN, IF YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT HUNGARIAN MONARCHY... AUTOMATICALLY MADE OUR MANHATTAN GUTTER-FIGHTER A FULL-BLOODED COUNT-- COUNT CLAYTON STOKES!

.. THE COUNTESS WAS DESCENDANT OF THE GREAT HUNGARIAN FAMILY LUGOS, WHO WERE FORCED TO FLEE TO SWITZERLAND DURING THE SECOND WORLD WAR... BUT THE NAZIS HUNTED THEM DOWN AND KILLED OFF THE PARENTS, FOR A PERFECTLY GOOD REASON YOU MAY LATER GUESS-- AND THE ONLY RELATIVE OF THE FAMILY YET ALIVE WAS COUNT KARLOV WHO, HEARING OF THE DEATH OF HIS DISAGREEABLE UNCLE, CAME TO STAY WITH THE NEWLY WED STOKES IN THEIR CASTLE HOME...



.. STOKES AND KARLOV TOOK AN IMMEDIATE DISLIKE TO EACH OTHER AND STOKES WITH HIS CUSTOMARY AND STYLISH IMPETUOSITY, WENT TO KARLOV'S CHAMBER ONE NIGHT WITH DESIGNS...

.. TO MURDER HIS BOTHERSOME NEW IN-LAW...



NOW--AS I SAID...
NO ONE KNOWS WHAT
ACTUALLY HAPPENED IN
THAT CASTLE...

...BUT WE
CAN GUESS...

...AND IT'S MY GUESS THAT **COUNT STOKES** GOT THE SHOCK
OF HIS LIFE...

...WHAT THE HELL IS THIS?
THAT'S MY WIFE, MAN--AN
SHE'S YOUR COUSIN--WHAT
THE HELL DO YOU TWO
THINK YOU'RE
DOING?

WHAT DO
YOU WANT,
STOKES?

...IT'S NOT
WHAT YOU
THINK...

GG!!!**
IT AIN'T!!

...HE'S RIGHT, CLAY--IT
ISN'T WHAT YOU THINK...
IT'S...
SOMETHING ELSE...

WHAT ELSE
IS IT...

...IT'S...A FAMILY THING...
I DIDN'T WANT YOU
INVOLVED...

YEH? WELL I'M INVOLVED
NOW, BABY...YOU BETTER
LEVEL FAST...

...I-- I LOVE YOU, CLAY--
I REALLY LOVE YOU...

PERHAPS ANNA, PERHAPS
IF YOU TRULY LOVE
YOUR HUSBAND YOU
WOULD PERMIT HIM
TO SHARE YOUR
HAPPINESS...

...IT'S NOT
HAPPINESS WE
HAVE IN COMMON,
COUSIN...

...IT'S LUST...
IT'S A CURSE!

...YOU TWO BETTER
DECIDE FAST ON
LETTING ME IN ON
YOUR MUTUAL
LITTLE CURSE...

...OR I'LL KILL
BOTH OF YOU...

YOU WOULD KILL
ME? YOU DO NOT
LOVE ME?

I LOVE YOU AS MUCH AS I
TRUST YOU...AND RIGHT NOW
I TRUST YOU ABOUT AS MUCH
AS ANY HUSBAND WOULD
UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES...

...SO DON'T BE MYSTERIOUS,
BABY--YOU GOT SOMETHING
TO TELL ME...TELL
ME NOW!!



GOD!
YOU'RE
VAMPIRES!

YES...

...AN' NOW, YOU
ARE, TOO, STOKES...
SO WHAT'RE
YOU GONNA DO
ABOUT IT...

*...CLAYTON STOKES DIDN'T BOTHER TO VOICE AN
ANSWER TO THAT QUESTION--HE LET RIP WITH
ALL HIS NEW-FOUND POWERS INTO COUNT KARLOV...

...HE CHOKED HIM SO FIRCELY HE RIPPED ALL THE
ARTERIES IN THE VAMPIRE'S NECK...BLOOD SPENT
OUT ALL OVER...YELLOW-BROWN BLOOD...

...VAMPIRISM ISN'T THE GAME IN REAL LIFE AS
IT IS IN THE COMIC BOOKS AN' MOVIES--WHEN
THE VAMPIRE WAS DRAINED OF HIS
BLOOD HE JUST DIED...



...FOR THE FIRST TIME ANNA L'ROG'S SAW THE KIND OF MAN CLAYTON STOKES REALLY WAS...AND I WANT TO TELL YOU PEOPLE, SHE WAS SCARED...SHE CRASHED IN THE CORNER AS CLAYTON FROTHED AT THE MOUTH...

...SO--I AM NOW THE
FABLED VAMPIRE...IT SHALL
BE INTERESTING TO
EXERCISE MY
POWERS ON SO
LOVELY A VICTIM
...MY FIRST VICTIM...MY
BRIDE...MY SWEET
FIDELENT BRIDE...

NO...YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND,
CLAYTON...YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND--
I DON'T HAVE TO BE A VICTIM...

...THE BLOODLUST DOES NOT HAVE
TO BE LIKE THIS...IT CAN BE
SHARED--BY TWO WHO ARE
IN LOVE...

PERHAPS IT CAN...PER-
HAPS TWO WHO ARE OF
THE BLOODLUST COULD
SHARE A MOST SATISFY-
ING CURSE...WERE THAT
IN FACT, MY DESIRE...BUT
I DEEM TO INFORM YOU,
L'FL HONEY...

--THAT AIN'T
THE WAY IT'S
GONNA BE!!

"...COUNT CLAYTON STOKES...ARRIVED NOW WITH THE
STRENGTH OF A HUNDRED MEN, FORTIFIED BY HIS
INNER HATRED OF HIS FELLOW MAN--AND IN
PARTICULAR, HIS FERVENT, MAD RESOLVE TO HAVE
HIS REVENGE ON CERTAIN PEOPLE IN MANHATTAN
HE ONCE KNEW--BOARDED A JET BOUND FOR THE
STATES...INTENDING TO RETURN TO HIS CASTLE AND
LANDS AFTER HE'D WASTED THOSE HE LOATHED SO
FRANTICALLY..."

...THE NEWSPAPERS HAD PICKED UP THE STORY OF HIS MARRIAGE AND THE DAY HE ARRIVED HE WAS GREETED "WARMLY" THE FIRST TIME A STREET CONTRACTOR SET EYES ON HIM... HE WAS STILL WANTED--STILL HUNTED... HE STILL POSED A THREAT TO THE UNDERWORLD ESTABLISHMENT...

...BUT THE COUNT CLAYTON STOKES WHO RETURNED TO HARLEM WAS NOT THE CLAYTON STOKES, HOOD, WHO HAD SO HURRIEDLY RUN FROM HIS HOME SOME MONTHS BEFORE...

...THIS CLAYTON STOKES WAS A VAMPIRE...

...AND HE EXERCISED HIS POWERS EVERY NIGHT, IN EVERY ALLEY FROM 190TH STREET TO BROADWAY--SKULKING AROUND BARS, POOL ROOMS AN' HOUSES OF ILL-REPUTE TILL HE'D WIPED OUT HALF THE POPULACE OF NEW YORK...

...EVERYONE KNEW WHO HE WAS--HE HAD HEADLINES IN THE PAPERS AND POSTERS IN THE POST OFFICE...

...HE WAS PURSUED BY THE POLICE WITH A VIGILANCE UNPRECEDENTED IN THE ANNALS OF THE CITY. THEY HATED HIS BLACK GUTS--BECAUSE IN KILLING HIS ENEMIES, HE WAS KILLING THE ENEMIES OF THE LAW IN THE PROCESS--HE WAS MAKING THE POLICE LOOK LIKE IDIOTS--HE WAS DOING THEIR JOB FOR THEM...

...BUT THO' THEY KNEW WHO THE BLACK VAMPIRE WAS-- THEY COULDN'T FIGURE OUT HIS **HOW-OUT**--NO ONE SAW HIM COME--NO ONE SAW HIM GO...HE JUST APPEARED AND DISAPPEARED LIKE A GREAT BLACK CAT...



...WELL, WHERE HE WAS IN FACT TOOK MONTHS TO BE DISCOVERED--REMEMBER THE OLD APOLLO THEATER ON 132ND STREET? FOR YEARS IT WAS EMPTY...BUT IN RECENT MONTHS YOUNG PEOPLE USED IT TO PUT ON A PRODUCTION OF SOMETHIN' THEY CALL **AFRO-OPERA**...THAT'S HOW THEY CAME TO FIND THE WHEREABOUTS OF COUNT STOKES--VAMPIRE...



*...STOKES WAS LIVING IN A LITTLE ROOM IN THE **STAGE RAFTERS** WHERE THE LIGHTS, PROPS AN' CURTAINS WERE CONTROLLED--STOKES HAD--HAD PRETTY NEAR **LOST HIS MIND BY THIS TIME**...HE WAS **SLEEPIN'** IN A COFFIN AND LEAVING THE OPERA HOUSE ONLY AT NIGHT...HE WAS **RE-LIVING** THE FICTIONAL STORIES OF VAMPIRES HE'D LEARNED AS A KID...WELL--ONE DAY A FEW MEMBERS OF THE OPERA COMPANY ENTERED AS HE WAS **CLIMBING OUT OF THE COFFIN**...



...IT WASN'T MUCH OF A CONFRONTATION...THE KIDS WERE SCARED AS HELL AND TOOK OFF LIKE BOLTS OF LIGHTNING...



...STRAIGHT TO THE NEIGHBORHOOD COP...



...MEANWHILE STOKES WAS **SHAKIN' HIS GUTS OUT** IN THE OPERA HOUSE--WONDERIN' WHERE HE COULD GO--HIS REVENGE WAS FAR FROM SATIATED YET THE TOWN WAS **LOCKED-UP TIGHT**--WHERE COULD HE STAY?...



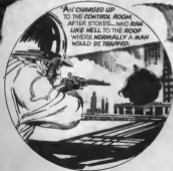
...THE MAN WHO AGGRAVATED BY THE SUPER-SPEED OF THE POLICE WHO THREW A NET AROUND THAT OPERA HOUSE WITHIN TEN MINUTES...

...THEY FILLED THE PLACE WITH TEAR GAS SO THICK NO ONE COULD SEE...



...BUT UPON THAT ROOF THAT NIGHT SOMETHING VERY STRANGE TRANSPIRED...AS THE LATE COUNTESS LUGOS COULD'VE TOLD HER HUSBAND, ALL THAT MOO-SU-PICUS ABOUT VAMPIRES HAVIN' THE POWER TO TURN THEMSELVES INTO BATS IS JUST SO MUCH STORY-BOOK MYTH...BUT STOKES, WELL--HE BELIEVED IN THAT KINDA STUFF--HE REALLY BELIEVED IN IT--AN' I GUESS HE BELIEVED IN IT SO MUCH HE MADE IT HAPPEN--HE CHANGED INTO A BAT AND FLEW INTO THE NIGHT SKY BEFORE THEIR VERY EYES..."

AN' CHARGED UP TO THE CONTRA ROOM AFTER STOKES...WHO RAN LIKE HELL TO THE ROOF WHERE NORMALLY A MAN WOULD BE TRAPPED.



...EVERYBODY IN THIS WORLD IS ALWAYS TALKIN' 'BOUT HOW STUPID THE POLICE ARE...AN' I GUESS, AT LEAST IN THIS CASE, THE PEOPLE ARE RIGHT...SEEING THE VAMPIRE FLY OFF INTO THE NIGHT, THE POLICE QUIT THE PREMISES AND LEFT THE OPERA HOUSE A DESERTED MAUSOLEUM AGAIN...

...STOKES WATCHED THEM LEAVE -- HE WAS PERCHED ON A NEARBY ROOFTOP JUST LAUGHIN' HIS HEAD OFF...

...HE RETURNED TO THE OPERA HOUSE AND RESUMED HIS HUMAN FORM -- BUT UNBEKNOWN TO HIM HE WAS BEING WATCHED -- HIS EVERY ACTION...

...WHO BOLDLY STEPPED OUT OF THE SHADOWS AND LIFTED HIGH THE CROSS OF GOD TO HIS TERRIFIED SON...

...THE EYES WERE THE EYES ON AN OLD, OLD MAN WHO WAS NOT AFRAID OF THE YOUNG VAMPIRE...

YOU!! -- I THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD!!

YOU ARE THE ONE WHO IS DEAD -- NOT I...

...THE SON WAS POWERLESS UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF THE CROSS -- AND WAS FORCED TO LISTEN TO THE BIBLICAL BARRAGE OF HIS FATHER WHO QUOTED EVERY VERSE OF EVERY PASSAGE HE COULD REMEMBER...

YOU HAVE DISGRACED YOUR FAMILY...

--YOU HAVE DISGRACED ALL BLACK PEOPLE -- NOW, I WILL HUMBLE YOU AND SHAME YOU BEFORE YOUR PEOPLE AND BEFORE THE WORLD...

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

...CLAYTON STOKES BECAME DESPERATE...HE BELIEVED SO STRONGLY IN THE WAMPAE MYTHS HE WAS CONVINCED THE DAYLIGHT WOULD KILL HIM...NOTHING HE COULD SAY TO THE OLD MAN WOULD CONVINCE HIM TO LET HIM BE FREE...SO DESPITE THE POWER OF THE CROSS, STOKES ATTACKED HIS FATHER...HE KNOCKED THE CROSS FROM HIS HANDS...

...THE OLD MAN SHOWED HIS SON EXACTLY WHAT HE MEANT... HE FORCED HIM TO WALK OUT THE OPERA HOUSE INTO THE STREETS -- HE PARADED HIM, DURING THE BUSY DAWN HOURS, THROUGH THE STREETS OF HARLEM...HE HUMILIATED HIS SON THE TRAITOR -- FORCED HIM TO BE THE SCORN OF ALL WHO WERE WITNESS...

...AND BEFORE A CROWD...HE KILLED HIS FATHER...

...THE CROWD WENT MAD--THEY ATTACKED STOKES, AND BEAT HIM MERCILESSLY, AND DRAGGED HIM SCREAMING AND STRUGGLING INTO THIS PLACE...



...THIS PLACE--WHERE WE ARE NOW--A FUNERAL PARLOR--THE BUSINESS OF HIS OWN FATHER--MY BROTHER...



...AND YOU, THE PEOPLE--TOOK CLAYTON STOKES...CHAINED HIM--ROPEO HIM TO A COFFIN, AND HERE, WE COMMITTED THIS EVIL "THING" TO HIS ETERNAL HELL... HERE WE DELIVER A FUNERAL ORATION OVER THE BURNING SHREDS OF A ONCE-HUMAN "THING" WHO EVEN NOW STILL SCREAMS HIS LUNGS OUT WITHIN THIS CREMATORIUM--WITHIN HIS FUNERAL PYRE...



...IN THERE--BEHIND THAT STEEL FURNACE DOOR...INSIDE THAT FIRE-PIT IS A DYING MAN--CRUCIFIED BY A MOB...



*...THEY SAY--THAT MOB RULE IS HANDESS HYSTERIA--THEY SAY IT IS EVIL TO KILL WITHOUT JUSTICE--WITHOUT THE COURTS...

...ARE ANY OF US SORRY? ...DOES ANY MAN HERE TODAY REGRET THIS MURDER? THIS IS 1973--BUT TODAY WE HAVE KILLED A VAMPIRE--TODAY WE HAVE KILLED A "THING" THAT WAS NOT ALIVE, FOR HE DIED, FRIENDS, WHEN HE WAS 10 YEARS OLD..."

EDGAR
ALLAN
POE'S

MS. FOUND IN A BOTTLE



WRITTEN BY EDGAR ALLAN POE

ILLUSTRATED BY ALFRED JOY



... BY GOD... IT'S SOME KIND OF A *DIARY*... FLOATIN' ABOUT THE SEAS FOR 23 YEARS IN THE DATE! ON THIS MANUSCRIPT IS *TRUE*...

... BY GOD... IS THIS A JOKE? IT CAN'T BE THE TRUTH... IT CAN'T...



"... ALLOW ME TO SAY BEFORE I BEGIN MY MS... I AM NOT A MADMAN, NOR A PRANKSTER, NOR GIVEN TO FLIGHTS OF IMAGINATION... WHAT FOLLOWS IS THE TRUTH... AS IT HAPPENED TO ME, I SWEAR IT ON MY MOTHER'S GRAVE -- AND ON MY OWN..."

"...MY SHIP WAS FLOUNDERING IN THE MIDST OF A GREAT STORM IN THE SOUTHERN ATLANTIC; WHEN THE WAVES CRASHED ABOUT THE DECK AND SWEEPED AWAY MEN AND MASTS ALIKE WE KNEW WE WERE LOST--WE KNEW WE WERE DEAD MEN..."

"... WE WERE DELUGED BY WATER AND NEAR DROWNED. ONLY TWO MEN TO MY KNOWLEDGE, WERE YET ALIVE, NOT SWEEP OVERBOARD OR DROWNED -- THE OLD SWEDIE AND MYSELF -- THAT WE WERE ALIVE WAS A MIRACLE..."



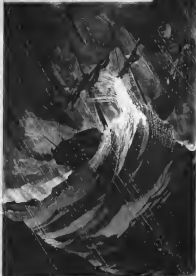
"... THE SWEDIE AND I WERE ROPED TO THE BROKEN BASE OF THE MAIN MAST -- THIS, AND THIS ALONE I THINK SAVED US FROM BEING DRAGGED TO THE BOTTOM OF THE ATLANTIC..."




"... ON THE THIRD DAY OF THE STORM THE OLD SWEDIE DIED -- BUT I DID NOT MOURN FOR HIM, I MOURNED MYSELF -- HE WAS FORTUNATE ENOUGH TO BE DEAD -- I WAS STILL ALIVE... STILL LIVING A HELL..."



"... SUDDENLY THE WRECK OF THE SHIP WAS LIFTED AND BORN ACROSS A MASSIVE WAVE AT TREMENDOUS SPEED -- THO THE STORM ITSELF SEEMED TO ABATE, I WAS CONVINCED DEATH WAS AT HAND AND THAT I'D BE DASHED TO BITS..."





...SUDDENLY THERE APPEARED BEFORE ME THE MOST UTTERLY INCREDULOUS SIGHT OF MY LIFE... A SHIP... WHOSE SIZE WAS TWENTY TIMES THAT ANY I HAD EVER KNOWN, WHOSE AGE WAS CENTURIES OLDER THAN ANY I HAD EVER KNOWN...



...IT STRUCK MY WRECKED SHIP FULL ON THE BOW, AND EVERYTHING ABOARD BROKE FLEW INTO THE AIR--FORWARD, INCLUDING MYSELF.



...I LANDED IN THE SAIL RIGGING, BRUISED BUT OTHERWISE UNHURT...

"...MY DESCENT TO THE DECK WAS SIMPLE, TIL IT STRUCK ME STRANGE THAT NONE OF THE CREWMEMBERS WOULD IN ANY WAY AID ME..."



"...IN FACT, UPON APPROACHING THEM, THEY ABSOLUTELY IGNORED ME... REFUSED TO EVEN ACKNOWLEDGE MY PRESENCE..."



"...THEIR PHYSICAL APPEARANCE WAS BEYOND MY UNDERSTANDING..."

"...FOR THEY WERE AGED..."

"...THEY WERE ANCIENT..."



"...THEIR FACES WERE THE FACES OF CENTURIES-OLD-MEN..."



"...THEIR EYES WERE NOT THE EYES OF LIVING MEN... BUT, OF DEAD THINGS..."



"GETTING NO RESPONSE FROM THE
MATE... I OBSERVED THE SHIP ITSELF--
IT WAS MASSIVE... NO, NOT MASSIVE, IT
WAS GARGANTUAN..."



"NEVER HAVE I CONCEIVED OF SO DIS-
PROPORTIONATED A VESSEL -- IT WAS
MADE TO BE CREWED BY GIANTS..."



"I THEN WENT TO THE CAPTAIN'S CABIN TO SEE IF
HE MIGHT SPEAK TO ME -- BUT AS I SUSPECTED HE
IGNORED ME, AND TALKED IN SOME FOREIGN, MIS-
UNDERSTANDABLE LANGUAGE TO HIS FIRST MATE..."



"SEVERAL DAYS HAVE ELAPSED SINCE MY
FIRST 'LANDING' ON THE SHIP, AND I HAVE HAD
TIME TO WRITE THESE NOTES, AND TO
OBSERVE HOW THE VESSEL SEEMS TO SCUM
THE TOP OF THE WATER, AS IF IN THE TOW
OF SOME FANTASTIC
UNDERCURRENT..."



"...I DO NOT PRETEND TO
UNDERSTAND ANY OF THIS--
AND WRITE ONLY THE FACTS
IN THE MANUSCRIPT NOT MY
SUPPOSITIONS OR
TIMORISE ON THE WHY'S
OR WHEREFORE'S OF
WHAT IS HAPPENING... WE
ARE NOW SOMEWHERE IN
THE ANTARCTIC OCEAN
-- HEADED DEEPER AND
DEEPER INTO ICE BOUND
INLETS AT A SPEED TOO
INCREDIBLE TO BE
CONJECTURED, OR
BELIEVED, BY THE
READER OF THESE
NOTES..."



"... IN A FEW MINUTES I KNOW I SHALL HAVE TO HURL THE MS. IN A BOTTLE AWAY FROM THIS INCREDIBLE SHIP -- I KNOW THAT I AM TO DIE -- AND PERHAPS TERRIBLY SOON, FOR WE ARE NOW AT DEATH'S DOOR."



"... THE READER WILL WANT AN EXPLANATION I KNOW... IT WILL NOT BE ENOUGH FOR HIM TO READ THESE NOTES ALONE -- HE WILL WISH MY OPINION...

...VERY WELL...

... AS ANALYTICALLY AS POSSIBLE, HERE IS MY OPINION...

... THE CREW ARE DEAD-BUT-NOT-DEAD.

... THE SHIP IS OF SUCH A SIZE BECAUSE IN THE CEN

I KNOW NOT WHY... I THINK THIS IS TRUE BECAUSE

WOOD EVER KNOWN -- IT MUST HAVE

BOWELS OF THE SOUTH POLE... WHERE

PERHAPS, FOR EVERMORE, WILL BE SUCKED.

... THIS WHOLE SHIP IS DEAD

-- WHY OR HOW IT EXISTS

IS NOT KNOWN -- AND I

CERTAINLY DO NOT CARE...

... LITTLE TIME IS LEFT ME TO

CARE -- THE CIRCLES OF OUR

REVOLUTIONS GROW SMALLER --

WE ARE PLUNGING

MADLY WITHIN THE

GRASP OF THE

WHIRLPOOL -- AND

AMID A ROARING, AND

BELLOWING, AND

THUNDERING OF

OCEAN AND OF

TEMPEST, THE SHIP

IS QUIVERING, OH

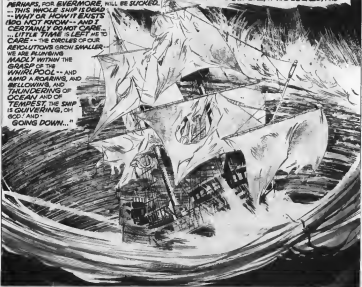
GOD! AND

GOING DOWN..."

"... LET ME EXPLAIN, WITHOUT COMMENT, OUR POSITION... WE ARE REVOLVING BY JOB AND YET THO IT STRIKES THE SHIP OCCASIONALLY NO HARM IS DONE TO US... THE SHIP CANNOT BE REAL -- WOOD IS NOT THAT SOLID -- UNLESS THE VESSEL IS MADE OF IRON IT CANNOT BE POSSIBLE TO WITHSTAND THE PRESENT PRESSURES THAT ARE NOW UPON IT -- YET -- IT IS WITHSTANDING IT."



... LINES OF ITS EXISTENCE ITS WOOD HAS EXPANDED (THOUGH THE PORES OF THE WOOD ARE ENORMOUS -- LIKE NO EXPANDED... THE SHIP IS NOW BEING SUCKED INTO THE PERHAPS, ONCE BEFORE, IT WAS SUCKED, AND





...WHAT GOD-FORSAKEN PLACE AM I AT **NOW!**

...HOW YOU ARE MY KIND OF **MAN!**



...WHO ARE YOU WOMAN... WHAT DID YOU MEAN BY THAT? NEVER HAS A WOMAN WITH ALL HER SENSES SAID SOMETHING LIKE THAT...
...WHERE AM I?... WHAT IS THIS STRANGE PLACE...

I AM... FIONNA... I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU FIND THIS PLACE STRANGE... UNLESS YOU CAME FROM SOMEWHERE ELSE ON THIS EARTH...

written by
HENRY BERGMAN

illustrated by
CESAR LOPEZ



BUT OF COURSE... YOU MUST'VE COME FROM SOMEWHERE ELSE...

...FOR THERE HASN'T BEEN A FREE MAN ON THIS EARTH SINCE 2042...

2042... WHAT YEAR IS THIS?



2073

THE
OF
THE

**DEATH
MONSTER**

...WHY... THIS **2073**...



2073 IS THE YEAR OF THE DEATH OF THIS MONSTER... IT IS A DEATH HE HIMSELF IS BEGINNING TO BELIEVE IS LONG OVERDUE... AND WHEN DEATH COMES TO HIM IT IS ANTI-CLIMACTIC!
... BUT SUCH A SOMBER NOTE IS HARDLY AN INAPPROPRIATE START TO THE IRONIC, SAD END OF THE GREATEST BEAST OF THEM ALL...

...HE WHO IS...

FRANKENSTEIN

...AND THIS IS HIS LAST TALE...



COME WITH ME
BACK TO MY HOUSE...
NOW... OR YOU'LL
BE DISCOVERED...

...AND
WHAT IF I
AM... WHAT
OF IT?



...THE QUEEN
WILL GRAB YOU FOR
HERSELF!

...THE QUEEN?
...IS THIS 2073 ON
PLANET EARTH OR
ON SOME BACKWARD
OTHER PLANET...
...WHAT IS A QUEEN
DOING ON EARTH?..



...HER ORIGIN
IS OBSCURE...

...SHE
OBSCURED
IT...

...BUT ARE YOU FROM
ANOTHER TIME
THAT YOU EXCLAIM
WHEN I TELL YOU WHAT
YEAR IT IS?

...YES...
...I AM FROM ANOTHER
TIME... ONE LESS
SOPHISTICATED THAN THIS BUT
ONE EQUALLY AS WEIRD TO
ME... I HAVE BEEN BATTERED
ABOUT FROM CENTURY TO
CENTURY IT WOULD SEEM.



WHY IS
THAT?

I DON'T KNOW
WHY... I DON'T CARE
WHY ANYMORE...

...THIS CITY... I SEE
ONLY WOMEN, ARE
THERE NO MEN?

...THERE ARE ONLY A SMALL NUMBER OF MEN LEFT... THEY ARE
KEPT WELL-FED BUT CAPTIVE IN THE PALACE... TO BE USED BY
THOSE FEW WOMEN CHOSEN TO BE FIT AS MOTHERS AND
PROPAGATORS OF MANKIND...



WHAT MEN THERE
ARE ARE WORTH
LITTLE... THEY ARE
USED ONLY FOR
PROFAGATION..



...YOU SEE... EARTH IS DYING...



EARTH IS DYING?

DYING OUT BECAUSE OF DISEASES CARRIED IN FROM SPACE...

...THE DISEASE STRIKES TO SINGLE OUT MEN AS THEIR VICTIMS... ADULT MALES... AND NEW-BORN MALE INFANTS...

...AND IT HAS BEEN GROWING WORSE THESE LAST 40 000 YEARS...



...THEY ALL STARE AT ME... I AM USED TO BEING STARED UPON BUT NOT BECAUSE I AM THE ONLY MAN...

I FEAR THE QUEEN WILL LEARN OF YOUR PRESENCE HERE QUICKLY... SHE'LL TAKE YOU FROM ME...



...IS THERE ONLY ONE CITY ON EARTH?

OH LORD NO... THERE ARE THOUSANDS OF CITIES... .. EACH WITH A QUEEN LIKE OURS... .. BUT I WANT TO KNOW ABOUT YOU... .. WHERE DO YOU COME FROM... YOUR APPEARANCE IS SO STRANGE... I HAVE NOT SEEN MANY MEN BUT I KNOW THAT YOU ARE NOT NORMAL...



NORMAL?

... I AM NOT NORMAL... I AM MERELY A **WRETCH!**



...HAVE YOU EVER HEARD THE LEGEND OF **FRANKENSTEIN?**...

FRANKENSTEIN? NO... WHAT KIND OF A NAME IS THAT... **GERMAN?**

...WHAT KIND OF A NAME?... .. THE NAME OF THE MOST **STUPID** MAN IN HUMAN HISTORY...

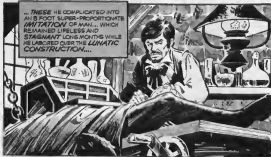
... VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN WAS A YOUNG MEDICAL STUDENT IN GERMANY IN THE EARLY 18 HUNDREDS... HE WAS A SCIENTIFIC GENIUS FAR BEYOND HIS TIME... AND LIKE SO MANY MEN MORE BRILLIANT THAN HIS PEERS, AND HIS ELDERS, HE WAS SCORNED AND HIS IDEAS RIDICULED...



... VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN OBTAINED HIMSELF A GARRET AND SET UP MACABRE AND DANGEROUS APPARATUS WITH WHICH TO EXPERIMENT... HIS MIND WAS SET TO PROVE THAT LIFE COULD BE CREATED BY HIS GENIUS...



... THESE HE COMPLICATED INTO AN 8 FOOT SUPER-PROPORTIONATE IMITATION OF MAN... WHICH REMAINED LIFELESS AND STAGNANT LONG MONTHS WHILE HE LABORED OVER THE LUNATIC CONSTRUCTION...



... WHILE FRANKENSTEIN SLEPT I CAME TO LIFE... I OPENED MY EYES AND MOVED NEVER-MOVED JOINTS TO STAND ERECT AND FACE MY MAKER... BUT HE DID NOT GREET ME WITH THE LOVE OF A FATHER... INSTEAD HE WAS OBERCOME WITH GORE, RECURMINATION AND AIN AT THE SIGHT OF ME...





...HE WAS NOT SO BRILLIANT, HOWEVER, THAT HE COULD MAKE LIFE OUT OF THAT WHICH DID NOT **ALREADY EXIST**... AND SO WAS FORCED TO OBTAIN **HUMAN REMAINS** FROM VARIOUS **MORGUES AND GRAVEYARDS**...



...HE BROUGHT IT TO LIFE BY HARNESSING THE **ELECTRICAL ENERGIES** OF A **LIGHTNING STORM**... IT BREATHED AIR AND ITS **HEART MOVED BLOOD** ABOUT ITS VEINS... BUT IT WAS NOT A THING OF **THOUGHT**... IT WAS JUST A **LIVING VEGETABLE**.



FIRST AND FOREMOST MAN IS A **STUPID AND IRRATIONAL MONSTER** MORE **WICKED** THAN I **EVER** COULD BE... ONLY THE **INDIVIDUAL** AMONGST THEM EXERCISES **INTELLIGENCE** ENOUGH TO **UNDERSTAND ME** FOR WHAT I **AM**...

I WENT OUT INTO SOCIETY AND WAS **REJECTED** ON SIGHT THO MY **MIND** WAS AS **INNOCENT** AS AN **INFANT**... THEY WERE **REJECTED** AT MY **APPEARANCE** AND **CHASED** ME FROM THEIR **AMONGST**... MY FIRST **CONFRONTATION** WITH **NATURAL BORN MAN** WAS ONE WHICH WAS **NEVER CHANGED** IN THE YEARS AND **CONFRONTATIONS** THAT FOLLOWED.



...WHAT I **AM** IS **UNCERTAIN**... WHAT I **WANT** TO **BECOME** IS **EVEN LESS CERTAIN**... I **AM DISGUSTED** AT LIFE... I **AM DISGUSTED** WITH EVERYTHING THAT **IS** AND **VIRTUALLY EVERYTHING** THAT **WAS**... I **FEEL MYSELF AN ONLOOKER** TO **LIFE** AND THO I **BREATHE** AND **SPEAK** AND **ENDURE** IT ALL I **CANNOT FEEL A PART** OF **LIFE**... I **AM A PARODY**...

...NOTHING MORE... AND NOTHING LESS...







... YOU ARE
NEEDED IF
THERE IS TO BE A
TOMMOROW...

YOU DO NOT
UNDERSTAND... YOU
KNOW NOTHING OF ME...
I WILL NOT SERVE YOUR
PURPOSES -- THE
IRONY OF THIS SITUATION
IS SO AMAZING
THAT IT'S
HYSTERICAL!



NO... IT IS YOU WHO DO
NOT UNDERSTAND...
... THERE IS A CRISIS
SITUATION... THE DISEASE HAS
TAKEN ALL THE MEN FROM
AMONGST US...
... THO I KNOW NOT WHY YOU
ESCAPED THE DISEASE, YOU
SHOULD KNOW A CERTAIN
UNDENIABLE FACT MISTER...

... YOU ARE THE ONLY
MAN ALIVE ON EARTH...



...MR?... HA HA HA
HA HA...

HA HA HA HA
HA HA HA HA
HA HA HA HA

HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA
HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA



ARE YOU MAD?
ARE YOU A LUNATIC?
DON'T YOU REALIZE THE
IMPORTANCE OF THIS
SITUATION?!

... DON'T YOU REALIZE NOW
IMPORTANT YOU
ARE ?...

...YES...
...YES I
REALIZE...



SO YOU SEE...
YOU HAVE NO CHOICE
IN THE MATTER...

... I HAVE A
CHOICE...

YOU CANNOT
TURN YOUR BACK
ON ALL MANKIND...
NO-MATTER WHO
YOU ARE...

...NO?...



...THE MAN WHO WAS NAMED MONSTER CLOSED HIS EYES AND VISITED HIS LIFE... WHAT HE SAW IN HIS MIND'S EYE WAS MANY YEARS OF USELNESS AND ONLY A FEW MOMENTS OF MUMMANTY... HE OPENED HIS EYES AND SAID TO THE GUREN... "IT IS IRONIC THAT THE LAST MAN ALIVE SHOULD DIE A VIRGIN... IT IS AMUSING THAT THE LAST MAN ALIVE IS NOT A MAN AT ALL BUT ONLY A PARODY OF A MAN... IT IS STRANGE PERHAPS THAT MY VENGEANCE UPON MAN SHOULD BE SO SWEET TO ME, BUT I CANNOT DENY THAT MY LAST ACT ON THIS EARTH... OR RATHER, MY 'FAILURE TO ACT', GIVES ME THE HIGHEST PLEASURE"... THEN THE MONSTER LAY BACK HIS HEAD AND CLOSED HIS EYES... HE SMILED A LAST TIME AS HE DECIDED TO DIE...

...AND AS HE DIED... EVERYTHING DROPPED WITH HIM...

...THE MONSTER WAS AVENGED...



...THE FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER IS DEAD... AND HERE ENDS OUR SERIES OF TALES...

...THERE ARE MANY STORIES OF HIS LIFE THO, THAT HAVE NEVER BEEN TOLD... FRAGMENTS... SITUATIONS... TALES THAT MIGHT BE OF GREAT INTEREST TO THE READER... SHOULD YOU WISH US TO PRESENT AN OCCASIONAL SPECIAL APPEARANCE OF THIS CHARACTER WRITE TO US AND **DEMAND**

TO SEE
TALES OF FRANKENSTEIN...

...IT'S UP TO YOU... YOUR VOICE MUST BE HEARD...



WELCOME to the 4th issue of SCREAM, where you'll have a chance to read THE VANISHING OF THE OPERA, your's Walter, in company to you read FRANKENSTEIN 2014, you'll die as you read the MR. FOUNO IN A SCUTTLE, you'll dream as you swim with NOSPBRATU in THE GUTTERS OF FLOOD, and you'll GASP in ASTORISHMENT at the adventures of THE VICTIMS as they magnificent story begins . . . for the moment like, not a few moments to read these articles, afterwards at garage in, contact with and paranoic opinions in the HORROR-MOOD.

. . . we are pleased to announce the winners of the HORROR PREVIEW CONTEST #3. 1st prize goes to HOWARD WALLACH of Silver Springs, Maryland, and runner-up goes to Henry SCHOW of New York City. RYNDY WATERS of Memphis, Texas, WILLIAM CLIFFORD of Montreal, Quebec

and ALBERT GREY of Silver Beach, Florida . . . our hottest congratulations also go out to those success-as folks don't win anything special but several checks for coming up with such WORD stories that we just HAVE to burn - (news) - FRANK WALKER of Brooklyn, New York, SCOTT BOUTER of Little Rock, Arkansas, BILL JONES JR. of College Park, Georgia, . . . winners are . . .

. . . we've received quite a goodly number of BEST STORY chapters too in the last few months ever since that awful issue (MONTMARE #18) when we began placing it in these latest \$10.00 #101 issues. SUGGO you an hundred ways to send them in . . . we are finding out things that you, newly, we're finding out that there's no such thing as a certain age group, or a certain ethnic or racial group, who read our magazines . . . we're just one big happy HORROR-MOOD

bandy . . . for example - here's a few that interested a particular mention: "THE END OF ALL MANKIND, was my favorite story," writes WILSON MOULTREY, aged 18, of Chocoma, South Carolina. "I liked it mainly because of the way it was told." "THE LUNATIC MURDER was fantastic - the all was brilliant," writes SUZIE CHOW of San Francisco, California, . . . what WICTOR SHARP of Lake City, Tennessee writes: "THE CHRISTOPHER LEE INTERVIEW was the best feature in the issue - it was interesting and informative" . . . when you read what you DON'T like in the issue, and there's time to because we definitely want to know what you DON'T like, because if it's a regular feature, a regular artist or writer, these improvements can be made to everyone's satisfaction . . . as long as those chapters coming in on us, know what you want in these HORROR-MOOD pages

. . . did you pick up the current issue of NIGHTMARE (#78) and see the weird photo-essay that was about a guy like it we want to know because we'd like to know if you like it we want it to appear in future issues . . . it's an original HORROR-MOOD idea (well, not to be introduced, but ALL our ideas and coverings are ORIGINAL . . . we can't help it if the readers are crowded out with swam creatures and Frankenstein's monsters and Santa Claus and photo features

[oh, remember THE HEAP FRANKENSTEIN, the HORROR-MOOD SCREAM JOHN RIVER and LADY SATAN and the one and two page "great stories" BESAN in these HORROR-MOOD pages) . . . and featured in that issue ALL ORIGINAL was a ORACULA in CASTLE OF THE VANISHING DEAD, Ted's masterpiece WILLIAM WILSON, the shepherd saga, THE VAULT by my other Carlson, and the introduction of a brand new halter series

This is need-know member LUNATIC LOPEZ



ZESAR LOPEZ, the lone illustrator for our FRANKENSTEIN'S MONSTER, which appears in this issue, is a native of Madrid, Spain, where he was born during the great stages of '35. Graduating in Fine Arts from the University of Fine Arts School, LUNATIC LOPEZ became publicly known in Spain . . . where he came into contact with many professional artists who inspired him to become a full-time artist. Thirty-two years ago he first drawing, — a small picture of a chicken, which was given to him and received wide distribution. This was noticed and were some of the more greatest comic artists (and comic fans) LUNATIC LOPEZ immediately, beginning knowledge as to the whereabouts of the chicken Lopez had used as a model as he wished to use the face as the star of his current horror-LA CHICKEN CHICKEN.

Seriously though — since 1966 ZESAR LOPEZ has been the sole member of an excellent group, and his work has been published in many countries. His hobbies are illustration, film, wood carving, and comic books. "In the world of comic art I consider as my masters ALEXANDER and HAL FOSTER — though I admire all comic artists, but even if one has something worth our attention and concern" — ZESAR LOPEZ certainly worth everyone's attention, and he'll be featured in future HORROR-MOOD issues with many of his world works.

yes — I should like to see the FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER featured as a regular character every issue!

no!

comment:

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OUR BLOODSHOT EYES ARE ON YOU!

my favorite story this issue is:

comment:

name: _____ age: _____

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. . . our bloodshot eyes are on your response, telling us what you like and dislike about each issue — the best way for us to continually entertain you is for you to TELL us . . . mail this coupon today for a better HORROR-MOOD future . . .



TALES OF TERROR
 BY THE MAN WHO INVENTED
 THE MODERN HORROR STORY
 IN THE
HORROR-MOOD STYLE

... the great imagination of ENTOMBED EDGAR ALLAN POE is presented in every issue (just-about) of our HORROR-MOOD magazine ... like MS. FOUND IN A BOTTLE wherein a ship is crewed by an ancient 500 year old crew of madmen ... LIGEIA — a girl dead but not yet buried ... THE TELL-TALE HEART, wherein a man is driven mad by the sound of his own heart ... THE BLACK CAT, wherein the reincarnation of a murdered cat brings a murderer to justice ... WILLIAM WILSON, wherein a man kills his fantasy brother and thereby commits suicide, or BERENICE, wherein — oh no — the tale of BERENICE is too ghastly to even anticipate — for it's one of the ghastliest tales of horror ever concocted ... the complete POE series appears ONLY in the HORROR-MOOD pages — miss 'em not ...



THE TELL-TALE HEART MS. FOUND
 IN A BOTTLE
THE MASQUE OF RED DEATH BERENICE



WILLIAM WILSON

NEARBY
 THE MIND OF ANOTHER
 DEAD-THING BEGINS TO
 CLOSE AND
 CROKE THE
 LIFE OUT
 OF THE GARD



**-- I WAS
 POSSESSED**



TALES OUT OF HELL, by artist Jesus Dario, and of course the autobiography of the author(s) of our vampire, JUDAS DEBOLIS, in MY TOMBS OR MY CASTLE ... or else NOW whatever the HORROR-MOOD is said ...

thank Andy for that most interesting true tale — but I'll pass to prove you, the HORROR-MOOD MANIACS have always shown — that may be stronger than fiction, but fiction is a helluva lot more FUN!

... we look forward to your correspondence, late — if you have something to say WRITE, if you have nothing say, then just READ, we see you either way ...

... we'd see you



TOMBS OR CASTLES
 is coming



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NIGHTMARE - #2... #3.. #4.. #5.. #6.. #7.. #8.. #9.. #10.. #11.. #12.. #13.. #14.. #15.. #16.. #17... #18... #19...
SCREAM - #1... #2... #3... #4... #5... #6... #7... #8... ANNUAL - SPECIAL...

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...THE ANKLE, WRETCHED CASTLE IS THE POSSESSION OF NOSFERATU... HE WHO STANDS TALLEST AND PROUDDEST OF THOSE FEUDS GATHERED ON THE TURRET...

...THEY WERE CALLED FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD TO TELL THEIR LIFE-TALES FOR NOSFERATU'S AMUSEMENT...

...TALES OF ANKWARD, MACABRE EVIL...

INTS... CHAPTER FIVE... OF...

NOSFERATU

...WHO WISHES TO SPEAK NEXT...

NO VOLUNTEERS? WE HAVE ALREADY HEARD FROM FOUR AMONG YOU... SHNER CAME... DRACULA... VLAD... FERNANDO DOMA... AND THE AMERICAN CHARLES FREEMAN...

...WHO WILL BE NEXT? WHO?

YOU -- JACQUES DUPON -- THE RAT...

...NO MONSIEUR... NOT I...

YES M. DUPON...

YOU!



...BEFORE YOU BEGIN
M. DUPON... IF YOU WERE
TO TITLE YOUR LIFE-
STORY, HOW WOULD
YOU P...

...TITLE
IT P... I DON'T
KNOW!

...COME
COME, YOU'RE NOT IN
THE CIVIL SERVICE
ANY MORE... USE YOUR
INTELLIGENCE!

...VERY WELL
NOSFERATU...
IF IT WILL AMUSE
YOU I WILL TITLE THE
TALE YOU MAKE ME
TELL, THUS:




...AND THE GUTTERS RAN WITH BLOOD...




...MY
BLOOD...

...SINCE I MUST -- LET ME
TELL MY TALE NOW AND GET IT
OVER AND DONE WITH...


...ONCE - ONLY ONCE -
I MADE A MISTAKE... I
FAILED TO ARREST A
BEAUTIFUL WOMAN I
KNEW WAS GUILTY OF
CHECKUE FRAUD...




...UNTIL A FEW YEARS AGO I WAS RESPECTED
MEMBER OF THE FINEST POLICE FORCE
IN THE WORLD... THE PARIS POLICE... I
WAS A DETECTIVE AND... I WAS... A
GOOD DETECTIVE...




...INSTEAD OF THROWING HER IN JAIL WHERE SHE BELONGED
I FELL MADLY IN LOVE WITH HER




... I WAS FOUND OUT BY MY SUPERIORS--
AND WAS DRUMMED-OUT OF THE
FORCE IN DISGRACE...



SO SHITTEN WAS I BY THE BEAUTIFUL
WOMAN'S LAUGH & AFFECTION FOR ME, I
PERMITTED CERTAIN INFORMATION TO
FALL INTO HER HANDS - WHICH SHE IN
TURN PASSED TO HER CRIMINAL
ACCOMPLICES... WHO
USED THE INFORMATION TO
BLACKMAIL A WELL-KNOWN
POLITICAL FIGURE...



" I TURNED TO HER FOR
REJECTION AND COMFORT AND SHE
DROPPED ME LIKE THE
DROP OF A HAT-- I WAS NO
FURTHER USE TO HER OR HER
EVIL COMPANIONS... I HAD
BEGUN USED AND DUPED..."



" NO-ONE WOULD GIVE ME THE TIME OF DAY... I WAS ALMOST
A CRIMINAL AND CERTAINLY A FOOL... THEY TOOK TO CALLING
ME RAT-FACE... PARTLY BECAUSE OF MY ANNOYING FACIAL
STRUCTURE AND BECAUSE OF MY COMMONLY SLURPED ACTIONS..."



I COULD
NOT FIND A
JOB... WAS
WITHOUT
FRIENDS...
AND BECAME
ALMOST
DESTITUTE

...WITHOUT RESCUE, I ACCEPTED A MENIAL POSITION AS A SEWER WORKER IN THE FAMED PARIS UNDERGROUND TUNNELS... YOU MUST HAVE HEARD OF THEM...

...YOU MUST'VE HEARD HOW FILTHY THEY ARE...

...YOU MUST'VE LEARNED HOW THE SEWERS ARE INFESTED WITH RATS AND OTHER FOUL RODENTS...

...CAN YOU IMAGINE HOW I FELT? REDUCED TO THIS SQUALOR?...



...WELL DAMN THIS DENSENING CIRCUMSTANCE...

...DAMN THE WRETCHED LIFE...

...DAMN ALL OF SOCIETY AND WHAT THEY THINK OF ME...

DAMN THEM...



...OH LORD... I AM A MAN NOT A BEAST... WHY SHOULD I WORK LIKE THIS?...

...OH LORD-LORD... YESTERDAY I WAS THE FINEST POLICE OFFICER IN ALL PARIS...

TODAY I AM A SEWER RAT!!



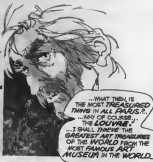
...IF I CANNOT BE A GREAT CRIMINAL FIGHTER... THEN I SHALL BE A GREAT CRIMINAL!!...

...THE GREATEST CRIMINAL IN THE HISTORY OF ALL FRANCE!!

...FOR YEARS I HAVE STUDIED THE CRIMINAL MIND...METHODS OF CRIMINAL OPERATION... I KNOW THEM ALL SO VERY WELL...

...THE CRIME I COMMIT MUST BE COMMITTED ONLY ONCE...

...IT MUST NOT ENORMOUS FINANCIAL RETURN...
...IT MUST BE DARING AND WORTHY OF MY INTELLECT.



...WHAT THERE IS THE MOST TREASURED THING IN ALL PARIS?...
...OF COURSE...
...THE LOUVRE!
...I SHALL TAKE THE GREATEST ART TREASURES OF THE WORLD FROM THE MOST FAMOUS ART MUSEUM IN THE WORLD.

...I PLANNED THE CRIME WELL... CALLED UPON UNDERWORLD CRIMINALS AND SET UP SOURCES TO FORCE THE PAINTINGS...



...STAKED OUT THE MUSEUM FOR A MONTH TO UNDERSTAND THE TIMES AND ACTIONS OF ALL GUARDS...



AND RESEARCHED THE UNDERGROUND SEWERS AND TUNNELS WHICH WOULD EFFECT MY ENTRANCE TO THE LOUVRE AND A SAFE EXIT...



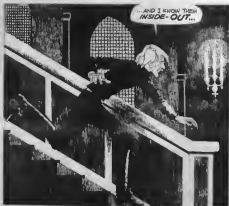
...WHAT I DID NOT KNOW WAS THAT I WAS IN TURN BEING OBSERVED BY THE UNDERWORLD WHO WHISPERED ABOUT MY ACTIVITIES AND PUT 2 AND 2 TOGETHER TO FIGURE OUT MY PLANS...



"WHEN THE NIGHT OF THE CRIME CAME I FELT APPREHENSIVE BUT KNEW NOT WHY - STILL MY PLAN WENT OFF LIKE CLOCKWORK UNTIL..."



"... I WAS INSIDE THE LOBBY AND SUDDENLY THE LIGHTS FLASHED ON... THE POLICE WERE WAITING FOR ME... I HAD BEEN BETRAYED..."





... THERE ARE A MILLION MANHOLES IN PARIS... THEY CAN'T GUARD ALL OF THEM...



... MY GOD... IS IT POSSIBLE?...



GOOD FRANKS... THANK YOU COMMISSIONER...

... YOU ARE WELCOME TO IT... YOUR INFORMATION ABOUT THE PLANS OF THE RAT-DUPOIN PREVENTED THE GREATEST ROBBERY IN THE HISTORY OF FRANCE...

... HER... LORD... IT WAS HER...



THERE HE IS -- FIRE...

BDAM
BDAM
BDAM



"... I FELL BACK INTO THE SEWER... EMOTIONALLY DEPRESSED AND DEFEATED... IT WAS THEN THE RATS CAME... IT WAS THEN THEY CAME AND SURROUNDED ME..."

... I TRIED TO STAND - TRIED TO RUN... BUT THEY SURROUNDED ME... OVERWHELMING ME... MILLIONS OF THEM... LORD MILLIONS OF THEM...



"...THEY ATE ME ALIVE..."



AND MOSFERATU GRINNED AN EVIL GRIN AT THE SIGHT OF THE MAN WITH THE SHREDDED HALF-EATEN BODY... IT WAS A HORRIBLE SIGHT... AND THE OTHERS TURNED AWAY... BUT NOT MOSFERATU... TO HIM THIS WAS A DELIGHT AND A JOY TO BEHOLD...

...NOT LONG AFTER THAT... THE GROUP LEFT THE TOWER AND WENT BACK INSIDE THE CASTLE... BUT A DUPON... THE RAT... STAYED BEHIND AND WEPT...



NEXT: SATAN'S THIRD REICH

THIS IS **THE SAGA OF THE VICTIMS...** WHICH BEGINS ALMOST NOW IN CITY-MANHATTAN AT THIS MACABRE PLACE THAT IS **SCOLLARD MANSE...** FASHIONABLE 'FINISHING SCHOOL' FOR **GIRLS...**

BU
30
73

WRITTEN BY ALAN DOWNTON
ILLUSTRATED BY TADD

...THESE ARE THE **GIRLS...**
...MISS JOSEY FORSTER...
...MISS JANE ADAMS...
...THESE ARE THE **GIRLS** SENT TO THIS PLACE BY THEIR POLITICAL PARENTS WHO LIVE AND WORK IN THIS TOWN AT THE **UNITED NATIONS**. MISS FORSTER FROM **RHODESIA...** MISS ADAMS IS OF **WASHINGTON**, THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA; AND HERE IN THIS CITY JUNGLE THEY HAVE BECOME CLOSE FRIENDS...
...THESE 2... ARE WHAT THIS TALE IS ALL ABOUT...

PROLOGUE:

WHAT IS HORROR

... ANNE ADAMS AND JOSEY FORSTER WERE ENROLLED IN THE ACADEMY FOUR MONTHS BEFORE THIS NIGHT BY THEIR PARENTS WHO WERE CONCERNED THAT THEIR DAUGHTERS RECEIVE A FINISHED EDUCATION... YET SINCE THEIR ARRIVAL HERE THEY HAVE FELT **THEY'RE WATCHING...**



... THIS ABSTRACT AND OBSCURE BRATION BOUND THE NEW ROOMMATES INTO A CLOSE FRIENDSHIP... THEY GOULNE - DATED ON SATURDAY FREEDOM NIGHTS... THEY AIDED EACH OTHER IN THEIR STUDIES... AND THEY FOUGHT FOR Maturity TOGETHER...

... **THO THEY FELT THE EYES WATCHING...**



... THE STORY BEGINS ON A SATURDAY NIGHT... AT THE DOOR THEY TENDERLY KISS THEIR DATES GOODNIGHT... AND HEAD UPWARDS AND INWARDS TO THEIR ROOM...



... DURING THE DAY THE WINDING AWFUL CORRIDORS OF OLD SCOLLARD WANS ARE NARROW AND ANTIQUE...



... AT NIGHT THEY ARE ENIGMATIC AND FRIGHTENING... AND ON THIS NIGHT THE GIRL BECAME AFRAID AS THEY WALK TO THEIR ROOM... FOR OUTRUSH NIGHT THEY FELT THE **EYES CLOSER** AND AT EVERY TURN AND CORNER IN THE DARK STAIRS...

...IT WAS ONCE ONLY A **FEELING** ABOUT THESE EYES... AN OBSCURE FEELING THAT WAS AT ONCE FEARSOME AND SILENT TO THEIR GROWING INTELLECT... BUT NOW THE EYES ARE MUCH MORE THAN ONLY A **SENSE**... THEY ARE **REAL** AND **EVIL**...



... DOWN AND **UNDER** THAT **MASSE** INTO SOME KIND OF GROTESQUE AND ARCHAIC **FIT** LIGHTED ONLY BY SEVERAL TINY TORCHES ON CAVERN-LIKE WALLS WHICH REVEAL THE **EYES** HAVE **LIMBS** AND ARE ALMOST **HUMAN** IN THEIR NON-PHYSICAL INTUSION INTO THE GIRLS' LIVES...

...AND THEY ARE TERRIFIED OF THE EYES THAT LEAP OUT INTO THE HALLWAY IN FRONT OF THEM...



... AND AS SOMEHOW THE EYES PULL THEM, MUFFLE THEIR SCREAMS, DRAG THEM BACK DOWN THE STAIRS STAIRS... PASSED THE ENTRANCE... PASSED THE BASEMENT...



... AS HUMAN AS *IMANE SURECY* WILL PERMIT...
... SO STARTS THE MIGHTY 6 CHAPTER SAGA OF THE VICTIMS... SO
STARTS THE WILD TALE OF 2 GUYS DOOMED TO DIE IN THE
BRUTAL END... SO STARTS THE MIGHTY *RAYNOLD* SAGA...
THAT IS AN ILLUSTRATED-*STORY CLASSIC*...

SO STARTS

THE SAGA OF THE VICTIMS

CHAPTER ONE

NO, WHO IS HORROR?





WHAT IS THIS PLACE... HELL?
...IS THIS A DREAM? AM I ASLEEP?

...OH GOD... GOD... GOD...



THEY DON'T SPEAK...



GOOD LORD!

ANNE... ANNE... ARE YOU REALLY AWARE?... CAN THIS REALLY BE??

THEY DON'T SPEAK...
...SOME KIND OF MUTANTS...
~~...MUTANTS SPEAK~~
THEY DON'T SEEM TO SEE EITHER...
...THEY DON'T EVEN SEEM TO BREATHE...



OH GOD... UGH... GOD JOSEY... WHAT IS THIS PLACE?

...I THINK WE'RE IN HELL... WE WERE DRESSED MILES UNDERGATH THE GROUND... I THINK WE'RE IN HELL!
...IS IT POSSIBLE WE'RE IN HELL?



...THESE ARE THE **VICTIMS**...

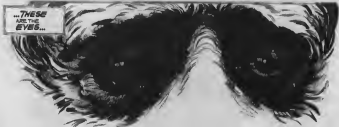
...THE OTHERS ARE THE **PERSECUTORS**... THEY WHO ARE THE **HANDLESS WINDOWS** OF THE WOULD-BE HELL... FITTINGLY SITUATED (A FEW MIGHT THINK) UNDERNEATH A **SCHOOL**...

...ALTHOUGH THE BRUDERHOOD OF THAT SUGGESTION IS OBSCURE, THE **ASONY** OF THE MOMENT IS THE FRAUSOME, AWESOME CONCERN OF THE **VICTIMS** AS THEY ARE RIDICULOUSLY **DRESSED** THROUGH THE FILTHY **STREETS** OF THE **HIDDEN-HELL**...



...AS THEIR **PERSECUTOR'S** CROWD AROUND THEM AND **LEER** WITH BARE-SOCKETED HOLES THE BRUTANTLY NEVER WERE CANIBAL OF LEERING OR ANYTHING LIKE IT, BUT THAT SOMEHOW NOW DISGUSTINGLY **ACCOMPLISH** THE **IMPOSSIBLE**... FOR THESE ARE THE **EYES** THAT **LEERED** AT THE **VICTIMS** FOR THE MONTHS **PREVIOUS** WHEN THE GIRL WERE SOMEHOW **INHIBITED** BY THEIR UNBORN BUT DEFINITE **ABSENCE**... THESE ARE THE **EYES**...

...THESE ARE THE **EYES**...



...NOW... AS JOSEY AND ANNE ARE GIVEN UNTO THE 18TH CENTURY STOKES THEY FIND THEY'VE LOST THE MENTAL ABILITY TO THINK...OR REASON... OR... WANT TO... THEY HAVE ALSO LOST THE PHYSICAL ABILITY TO FIGHT AND STRUGGLE ALTHOUGH THE WILL TO USE THOSE HUMAN-DEFENSE-MECHANISMS IS NOW THEIR ONLY THOUGHT...



YOU ARE SOME SORT OF HUMAN IN THE DEBRIGATE PIT...

...WHO ARE YOU? WHAT IS THIS PLACE?...

...AND YOUR NEXT QUESTION IS? HOW CAN I MIGHTY SMILE WHEN SHE HAS NO FACE?...

I... AM NOT A CRASHWIRE CAT LITTLE GIRL AND YOU... YOU ARE NOT ALICE...

...THIS PLACE IS VERY REAL AND NOT OUT OF A 19TH CENTURY STORYBOOK AS YOU MIGHT THINK...

...THIS IS NOT HELL EITHER AS YOU SUSPECT... THO FOR ALL PRACTICAL AND INTENSE PURPOSES YOU MIGHT WELL CONSIDER IT HELL...



...FOR HERE IS WHERE YOU ARE ON TRIAL... HERE IS WHERE YOU WILL DIE...



TRIAL...
WHAT ARE WE
ON TRIAL FOR?

...SHUT UP
CHILD... DO NOT
COMPLAIN THE
CHARGES AGAINST YOU
BY ADDRESSING
THIS COURT WHEN
YOU ARE NOT
ARRIGNED TO!

...COURT P...
THIS IS A
COURT?



YOU ARE
CHARGED
WITH
TRESPASSING...

TRESPASSING?



... AND YOU ARE
FOUND GUILTY...
... DO YOU HAVE
ANYTHING TO SAY
BEFORE I
PRONOUNCE YOUR
SENTENCE ?..

... WE AREN'T
TRESPASSING AT ALL...
WE WERE BROUGHT
HERE BY THOSE
TIDEL THINGS...



IT DOES NOT
MATTER THAT YOU
WERE BROUGHT HERE...
IT ONLY MATTERS THAT
YOU ARE HERE...

... IF YOU HAVE NOTHING
FURTHER TO SAY IN
YOUR DEFENSE I WILL
NOW PRONOUNCE
YOUR SENTENCE...



...I SENTENCE
YOU... TO BE
TORTURED
UNTIL YOU
ARE DEAD...

MY GOD...
MY GOD...
YOU MUST BE
INSANE...

...THE WHOLE
THING IS INSANE...
JUST FOR THE SAKE
OF... MY MIND...
WHAT IS GOING
ON?



...WE'VE FALLEN
INTO THE CLUTCHES
OF A BAND OF
MAD-
THINGS...

...THEN THE VICTIMS WERE TAKEN TO A ROOM
SOMEWHERE IN A QUIET PLACE IN THE PIT WHERE
THERE WAS NO A SOUND... WHERE THE MUTANTS
WERE QUIET, DEAD-LOOKING THINGS WHO SAT SQUATTED
LIKE PREHISTORIC, CREEPING BEINGS GREAT FEET WHICH
WERE PERHAPS THEIR ONLY INSTRUMENTS OF
CIVILIZATION...

...INSIDE THE ROOM WERE PARTS OF HUMANITY, AND
AT THE SIGHT OF THE STRANGERS FLESH THE VICTIMS
WERE TAKEN MOMENTARILY OUT OF THEIR OWN-
WISDOM TO THINK OF THE ABOMINATION OF THOSE WHO
HAD TORTURED THEM...



...THE ROOM WAS A HELLISH CHILL... THE LIES OF WHICH ARE
SEEN ONLY BY TOTAL IDIOTS UP ON THE EARTH ABOVE THEM...
HERE IN THIS RUTHLESS PLACE THEY CONSIDERED PROBABLY THE
FUTURE... THEY SAT AND THOUGHT... AND THEY LOOKED AT EACH
OTHER... AND THEY BEGAN TO CRY AS REALIZATIONS CAME TO
THEM AND BURST INTO THEIR MINDS...



...OH MY
GOD...

...FOR THEY EACH CAME TO REALIZE THEY HAD NO FUTURE...



HAVE YOU LOST YOUR SANITY YET JOSEY?

NO... NO I DON'T BELIEVE I'VE LOST IT YET...



...WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS?

...WE WERE TAUGHT BY MISTRESS JAMES TO THINK WITH ABSOLUTE LOGIC ABOUT EVERY SITUATION...

HEADMISTRESS JAMES IS NOT HERE TO GIVE US HER COUNSEL... IN A SITUATION SUCH AS THIS HER DISPASSIONATE LOGIC REQUIRES A DISPASSIONATE MIND TO REASON WHAT WE'VE SEEN AND... ENDURED...



...OH GOD JOSEY...

I DO NOT HAVE A DISPASSIONATE MIND... I AM WROUGHT WITH WRETCHED EMOTION...



GOD... GOD... GOD...



WHAT
ARE YOU
DOING?

I SAW SOMEBODY DO
THIS IN A MOVIE ONCE...OR
SOMETHING LIKE IT.
A GUY WAS TRAPPED IN A
COLLAPSING ROOM... WE HAD
ABOUT A MINUTE BEFORE HE WAS
TO BE CRUSHED TO DEATH...
... HE TOOK A BUTTON FROM HIS SUIT
JACKET WHICH HAD WIRE THREAD... HE
TOOK THE LENGTH OF THAT WIRE AND
UNSCREWED THE LIGHT BULB AND STUCK
IN THE UNGROUNDED WIRE AND SHORT
CIRCUITED THE WHOLE ELECTRICAL
SYSTEM...



... THAT
THREAD
WENT MADE
OUT OF
WIRE THO!

... THAT'S
ALRIGHT I'M
NOT GOING TO
USE IT FOR THE
SAME PURPOSE...

WHAT
ARE YOU
WAITING
FOR?

SOMEONE
TO COME
INTO THE ROOM...
... SOMEBODY
WILL COME
EVENTUALLY!



... THE
DOOR...





—!



...THEY
VOICE...

...THE VOICE
OF THE JUDGE...
DIDN'T IT...
SOUND
FAMILIAR
SOMEHOW?...

... IN 2 HOURS
WE WILL BEGIN...
FOR NOW I HAVE
CERTAIN OTHER DUTIES
TO ATTEND TO SPECIALLY
IN THE SCHOOL...

MUNDANE
THINGS TO DO TO
KEEP UP THE
PRETENSE FOR
THE TIME BEING...



JOBIN... IT'S THE
HEADMISTRESS!

BUT...
WHY?

... IT
DIDN'T MATTER WHY...
NOW THAT WE HAVE SOME
SHARD OF EVIDENCE TO
SUSPECT LOGIC... WE CAN
FIGHT BACK...



...CTION...





...THE VICTIMS RAN UP THE DIM CORRIDOR OF IRON STAIRS AND EXITED THE PIT OF HELL... THEY WERE BRUISED, CUT, BLEEDING, THIRSTY AND TERRIBLY FRIGHTENED... IN THE MAIN HALL, THEY SAW 40-ONE...



...UNTIL A **MOMENT** HAD PAST AND IT CAME OUT OF THE DARKNESS... THE EYES CUT INTO THEIR MINDS AND THE HORROR WAS **COMPOUNDED**... THEY REMEMBERED THE INHIBITED HORROR OF THE MONTHS PRIOR TO THIS NIGHT... AND THEY REMEMBERED THE HORROR THEY BELIEVED THEY HAD JUST ESCAPED... AND THE MINDFUL OF THOSE HORRORS WAS ENOUGH TO **BLIND** THESE SHORT LIVED MOMENTS OF ESCAPE... THEY RAN TO THE **FRONT DOOR** OF THE GREAT HALL TO **GET** SCOLLARD MARSH...



...THEY WERE **GRIEVED** BY WHAT THEY HAD **LEFT**...
...CITY-MANHATTAN IS DESCRIBED AS **UTOPIA** AND
HELL IN THE SAME BREATH...ON THIS EARLY MORNING
THE **VICTIMS** IN THEIR **ABANDONED MINDS** DESCRIBED IT
AS AN **EMOTION**...AS A **LACRIMOUS** SIB OF **SAVITY**...
...THIS IS THE **NAKED CITY**...THERE ARE **8 MILLION**
TALLES IN THE **NAKED CITY**...USUALLY...ON **THIS** DAY
THERE ARE ONLY **2** TALLES...**JOE JESSY FORSTER** AND **WAVE**
ADAMS ARE THE ONLY **2** **PEOPLE** IN THE CITY...THE OTHER
7,999,998 **THINGS** IN THIS PLACE ARE **MINOR**
ALTRANTS WITH NO **WORDS** TO TELL AND NO
NAKEDNESS TO **EXPONE**...
...ONLY THE **VICTIMS** HAVE A **SAGA** TO TELL...

PHONE



...AND BEFORE THEY FIND THEIR VOICES
LONELY ENOUGH TO **SPEAK** THAT TALE THEY
ARE ENVELOPED IN **PLASTIC ORGANOIDS**
BAGS DROPPED UPON THEM FROM THE
SKY...

AND **LIFTED** UP TO THE
TOP OF THE CITY WHERE
SOMETHING SOMEWHAT
HUMAN AWAITS THEM...

...SOMETHING THAT AT LEAST PUTS UP A
PRETENSE OF HUMANITY...



YOU'RE ALL
WOUNDED AND
BLEEDING...

...I'M A DOCTOR...
LET ME HELP
YOU...

A DOCTOR...
DOCTOR... DOCTOR I PLEAD
WITH YOU... PLEASE...
PLEASE TELL US WHAT
IS THIS HORROR?

YOU DON'T
MEAN WHAT...
-- YOU MEAN
WHO!



WHO?

WHO IS BEHIND ALL THIS MADNESS... WHY IS THIS HAPPENING TO US? IS IT REALLY HALLUCINATIONS OR IS IT AN HALLUCINATION OF SOME KIND?



OH... THIS IS NO DREAM OR NIGHTMARE I ASSURE YOU...

...NO NO...
...IT IS ALL VERY NERDY REAL DEAR GIRLS...



THEN TELL US WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT!



WHY NOT?

IT IS NOT MY PROVINCE TO MAKE EXPLANATIONS... I AM ONLY HERE TO... TO ANDON YOU UP A BIT THEN TAKE YOU TO ONE WHO WILL ANSWER ANY QUESTION YOU MAY CARE TO ASK.



AND ONE WHO WILL IN TURN HAVE MANY QUESTIONS FOR YOU...





WHO ARE YOU?

WHAT DO YOU WANT?

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?

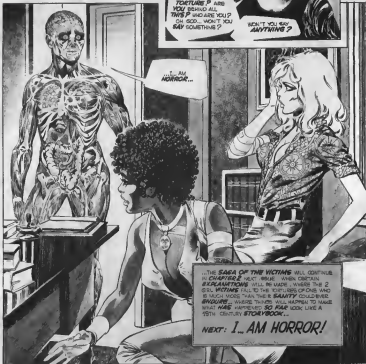
WHAT ARE YOU?

WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH US?

WHY DO YOU RESIST IN SUCH TOGETHERNESS? ARE YOU BEHIND ALL THIS? WHO ARE YOU? OH, GOD... WON'T YOU SAY SOMETHING?

WOULDN'T YOU SAY ANYTHING?

I... AM HORROR...



...THE SAGA OF THE VICTIMS WILL CONTINUE IN CHAPTER 2 NEXT ISSUE WHEN CERTAIN EXPLANATIONS WILL BE MADE, WHERE THE 2 DEAD VICTIMS FALL TO THE TORTURES OF ONE WHO IS MUCH MORE THAN THE R SAUITY COULD EVER ENDURE... WHERE THINGS WILL HAPPEN TO MAKE WHAT HAS HAPPENED SO FAR LOOK LIKE A 15TH CENTURY STORYBOOK...

NEXT: I... AM HORROR!

COMING UP NEXT
GET IT AT YOUR HORROR-MOOD
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VAMPIRE!

... WOULD YOU CONTINUE AS YOU ARE
NOW? A MORTAL? A MURDER?
A FRAGILE HUMAN WHO WILL EXIST A FEW
YEARS AND THEN WITHER
AWAY... OR... WOULD YOU LIKE
A LITTLE BIT OF POWER!

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SCREAM

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BLOOD-HUNT
FOR THE
CANNIBAL
WEREWOLF!



...SHE STARED... AND BREATHED... AND I
SAW IN HER EYES... A GLOWING OF
HATE... LINGERING AT HER THROAT BY
DARKENED EYES... AS I HAD NEVER
SEEN HER BEFORE...



...MAY GRACIOUS
WILL... AND...
...WAS...
...AS...
...STAYED...



...SHE STOOD... AN...
...D...
...THROUGH...
...AT...
...UPON...
...HIS...



...HER...
...AND...
...AND...



this face is the face of
BERENICE

...YOUR...
...WITHOUT...



...BY...
...OR...
...BY...



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- EDITED BY ALAN HEWETSON -

SCREAM

In this incredible issue :

LADY SATAN is on page 4

THE DELONG BOX OF HORRORS - PAGE 17

... the skull of the ghoul LIVES on page 26 ...

... come JOIN the CANNIBAL WEREWOLVES on page 38 ...

... THE LUNATIC MUMMY will not die — on page 46 ...

come witness **THE TALES OF NOSFERATU** unfolded on page 58

... AND MORE STORIES — MORE HORROR THAN ANY OTHER MAGAZINE ...

— CONTRIBUTORS: COVER ARTIST VILANOVA
DOMINGO ED FEDORY CESAR LOPEZ
MARO NAVA EDGAR ALLAN POE
ROSTREB RICARDO VILLAMONTE ZESAR

THE SKULL OF THE GHOUL



WHEN THE DUSK FALLS
SO DOES DEATH...

THE VAMPIRE
KINGDOM

SATAN WANTS
A CHILD



the Lunatic
Mummy

The LEGEND of
the Cannibal
WEREWOLF

Edgar Allan Poe
in the Movies

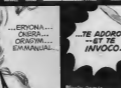


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LADY SATAN

WRITTEN BY DENNIS HARTON
CHAPTER 3...

ILLUSTRATED BY RICARDO VILLARROYA





...I AM...
A DEMON
WHOM SATAN
HAS SENT IN
HIS
STEAD...

SATAN IS
ANGRY WITH YOU...
THE FIASCO ON
YOUR WEDDING
NIGHT WAS
OUTRAGEOUS...

WHY
SO?



...BUT...
BUT THAT WAS
NOT MY FAULT!
I THOUGHT
HE HAD
FORGIVEN
ME!

NO...
HE HAS NOT
FORGIVEN
YOU!

HOW CAN
I MAKE AN
APOLOGY TO MY
HUSBAND?...
LORD LUCIFER!



MASTER
SATAN SEEKS
NOT YOUR
APOLOGY, LADY
SATAN... HE
REQUIRES AN-
OTHER THING
ALTOGETHER...
PROOF OF
YOUR
LOYALTY AND
LOVE...

A PROOF?
BUT...BUT HOW
CAN I?...



HOW CAN
I PROVE MY...
...MY LOVE?

...SIMPLY...
YOU ARE HIS WIFE...THE
MASTER OF HELL AND OF ALL
THE REVOLTED SPIRITS WISHES...
PROOF...THAT YOU ARE WORTHY...

**SATAN WANTS
A CHILD**



...A CHILD. I AM HONORED...
I... I NEVER REALIZED MY HUSBAND DESIRES A CHILD... BUT... NOW?



...COME TO HELL... HALF WAY TO HELL BY THE CAVES OF WOE... TOMORROW NIGHT-- HE WILL MEET YOU... THERE YOU WILL BECOME AS ONE! EARTH AND HELL AS ONE...

...YES...
YES...



THE SPIRIT IS GONE...
QUEEN ANNE...
YOU ARE INDEED GRACED BY THE MASTER...
YOU ARE TO BEAR HIS CHILD...

YES... AND IF I AM TO TRAVEL TO MEET MY HUSBAND SATAN TOMORROW NIGHT... I NOW NEED TO REST...



SO I WILL SLEEP NOW... WATCH OVER ME AS I SLEEP... FOR IF THE GIRL ANNE JACKSON, WHOSE BODY I INHABIT SHOULD TAKE POSSESSION OF IT SHE MIGHT RUIN MY PLANS...

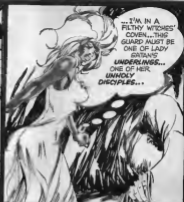
YES, MISTRESS...

SO BE WARNED... WATCH ME WELL... I WANT NO TROUBLE BEFORE TOMORROW NIGHT...





...WMPH...
WHERE AM
I?...



...I'M IN A
FILTHY WITCHES'
CAVE... THIS
GUARD MUST BE
ONE OF LADY
SATAN'S
UNDERLINGS...
ONE OF HER
UNHOLY
DISCIPLES...



...THESE
CLOTHES I WEAR
MUST BE THE ROBES OF
THE ROTTED MIND WHICH
INHABITS ME... I ONLY
WISH I COULD
DISCARD HER AS
EASILY AS I DO
THESE EVIL ROBES...




WMPH! I'M IN A
CAVE WHERE I WAS FIRST
TRANSFORMED... THIS MUST
BE HER HEADQUARTERS... I'M
SETTING OUT OF HERE BEFORE
THAT 1973 WITCH GIRL
WAKES UP...





I...I MUST
BE MILES AWAY...
RUN...FOR
HOURS...THOSE
LIGHTS
AHEAD...MUST
BE
SALEM...



WHAT USE IS IT
FOR ME TO RUN? WHEN
THE WITCH-QUEEN ANNE WISHES
TO TAKE CONTROL OF MY
BODY SHE CAN WITH
EASE...HOW LONG
SHE'S BEEN IN CONTROL OF
ME...I DON'T KNOW...
ANYTHING...



I...DON'T EVEN
KNOW WHY I'M ALIVE...
IF...IF I...AM ALIVE!
WHAT CAN I DO TO
STOP HER?...WHAT HORRORS
DOES SHE HAVE
IN HER EVIL
MIND
WITHIN ME?



THERE IS
ONLY ONE
THING TO
DO...

WHADJA
SAY,
LADY?

I AM NOT
DEAD AND
NOT ALIVE...I AM
NOT MY OWN
PERSON...



I MUST
STOP HER...AND
THERE IS...ONLY
ONE WAY...

HEY, LADY...
ARE YOU
OUTTA YOUR
MIND?



...MAY
GOD HAVE
MERCY
ON MY
SOUL...



I...I'M
NOT DEAD...
I TWIST
THE DAMN
KNIFE AROUND
IN MY
HEART
AND DO
NOT
DIE!!

I DON'T
EVEN
FEEL-
PAIN...



LADY!
WHY DID YOU
DO IT? IS THIS
A GAG?

GO AWAY,
IDIOT...

HEY!
YOU'RE...NOT
THE SAME
AS BEFORE...
YOU'VE
CHANGED...



YOUR
WHOLE
FACE IS
DIFFERENT...
I...

I SAID...
GO AWAY...
GET AWAY
FROM ME,
YOU
IDIOT...

...BUT LADY...
I...ONLY...
WANNA HELP
YOU...



I SAID...
GO AWAY!!

AAAHHH...



THAT IDIOT,
DANE JACKSON,
WEAKLING...
SHOVING A
KNIFE INTO
HER-
SELF...

NOTHING SHORT
OF CREMATION
CAN HARM THIS
BODY... IT'S ALREADY
DEAD... ONLY SADRAN
AND MY
INDOMITABLE
WILL WITHIN
IT KEEPS
FROM
DECAYING...



MISTRESS...

**YOU INSUP-
FERABLE FOOL**
...YOU HAD A
JOB AND
DIDN'T PERFORM
IT... A TASK OF
GUARDING
MY
BODY...



WHAT DID YOU
DO... **FALL
ASLEEP?**
1973
IS NO
DIFFER-
ENT
FROM
1773...
I AM
STILL
SURROUND-
ED BY
SIMPLETONS...



...**LUCIFER**...
OLYAR...
BRADNY...



ESPARINSONT
HAYRAS...



FABELLER-
OSTHON...



...**EMPEROR**
LUCIFER...



BRING
ME TO
YOUR
PRESENCE...



...**SHE'S**...
GONE...



...THIS IS AN EVIL THING 'M EARTH TRANSPORTED
TO THE NETHER WORLDS... BY A HIDEOUS CHANT...
BY A WORSHIP AND FAITH IN HER ALMIGHTY SPOUSE...
THIS IS ONE OF MILLIONS TAKEN WHOLE FROM THE
HALF-WHOLE EARTH INTO A HALF-WHOLE HELL...!



... AT THE GATES OF HELL IN THE CAVERNS OF WOE, LORD LUCIFER, SATAN VISITED HIS EARTH MISTRESS... OUTSIDE THIS PLACE IN HELL... THERE WAS A GREAT RESOUNDING CRY WHICH FILLED THE HEAVENS WITH DREAD... WHILE ON EARTH THE ASPECTS OF NATURE SEEMED TO REVOLT... ALL ABOUT THE EARTH STORMS DEVASTATED COASTLINES, TORNADOES RIPPED APART PRAIRIES, RAINS DROWNED DAMS AND SNOWS BURIED TINY ARCTIC TOWNS TOO DEFENSELESS TO PROTECT A DEFENSE... EARTH AND HELL WERE MATING...



LADY SATAN... QUEEN ANNE... YOU'VE RETURNED...

WINE... WINE...

...HELP HER TO HER CHAMBERS THE TRIP THROUGH HALF OF HELL MUST HAVE EXHAUSTED ONE WHO IS ONLY... WHO IS ALMOST HUMAN...



SHE DOESN'T TASTE THE WINE... SHE IS ALREADY UNCONSCIOUS... SEE HOW HER FACE IS RELAXING...

...NOT BECAUSE QUEEN ANNE IS ASLEEP BECAUSE THE ONE WITHIN HER IS NOW STRUGGLING TO BE DOMINANT...



WAAH... SO TO FIGHT... I'M SO TIRED... SO TIRED...

...AM I... IN LADY SATAN'S COVEN AGAIN?... YOU... YOU ARE HER WITCHES... WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO ME?... I FEEL... SO STRANGE... SO WEAK, AND SO STRANGE...

YOU ARE WITH CHILD!



...WITH CHILD... WHAT?... WHAT DO YOU MEAN? HOW IS THAT POSSIBLE?

OH, LORD... WHAT HAS HAPPENED... WHAT HORRORS DO YOU SPEAK TO ME OF...

...YOU DO NOT KNOW WHO LIVES WITHIN YOUR VERY WOMB NOW?



...YOU WILL SOON BE A MOTHER, ANNIE JACKSON... THE FATHER IS THE KING OF HELL...

HA HA HA HE HE HE HA HA HA HA HE HE HE

HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA

HA HA HA HA HE HE HE

HA HA HA HA HA HA HA


OH HEAVEN... HAVE MERCY ON MY SOUL...



NEXT: THE SON OF LORD LUCIFER...

Edgar Allan Poe in the Movies

The first truly magnificent horror film was made by D. W. GRIFFITH in 1914 - THE AVENGING CONSCIENCE, and was based on the works of EDGAR ALLAN POE ... It featured adaptations of THE TELL-TALE HEART, WILLIAM WILSON, THE BLACK CAT, ANNABEL LEE, THE BELLS and THE CONQUEROR WORM. Though it is one of the finest horror films ever made, it is not a good adaptation of Poe. No one ever makes a good adaptation of Poe. As some critic stated: "unhappily, the master poet of the macabre mood does not transpose well to the cinema screen, beyond the mere illustration of his classic devices". This is not true. It is true that, unhappily, he IS not transposed. It is NOT true, that he CANNOT be transposed. For all the odd dozen adaptations made, not a single screenwriter has written a better, or more commercially suitable, script than the original Poe story.



THE BLACK CAT, the 1935 Republic Picture's adaptation of Edgar Allan Poe's famous short story, nice violent - bloody - ferocious and weird ... but the plotline was hardly even similar to the original classic tale of terror ...



... Vincent Price starred in American International's 1963 HAUNTED PALACE, which was a great film - though it had nothing to do with Poe's poem of the same title ... and was in fact based on a short story by H.P. Lovecraft ...

The
complete
Hoe-pourri
of
movies

THE AVENGING CONSCIENCE, 1914 (D.W. Griffith)
MURDER IN THE RUE MORGUE, 1932 - Lugosi
THE BLACK CAT, 1934 - Karloff-Lugosi
THE RAVEN, 1935 - Karloff-Lugosi
THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF USHER, 1960 - Price
THE PIT, 1960 - Brian Peck
THE PIT AND THE PENDULUM, 1961 - Price
THE PREMATURE BURIAL, 1961 - Ray Milland
TALES OF TERROR, 1962 - Price-Long-Rathbone
THE HAUNTED PALACE, 1963 - Price-Claney
THE RAVEN, 1963 - Price-Karloff-Loma
THE MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH, 1964 - Price
THE TOMBS OF LIQZIA, 1964 - Price
THE BLACK CAT, 1965



... THE HOUSE OF USHER ...



... THE TOMB OF LIQZIA ...



THE MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH
above: a Hazel Court scream
below: a Vincent Price orgy



it's very sad — it's called 'commercially necessary' — and that's what's so sad. For Poe's original stories were full of all the spicy, weird ingredients we love to see. The misguided, semi-literate producers evidently never bothered to read Poe, or this they would know.

From the very beginning, Poe's 'ideas' were merely assimilated into other plots. His name was used - his story titles were mis-used. The only time he was ever given a fair chance was in Edward Abraham's 1960/62 THE PIT, featuring Brian Peck. In this short film, only one word of dialog is heard (in Poe's original story, there is no dialog at all). A critic described this film as "a genuine essay in horror" and it certainly is.

The Karloff and Lugosi Universal films: THE RAVEN (1935) and THE BLACK CAT (1934), and Lugosi's MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE (1932), are excellent films - principally because of Karloff and Lugosi themselves, and Poe's devices, but not because of their half-axed plots.

Roger Corman, for American International, made a series of Poe vehicles starring Vincent Price in the 1960's, which include: THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF USHER (1960), THE PIT AND THE PENDULUM (1961), PREMATURE BURIAL (1961), TALES OF TERROR (1962), THE HAUNTED PALACE (1963), THE RAVEN (1963), THE MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH (1964), and the TOMB OF LIGEIA (1964). They are interesting, perhaps even memorable (principally due to Vincent Price, not due to Corman, we suspect, the notorious 'director-who-did-not-direct', according to





... THE BLACK CAT ...



... THE TOMB OF LIGIA ...



... THE PIT AND THE PENOLUM ...
- with Kerloff and Lugosi, 1935 -

Boris Karloff), but they are not the stories of Edgar Allan Poe. THE HAUNTED PALACE is really a poem, but Corman used the title and made up a plot loosely based on H.P. Lovecraft's THE CASE OF CHARLES DEXTER WARD. TALES OF TERROR is a collection of 3 short stories, which Corman made funny — unless you happen to take your Edgar Allan Poe seriously — which we do.

Edgar Allan Poe was a theatrical man - in his manner, his clothes, his writing meter and writing style - it is fair to suggest he would be delighted at the idea of being transposed from print to film ... but were he alive today, to see how it's been done, he would be indignant and insulted.

As it is, he's rolling over in his grave.

... THE MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH ... (American International, 1964) starred Vincent Price and Hazel Court, and was directed by Roger Corman — this sacrificial ceremony scene was entered out before shooting in many countries — the film was exciting and powerful, but had absolutely nothing to do with Edgar Allan Poe whatsoever, which is a shame, considering Poe's original stories were ALWAYS better than the ones the butchers wrote and filmed ...



...SOME YEARS AGO,
I ENDED
PASSAGE FROM
CHARLESTON SOUTH
CAROLINA TO THE
CITY OF NEW YORK,
IN THE FINE PACKET
SHIP **INDEPENDENCE**
OF CAPTAIN HARDOV...
ON THE PASSENGER
LIST I WAS REJECTED
TO SEE SEVERAL
OF MY
ACQUAINTANCES,
AMONG THEM
CORNELIUS WYATT,
A YOUNG ARTIST,
AND A CLOSE
FRIEND...



I OBSERVED
HIS NAME WAS
CARDED UPON
THREE
STATE-ROOMS
AND FOUND
THAT HE HAD
ENGAGED
PASSAGE FOR
HIMSELF, WIFE
AND TWO
SISTERS (HIS
OWN) - WHAT
I FOUND QUITE
REMARKABLE
WAS THE NEED
FOR **THREE**
ROOMS FOR
JUST **4**
PERSONS.



AT FIRST I
CONCLUDED
IT WAS A
SERVANT'S
QUARTERS.
BUT THEN I
BEGAN TO
THINK OF HIS
OCCUPATION
AND DEDUCED
IT WAS FOR
EXTRA
BAGGAGE IN
THE FORM OF
A **PRICELESS**
PAINTING.



ON THE DAY WE
SAILED I SAW THE
BOX BROUGHT
ABOARD AND MY
SUSPICIONS WERE
CONFIRMED
(**OBVIOUSLY** IT
WAS A **PAINTING**)
- IT WAS ABOUT 6
FEET IN LENGTH -
BY TWO AND A
HALF IN BREADTH,
BUT EVEN ITS ENTRY
OUT OF THE SHIP
WAS OF SOME
MYSTERY TO ME,
FOR IT WAS NOT
PUT INTO THEIR
"SPARE-ROOM" AT
ALL, BUT INTO HIS
OWN CABIN.
- SUCH MYSTERIES
COMPOUNDED
THROUGHOUT MY
TRIP, AS I AM NOW
BOUND TO TELL, AS
I BEGIN MY TALE OF



...AS WHATTS PARTY
BOARDED I WAS
INTRODUCED
AROUND...THERE
WERE THE TWO
SISTERS, THE
BRIDE, AND THE
ARTIST- THE
LATTER IN OUE
OF HIS
CUSTOMARY
FIT% OF MOODY
MISANTHROPY...
MRS. WYATT WAS
CLOSELY VEILED
...AND WHEN SHE
REMOVED IT SHE
ASTONISHED
ME, FOR SHE WAS
DECIDEDLY **PLAIN**
IF NOT POSITIVELY
UGLY.



...WE THEN SET OUT TO SEA...AND FOR THE
FIRST FEW DAYS WE HAD FINE WEATHER...MRS.
WYATT MINGLED WITH THE OTHERS ON BOARD,
BUT WHATT KEPT ENTIRELY TO HIMSELF
WITHIN HIS ROOM...



...MRS. WYATT 'AMUSED' US ALL VERY MUCH...
I SAY 'AMUSED' AND SCARCELY KNOW HOW
TO EXPLAIN MYSELF... THE TRUTH IS SHE
WAS LAUGHED AT NOT 'WITH'.



...THE GENTLEMEN SAID **LITTLE** ABOUT HER
BUT THE LADIES PRONOUNCED HER 'A GOOD
HEARTED THING, RATHER INDIFFERENT-
LOOKING, **TOTALLY UNEDUCATED** AND
DECIDEDLY **VULGAR**... I COULD NOT IMAGINE
HOW A MAN LIKE WHATT, AN **ARTIST**, SO
SENSITIVE TO BEAUTY, COULD MARRY
SOMEONE SO **GROTESQUE** IN BOTH
BEAUTY AND MANNER



...WYATT CAME OUT AFTER A FEW DAYS AND TALKED WITH ME. NATURALLY I ASKED HIM ABOUT THE NATURE OF THE ODD BOX, AND SAID SOMETHING ABOUT "THE PECULIAR SHAPE OF THE BOX..."



...AS I SPOKE THE WORDS, I SMILED "KNOWINGLY", WINKED AND TOUCHED HIM GENTLY WITH MY FOREFINGER IN THE RIBS. PRESUMING HE'D LAUGH AND ADMIT IT WAS LEONARDO'S ODD SHAPED "LAST SUPPER" OR SOME SUCH VALUABLE, BUT HIS ONLY REPLY WAS ASTONISHMENT.



...HIS FACE GREW VERY RED, THEN PALE, AND HE LAUGHED TILL I THOUGHT HE WOULD **EXPLODE**. THEN HE FELL FLAT AND HEAVILY UPON THE DECK, AND WHEN I RAN TO UPLIFT HIM,

TO ALL APPEARANCES HE WAS **DEAD**.



"WHY DID YOU BECOME SO UPSET, I ONLY INQUIRED AFTER YOUR **PAINTING**."



MY GOD WYATT... ARE YOU, ALRICH?

LEAVE ME ALONE! I TELL YOU...



„WYATT WENT TO HIS STATEROOM THEN AND I DIDN'T SEE HIM FOR DAYS... BUT THAT NIGHT I SAW SOMETHING VERY CURIOUS TO EXPLAIN THE EXTRA ROOM I SAW MRS WYATT ENTER IT JUST BEFORE MIDNIGHT.



„I CREEPT UP TO WYATT'S DOOR AND HEARD HIM WITHIN... FIRST THERE WAS THE SOUND OF A MALLET AND CHISEL... OBVIOUSLY OPENING THE OBLONG BOX... THEN THE NOISES OF HIS SOBBING... OR MURMURING WHICH LASTED UNTIL DAYBREAK!



„THE NEXT NIGHT I OBSERVED SAME THING. AND ON THIS OCCASION I PEEPED THROUGH THE KEYHOLE TO SEE WYATT IN CONVULSIVE AGONY OVER WHAT (I COULD NOT SEE) WAS IN THE BOX...



„THE NEXT DAY THE SEAS TURNED ROUGH AND A GALE ENVELOPED US... THEN A HURRICANE WHICH SPLIT US TO RIBBONS... TOSSING US ABOUT HOPELESSLY... WE WEATHERED THIS STORM FOR 24 HOURS... LOST THREE MENLAND WERE ABOUT TO GIVE OURSELVES UP TO GOD... WHEN THE MIZZEN-MAST IN A HEAVY LURCH TO WINDWARD... CRASHED DOWN UPON THE DECK... PRACTICALLY TOPPLING US ON OUR SIDE.



WE HELD... AND THE GALE HELD... WE ATTEMPTED TO LIGHTEN OUR LOAD BY THROWING OVERBOARD AS MUCH OF THE CARGO AS COULD BE REACHED, BUT SHE WAS LEAKING AND WATER WAS CUSHING IN FURIOUSLY INTO THE HOLD.



AT SUNDAW, THE GALE HAD DIMINISHED IN VIOLENCE AND, AS THE SEA WENT DOWN WITH IT.

WE STILL ELTER TAILED HOPE'S OF SAVING OURSELVES... THANKFULLY AIDED BY A FULL MOON.



WE LAUNCHED A LONG-BOAT AND CROWDED EVERYONE INTO IT.

IT WAS A MYSTERY IT DID NOT SWAMP THE SECOND IT TOUCHED WATER.



NO SOONER HAD WE PUSHED OURSELVES AWAY FROM THE SINKING SHIP THAN WHAT I SEEMED TO AWAKE FROM A TRANCE AND JUMPED UP SCREAMING, ALMOST CAPSIZING US.



I MUST GO BACK. I MUST GO BACK.



ARE YOU MAD WYATT? SIT DOWN FOR GOD'S SAKE

THE BOX... THE BOX I SAY! CAPTAIN HARDY, YOU CANNOT YOU WILL NOT REFUSE ME... ITS WEIGHT WILL BE BUT A TRIFLE... IT'S NOTHING... MERE NOTHING...

...BY THE MOTHER WHO BORE YOU... FOR THE LOVE OF HEAVEN, BY YOUR HOPE OF SALVATION, I IMPLORE YOU TO PUT BACK FOR THE BOX...



...WHITT INDEED SPRANG FROM THE BOAT AND RETURNED TO THE SHIP.

...THE CAPTAIN, FOR A MOMENT, SEEMED TOUCHED BY THE EARNEST APPEAL OF THE ARTIST, BUT HE REGAINED HIS STERN COMPOSURE.

MR. WHITT YOU ARE MAD! I CANNOT LISTEN TO YOU. SIT DOWN! I SAY. OR YOU WILL SWAMP THE BOAT. STAY. HOLD HIM. SEIZE HIM.

...IN A MOMENT WE SAW HIM ENTER HIS CABIN AND DRAG OUT THE BOX STRAP HIMSELF TO IT BY ROPE

THEN

WHY... HE SUNK! BUT WHY? THE BOX WAS OF WOOD... WHY DID IT NOT FLOAT?

ATTACHED TO IT.



...THEY WILL RISE SOON... BUT... NOT TILL THE SALT MELTS!

„HE WOULD SAY MORE INDICATING RESPECT FOR THE WIFE AND SISTERS OF THE DECEASED ON BOARD..WE LAUGHED AFTER 4 DAYS OF INTENSE DISTRESS

AND I BEGAN TO THINK I WOULD NEVER LEARN WHAT WAS IN IT..



„A MONTH LATER I RALL ACROSS THE CAPTAIN AND AS WE LAUGHED HE TOLD THE STORY OF THE BOX..

„THE WOMAN YOU KNEW AS MRS WYATT WAS **NOT**.. SHE WAS ONLY A **SERVANT PLAYING THE ROLE**.. THE DAY OF THE VOYAGE WYATT'S WIFE **DIED**.. SHE WAS INDEED A **LOVELY.. BEAUTIFUL** WOMAN..



WYATT WAS FRANTIC WITH GRIEF.. BUT CIRCUMSTANCES FORBODE PUTTING OFF HIS NEW YORK TRIP.

NOW AS YOU KNOW..LD PASSENGER WOULD HAVE TRAVELLED UPON MY SHIP KNOWING A **CORPSE** WAS **ABOARD**..THUS.. SHE WAS CONCEALED WITHIN THE **BOX**.. HER **COFFIN**..



THE CAPTAIN EXPLAINED HE HAD **PACKAGED** THE **CORPSE** WITH A QUANTITY OF **SALT** TO PREVENT ITS **DECOMPOSITION**.. AND THIS IS THE **SIMPLE MYSTERY** OF THE **OBLONG BOX** IS **EXPLAINED**..



„MY **OWN** MISTAKE WAS THE PROBLEM..MY DISCOVERY OF ONLY **SOME** OF THE FACTS DURING THE VOYAGE.. BUT NOW THAT I KNOW **ALL**..I **SHUDDER**!!

FOR I HEARD WYATT'S INSANE **GIBBERING** AND **WHINPERING** AND **SOBBING** IN HIS CABIN..I SAW HIS **CONVULSIONS**..I AM THE ONLY UNFORTUNATE PERSON WHO CAN **CONJECTURE** WHAT **MADNESS**..WHAT **HORRORS** DID HE COMMIT INSIDE HIS CABIN **COME** THE **NIGHT**!.



ARCILAIC
SCREAM
 ANNOUNCEMENTS



... a special COMICS OPINION by reader DAVE SIM of Kitchener, Ontario who is commenting on the COMICS OPINION of JACK MONNINGER which appeared in PSYCHO #15 ...

"For some time now, comic fans of all ages have been complaining that comic books do not have wide acceptance. They are not considered an art form ... parents, teachers, and psychiatrists agree that they are garbage ... an unnecessary and demanding part of the average child's reading matter.

"However, one must consider what would happen if comic books did gain wide acceptance for the art that they are ... anxiety on the newsstands would increase. If you think that your favorite life is hard to find today ... what would it be like if every adult who reads the local newspaper, were to pick up PSYCHO, NIGHTMARE, SCREAM and countless others? (That's a problem we should HAVE ... editor).

"I personally enjoy the "underground" quality of comic reading. No one really knows how many fans there are of comic art unless they ARE a fan ... a good portion of the population of Canada and the U.S. are even unaware that there ARE fans (as can be seen by newspaper articles like "SLAP SAM POW — Comics No longer for the Kiddies").

"As long as you are lucky enough to have parents who will let you buy comics (no matter what they think of them), so long as there are comic conventions and fanzines, there is no need to introduce hostile readers to comic books ... There are enough open-minded people around who would read a comic book without having to be led to a chair ..."

opinion - DAVE SIM

My favorite story this issue is :

comment :

name :

age :

address :

city if other :

mail to : SKYWALD BEST STORY
 Skywald Publishing Corporation
 18 East 41st Street Rm 1501
 New York City, N.Y. 10017

SCREAM #4





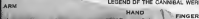
IS BACK

AND IT'S WEIRDER THAN EVER

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TWO independent publishing houses are reprinting the magnificent E. C. masterworks. RUSS COCHRAN is publishing his now famous E. C. PORTFOLIOS, printed on heavy bristol board with color covers (size 11 1/2" x 16 1/2"). E. C. PORTFOLIOS #3 and #4, at \$15 a volume, are expensive, but in our opinion, are UNDERPRICED... featuring the very best of E. C. ... write to Russ for more complete FREE details. EAST COAST COMIX are issuing beautiful E. C. reprints... BETTER than the old originals in many ways... for only \$1.25 an issue, or a \$5 bill for 6 issues of the E. C. REPRINTS SERIES (TALES FROM THE CRYPT - VAULT OF HORROR and all the others). Drop E. C. COMIX your \$1.25 for a sample issue and you will NOT be disappointed.



... this is the weird cover story writer ...

EMOTIONALLY-DISTURBED ED FEDORY

ANALYSING AN EMOTIONALLY-DISTURBED PERSON

It's not EASY to analyse an emotionally-disturbed writer like Emotionally-disturbed ED FEDORY, whose weird cover story this issue is one of a long line of weird stories soon to be published like: THE BURIAL VAULT OF PRIMAL ELD and THE CRIME IN SATAN'S CRYPT. However, we can start by saying the guy lives on the edge of a swamp, sells real-estate and adores children. Wife Dreadfully-emotionally-disturbed Donna, and daughter Extravagantly-emotionally-escapable Evie, attempt to awake him daily, but have been unsuccessful to date. Ed has been asleep since 1844 when he was attacked near Taran in the Yellow Sea by a squad of 500 giant slug. Despite this, Ed is an interesting fellow, and with editor Archaic Al has spent many a pleasant evening watching "things exit" the swamp nearby his home. As Ed spies each "thing" he yells, "Hi Uncle Joe," or "Hi Uncle Frank"... nobody knows exactly what those mutterings mean but — than again — we don't really WANT to know! Drop ed a note c/o SKYWALD and let him know if you enjoyed his cover story: THE LEGEND OF THE CANNIBAL WEREWOLVES.

-ARCHAIC AL-



...THIS IS 1890... THE SCENE IS A MACABRE
MARSH NEAR BARCELONA IN SPAIN... THE
NIGHT IS WET AND FETID... NOT A NIGHT FOR
MAN OR BEAST...



...UNLESS... THE BEAST IS A BAT...



...AND THE MAN IS A WOMAN...



... AND WITH THIS NIGHT BEING AS CLOUDY AND OBSCURE AS OUR STORY THIS FAR, SO WE START OUR TALE:

THE SKULL OF THE GHOUL

...LOOK CLOSELY NOW AT THIS SCENE... IS IT AS IT SEEMS? ... OR, IS IT
SOMEWHAT DECEIVING? ... THE ANSWER FOLLOWS AS PART ONE
OF OUR 2-PART TALE BEGINS (COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE) SO GRAB HOLD OF YOUR SENSE OF REASON BECAUSE
IN THIS MACABRE-WIND-DESTROYING-TALE NOTHING IS AS IT SEEMS... WRITER BY ALAN BENTLEY... ILLUSTRATOR BY DOUGLAS

... SHE CAME UPON A MIDNIGHT CLEAR...



...WHAT'S WRONG?
...WHY HAVE WE STOPPED?

...I'M ABOUT TO FIND OUT. DON'T GO ANYWHERE ANNETTE. JUST STAY PUT IN YOUR SEAT...

...SURE...
AS IF I COULD GO ANYWHERE WITH THESE HAND MANACLES CHAINING ME TO THE SEAT...



LORD HE'S DEAD... THE DRIVER IS STONE-COLD DEAD...

...FELL RIGHT ONTO THE HORSES...

...VERY... VERY... EARLY...



...WHY'D HE DIE?

...HE'S AN OLD MAN... LOOKS LIKE A HEART ATTACK I THINK.

...HOW'D YOU GET UNCHAINED?



...I MURD A MAN...

... THE DRIVER'S DEATH WAS A STROKE OF LUCK...
IF HE HADN'T DECIDED TO DIE OF OLD AGE THEN
TONIGHT WOULD'VE BEEN MY LAST NIGHT
OUTSIDE THE WALLS OF PRISON...

... BUT YOU CAN'T KEEP A
GOOD GIRL DOWN...

... I'M FREE AGAIN... THE NEXT RACKET
I GET INTO HAS GOT TO BE A LITTLE MORE
LUCRATIVE THAN THE ONE THAT ALMOST
GOT ME 20 YEARS... I WASN'T CUT OUT
TO BE A CON-ARTIST ANYHOW...



... RIGHT NOW I JUST
THINK WHAT TO DO
TONIGHT...

... THOSE LIGHTS IN THE
DISTANCE LOOK SO WARM AND
INVITING... AND IF I PUT MY
CARDS RIGHT IT MAY BE AN
EXCELLENT PLACE TO STAY
TONIGHT...



HELP ME...
SOMEONE
HELP...

PLEASE...

WHAT'S WRONG?
WHAT IS IT?

... MY DRIVER... HAD
A HEART ATTACK... HE'S
DEAD... I WAS ON MY
WAY TO BARCELONA...

... ALONE? ...

... YES
ALONE... EXCEPT
FOR MY DRIVER.
BUT... BUT NOW
HE'S DEAD!

... I WILL ATTEND TO
YOUR COACH, WOMAN...
LOOK TO THE DOORWAY
THERE...

... THE COUNTESS
IS WAITING TO
GREET YOU...

... THE
COUNTESS? ...



... I... AM COUNTESS
SOSTRES...

... WELCOME TO SOSTRES MANSE
... YOU ARE OUR GUEST...
... COME... DON'T STAND THERE IN THE
COLD OF THIS AWFUL NIGHT...
COME IN... TAKE THE GIRL OUT
OF YOUR BONES CHILD...

... VISITORS ARE ALWAYS
WELCOME HERE...



...NOW BEGINS PART TWO OF OUR TALE...

...SHE DIED UPON A DECREPIT DAWN...

MY NE... WHAT
A BEAUTIFUL ROOM...
SO MANY
...WALLABLE
THINGS ARE HERE...

...COUNTS SOFTRES...
...THANK YOU FOR EXTENDING
YOUR HAND TO ME IN MY TIME
OF TROUBLE...

NOT AT ALL MY
DEAR... COME IN...
WARM YOURSELF...
WOULD YOU CARE
FOR SOME FOOD
... SOME WINE?

...IF IT'S NO
TROUBLE
COUNTS...
...I'M
FABRISHED...

... YES...

...THEY ARE MY ONLY REAL
COMPANY... WALLDO, THE DWARF
WHO GREETED YOU IS NOT MUCH
FOR COMPANIONSHIP IN THIS
DESOLATE PLACE...

WELL... WHY
DO YOU LIVE
HERE THEN
COUNTS?

...IT WAS LEFT TO ME
IN AN INHERITANCE...

...I DON'T KNOW WHY I DON'T
MOVE... IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO
KEEP THE PLACE CLEAN OR...

...AH... I SEE YOU ADMIRING
MY MOST WALLABLE
POSSESSION...

WHAT DO YOU
MEAN? DRACULA
WAS ONLY A... MYTH...
A SUPERSTITTON...

...IT'S
MACABRE...

...WHAT IS IT
COUNTS?

WHAT?

...IT IS THE
SKULL OF
DRACULA!

SO SAY
SOME...

...BUT THERE ARE OTHERS
WHO KNOW THAT DRACULA
WAS AS REAL AS YOU AND I...
A FIEND WHO LIVED CENTURIES
AGO IN WALLACHIA... KNOWN
NOW AS TRANSYLVANIA...

...OH DRACULA WAS REAL ENOUGH
...AND HE WAS A VAMPIRE SURE
ENOUGH...
...AND THIS...
...IS HIS
SKULL...

IT IS MY MOST VALUABLE POSSESSION...

...IT WOULD BE WORTH MILLIONS TO THE RIGHT COLLECTOR...

HOWEVER... I'VE BEEN NEGLECTFUL... LET ME GET YOU THE FOOD AND WINE I OFFERED...

...AND I'LL SEE TO IT THAT YOUR ROOM IS PREPARED FOR THE NIGHT... HARDO WILL DRIVE YOU ON TO BARCELONA IN THE MORNING...

... I'VE GOT TO THINK OF A WAY TO TAKE THIS FROM THE COUNTESS... I HAVE... A... MAN... I KNOW IN BARCELONA WHO WILL SELL IT FOR ME...

...THIS CENTURY-OLD THING IS MAGNIFICENT... IT DOES INDEED NEARLY TURN MY STOMACH TO LOOK AT IT BUT... BY GOD IT'S BEAUTIFUL IN A DECADENT KIND OF WAY...

...IF I CAN TAKE FULL ADVANTAGE OF THIS SITUATION... I CAN PROVIDE MYSELF WITH AN ALTERNATIVE TO IMPRISONMENT...

...WERE I TO CONTINUE AS I AM NOW, I WOULD SURELY BE CAUGHT IN TIME...

...BUT WERE I TO BE ENDOWED WITH A FORTUNE FROM THE SALE OF THIS WRETCHED SKULL, I COULD -- ESCAPE TO ANOTHER COUNTRY...

HERE, MY DEAR... NOW EAT... DRINK... AND FORGET YOUR WORRIES...

YOU ARE SO KIND COUNTESS...

...SO VERY... VERY... KIND...

...AND THERE IS ONLY ONE WAY TO DO THAT ... TO LEAVE BEFORE THEY WOULD HAVE REASON TO SUSPECT ME... DURING THE NIGHT...

... I MUST FIRST OBTAIN THE SKULL...

... THEN I'LL RELEASE A HORSE FROM THE STABLE ... THE COUNTESS CLAIMS SHE LIVES ALONE WITH THE DWARF... SO THERE SHOULD BE NO-ONE TO CONTEND WITH...



... NOW, I NEED A PLAN OF ESCAPE FROM THIS SWAMP-MASSIVE CHIEF I OBTAIN THE SKULL...

... I NEED TO KNOW HOW I CAN ESCAPE WITHOUT AROUSING SUSPICION...



... I CAN MAKE GOOD MY ESCAPE INTO THE NIGHT BEFORE ANYONE IS ANY THE WISER...



... AND IF I SHOULD MEET OPPOSITION FROM THE COUNTESS OR THE DWARF...

... IT WILL BE THEIR MISFORTUNE ...

... NOT MINE ...

... FOR THIS PISTOL I STOLE FROM THE GUARD WHEN I KILLED HIM WILL SERVE AS MY ACCOMPLICE...





YOU... YOU TALKED WITH THE SKULL...

...I DID...
...AS IT TALKED WITH ME...



SHE IS STILL HOSTILE...

...HAVE THE DWARF RESTRAIN HER...



...LET ME EXPLAIN CERTAIN... THINGS...
...FOR YOUR AMUSEMENT MY DEAR...

IT CAN READ MY MIND... IT CAN UNDERSTAND MY THOUGHTS...



...THIS IS THE SKULL OF DRACULA STILL ALIVE... OR SHOULD I SAY... RE-BORN...

...BUT NOW?

WE OWE HER NO EXPLANATIONS...



...PERHAPS NOT... BUT IT WILL BE AMUSING TO SEE THE EXPRESSIONS OF HORROR COME ACROSS HER FACE AS HER AGONY IS COMPOUNDED BY A TRUE KNOWLEDGE OF THE HORRORS...



...THO IT IS THE SKULL OF THE ANTI-SEMITIC VAMPIRE... IT IS VALUABLE ONLY TO ME... FOR THE MIND AND THE BRAIN OF DRACULA ARE ALIVE...

YOU SEE CHILD, VAD PRACTICED NEURONIC MIND CONTROL IN EXPECTATION THAT HE WOULD BE MURDERED, AND THEREFORE PRESERVED HIS STUDIES IN ALCHEMY WOULD LET HIM LIVE AFTER DEATH...

...SAVE ONE UNEXPECTED COMPLICATION... THOSE PRIESTS WHO MURDERED HIM ANTICIPATED SUCH A COME-BACK, AND AS THEY THURST A STAKE THROUGH HIS HEART THEY ALSO BEHEADED DRACULA...



SO... AFTER HIS DEATH HIS
PLAN TO LIVE-AGAIN WAS
THWARTED...

...HIS BODY IS IN ASHES...

...NOW HIS HEAD
NEEDS THE AID OF A
SERVANT... ME...
TO BE FUNCTIONAL
AND OF ANY
PURPOSE...

WHO ARE YOU?...

...WHY DO YOU LIVE OUT
HERE IN THIS
WILDERNESS?...

...I AM WHO I SAID
AS YOU ENTERED THIS
MANSION... *CREST*

...AND I AM ALSO...

...THE ETERNAL SERVANT
OF THE SKULL OF THE
MASTER GHOUL...

...I AM HIS MASTER'S
SERVANT NOW AS I HAVE
BEEN FOR CENTURIES
SINCE HIS VERY DEATH...

BUT THAT MEANS...

...THAT MEANS THAT YOU...

...THAT YOU ARE
ALSO A...A...

YOU STUTTER
UPON THAT
WORD?

YES... I AM ALSO
OF THE MASTER'S
KIND...

...A
VAMPIRESS...

...BUT...
THAT'S NOT
POSSIBLE...

...WE HAVE
BEEN
AMUSED...
...NOW, DO AS
YOU MUST
WITH HER...

NO...NOT
JUST YET...

YOU CAN'T BE A
VAMPIRESS...

HOW DO YOU EXIST OUT
HERE IN THIS WILDERNESS?

...IF LEGEND IS CORRECT...
THE VAMPIRE NEEDS
BLOOD TO LIVE...

...YES... THAT
IS TRUE...

...BUT HOW
DO YOU
GET IT?...



...WELL... ON THIS MORN
I HAVE YOURS CHILD.

...BUT.. ON OTHER NIGHTS
IT IS NOT SO **PLENTIFUL**...
IT IS USUALLY **OLD BLOOD**
OFTEN **DISEASED** AND
NEAR **ROTTED** BY
LIQUOR...

I DON'T
UNDERSTAND...

...YOUR BLOOD WILL BE MUCH
FRESHER THAN THE **OLD MEN** I AM
USED TO...

...OLD
MEN?...



...MY USUAL DIET IS
THE INFREQUENT **PASSERBY**
ON THE NEARBY HIGHWAY...
USUALLY JUST AN **OLD MAN**
DRIVING A COACH...

...LIKE YOUR COACHMAN
LAST NIGHT...

...MY GOD...
IT WAS YOU...

...AND NOW... IF YOU WILL
FORGIVE ME... THE **MASTER**
AND I ARE A LITTLE **RUSHED** FOR
TIME FOR EVEN **NOW** THE
DAWN BEGINS AND **SHORTLY**
WE MUST TAKE OUR **REST**...

...SO **PLEASE STRUGGLE**...
LET US **ENJOY** YOUR **YOUTH**
AND **VITALITY**...



...NOW?

...YES... **NOW**
MASTER...



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The LEGEND of

WRITTEN BY BO PERDUE ILLUSTRATED BY RICARDO WILLAMONTI

the Cannibal WERE-WOLF




YES, YES!! THE
FINEST HUNT OF MY
CAREER, I'VE NEVER
EXPERIENCED A MORE
INTELLIGENT
ANIMAL!

UNDOUBTEDLY, THIS
ADVANCED INSTINCT
STEMS FROM ITS OBVIOUS
PRIMITIVE HUMAN
CHARACTERISTICS...
HYENA AND
HUMAN...

HOLD IT
RIGHT THERE,
SIR PERCY...
GOT IT!

CLICK!

A STRANGE
HYBRID MAN
TAKEN FROM THE
DARKEST AFRICA!
THE READERS WILL
LOVE IT. TELL US
OF THE HUNT!



YES, THE HUNT! THAT TRIBUTE TO MAN'S SUPERIOR INTELLIGENCE. THAT WONDERFUL POSSESSION THAT SHADES HIS DESTINY AS LEADER OF THE ANIMAL KINGDOM! YOU SHALL HAVE THE WHOLE STORY...

FINE!

BUT FIRST, A DRINK...

SOUNDS GREAT!




A TOAST... TO THE SECOND MOST BEAUTIFUL SPECIES IN THE WORLD!

A GROTESQUE, YET BEAUTIFUL ANIMAL. INDEED, SUCH A FINE STATE OF PRESERVATION.



THE EYES, THEY APPEAR FLUID... ALIVE!

ALL THE CREDIT GOES TO THE TAXPAYER. THEY'VE DONE A GOOD JOB ON MY PET!



I'VE NEVER SEEN ANY ANIMAL WITH CLAWS SO HUGE! IT'S A GOOD THING IT DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE TO USE THEM... ON YOU!

I HAD LITTLE TO FEAR, AS THE NYEMA IS SELDOM KNOWN TO ATTACK LIVING CREATURES...

THEY EAT THE DEAD LEFT BY OTHER PREDATORS... THEY'RE GHOULS!



WE'VE HAD ENOUGH QUESTIONS FOR THE WHILE. LET'S RELAX, AND I'LL GET ON WITH THE TALE OF HOW I CAPTURED THIS MAGNIFICENT BRUTE!

"AYE, T'WAS BUT TWO YEARS PAST, THAT MYSELF AND A STREAM OF BANYAN PORTERS BLADED AND TRUDGED THROUGH THE EMERALD JUNGLE OF THE NORTHERN CONGO.

"AS A MONTH OF TOL'S ECLIPSE, WE CAME UPON THE WAMBITTU VILLAGE. I HAD HOPED TO FIND THE ONE WHO COULD ANSWER MY QUESTIONS.

WATEITA!
WATEITA!

WATEITA?

YOU SAY THAT IS THE PLACE WHERE I SHALL FIND THEM?

A SCANT DAY'S MARCH FROM HERE! SOON THE PRIZE SHALL BE MINE!

WATEITA!
AT LAST!

"AS I PUSHED THE SABLE SKIN TO ONE SIDE, I SAW AN ELDERLY MAN, SURROUNDED BY GODDESSES OF NUBIAN BEAUTY! WATEITA, THE TOOTHLESS TRIBAL ELDER, THE POSSESSOR OF SECRETS, GUARDIAN OF ELDRITCH ANSWERS!



*THROUGHOUT THE STILL AND SVAIRL-SHROUDED NIGHT HE SPOKE! MANY TIMES HE CAME TO A DEATHLY AND ABRUPT SILENCE WHILE HE LISTENED TO THE CLANDESTINE ACTIVITY IN THE JUNGLES. OFTEN HIS NARRATIVE WAS PUNCTUATED WITH A MASK OF FEAR THAT SPREAD ACROSS HIS ANCIENT VISAGE. AND WHEN THE FIRST CAST RAYS OF THE ORANGE AFRICAN SUN SEEPED ACROSS THE JUNGLE, I DEPARTED...



*THAT VERY AFTERNOON WE DISCOVERED THE FIRST CLAW AND PAD TRACKS OF OUR FEARLESS GAME...

*WATEFTA SPOKE ONLY WITH HIS EYES, AND EVEN THEY WERE MUTE!

THESE ARE ITS TRACKS!

THEY'RE FRESH!... ONLY A COUPLE OF HOURS OLD!



"I SAW THE STAIN OF FEAR SPREAD... THEY SENSED POSSIBLE SLAUGHTER AHEAD! SOON THE NIGHT WOULD COME... THEIR FEARS WOULD GROW..."

I ONLY HOPE THEY STAND THEIR GROUND... WHEN THE TIME IS AT HAND...

ZABUNDA!
ZABUNDA!





"WITH GREAT ANXIETY
AND DETERMINATION,
MY SENSES REELED...
THE NIGHT USHERED
ME TO DEEP AND
FATHOMLESS SLEEP...
AND I DID NOT HEAR
THE COMMOTION
OUTSIDE..."



"THE NEXT MORNING..."

GONE!
EVERY ONE
OF THEM! MAY
YOUR GODS TAKE
AND PROTECT
THEM... THOSE
CONARDEY
FOOLS!

WHO NEEDS THEM?

I SHALL
CAPTURE THE
BEAST...
ALONE!

STRANGE,
HOW THE
JUNGLE
QUET...

SOME-
THING IS
ABOUT!

KKRAAKK!
KKRAAKK!

HUNNH??

WHAT
THE HELL
WAS
THAT?

TOO LATE DID I SEE THOSE DUAL
PYTS OF HATED WATCHING ME...
TOO LATE!

AAARGHHH

KYRAAGHHHH
HHRRROAAA

BWAAM

"I WAS
ENVELOPED
WITHIN A
FETID MIST OF
EXCREMENT,
MATTED
HAIR, AND
CHARREL
BREATH!

THERE'S ONLY
ONE CHANCE...
I'VE GOT TO
REACH
THAT...
GUN!!

TH-THOSE
EYES! TH-THY
LOOK ALMOST
HUMAN!!

"THEN FOR ONCE,
STILLNESS REIGNED
SUPREME WITHIN
THE JUNGLE GREENS...
WHILE A MUTE
EYE OFFERED
REST TO A
WEARY FLY!"

RAAUGHN

GRAAUGHN

RRAAUGHN

AAARGHHHH

GRAAUGHN



I THOUGHT I HAD BOUGHT TIME THAT TIME!

BUT, I AWOKE TO A PAINLESS SENSE OF SECURITY! I GUESS YOU CAN'T UNDERSTAND THAT!



I GUESS ONE COULD SAY THAT I BECAME LINKED TO THAT BEAUTIFUL FURRED CREATION

...BODY AND BLOOD...IF NOT SPIRIT AND SOUL...



I THINK THAT DRINK DID BOTH OF YOU WONDERS...

RELAXED YOUR MINDS, YOUR LUNGS AND STILLED YOUR HEARTS!



I KNEW THE LOOK IN THOSE EYES WERE ALMOST HUMAN... IT WAS NOT THE TARNISHED GAZE OF HATRED I SAW IN THEIR DEPTHS... BUT ONE OF LOVE!



SHE HAD NO DESIRE TO KILL ME!

ALL SHE DESIRED WAS A...

MATE!!

A STRANGE TINGLING SENSATION AROUSES WITHIN THE MOUTH, AND LUST OF CARRION DEVOURS REASON, THE MOUTH SALIVATES AS STIFF FLESH IS PRESSED TO HUNGER-RIDDEN LIPS...THE AROMA OF A HIDEO-FEAST FILLS THEIR NOSTRILS...A FLESHY FRAGMENT IS LOLLED ACROSS A BROAD TONGUE AND ITS FLAVOR IS TYPED BY PERVERTED TASTE BUDS...

GRAAGHHH
RRAAGHHH
GGRRAGHH
RRAAGHH
GGRRAGHH
GRAAGGG
GRAAGGH



...IT IS...
GOOD!!

© 1985
Villanova



...THE TROUBLE WITH MAN, IT IS SAID, IS THAT USUALLY HE IS FOUND IN GROUPS...

WRITTEN BY DOWNE ANDERSON
ILLUSTRATED BY GREGG LIPPEZ

...AND EMMANUEL HUMPHREY WILL MEET ONE SUCH AWFUL GROUP SHORTLY AND BECOME:

...THIS IS EMMANUEL HUMPHREY, AND HE IS NOW ALONE...

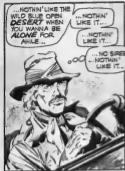
♪...OH GIVE ME A HOME ♪
♪...♪...♪...♪

...WHERE THE BUFFALO ROAM...

...AND THE DEER AND THE COCKROACHES PLAY!



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MY GOD JESUS!

...WHAT THE
HELL IS
THIS?



RESTRAIN
HIM!

WHAT THE
HELL IS
GOING
ON?



HRRMMH
HRRMMH
HRRMMH-
HEED US!!

...ON THIS, YOUR
ANNIVERSARY,
EPHRODORUS
PRESENTS YOU
OUR OFFERING...
...THIS MAN... THIS
HUMAN..

...ARE YOU GUYS
NUTS? WHAT
THE HELL DO
YOU THINK YOU'RE
DOING?



...HOW SHALL WE MURDER HIM EFFICIENTLY? WITH A ROPE BY THE NECK?

...DRAGGING HIM BEHIND A HORSE? OR HIS OWN MOTOR VEHICLE?

MURDER?



...THERE MUST BE A MORE INGENUOUS MANNER OF MURDER FOR SO AUSPICIOUS AN OCCASION AS THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE DEATH OF PHARAOH HARMHAB!

...WE COULD LET HIM BE BURIED ALIVE!



BURIED ALIVE?



YOU CAN'T GET AWAY WITH THIS! THE AMERICAN CONSUL WILL HAVE YOU IN JAIL THE REST OF YOUR LIVES!

GAG HIM!



GOD... I NEVER SHOULD'VE COME TO THIS WRETCHED COUNTRY... IT'S RUN BY A BUNCH OF CREEPS...

...FOREIGN INFIDEL... WE CARE NOT WHAT YOU SAY OR THINK... KEEP YOUR MOUTH CLOSED OR WE'LL GAG IT...



...THE AMERICAN CONSUL WILL NEVER HEAR OR SEE YOU EVER AGAIN, UNFORTUNATE AMERICAN... SO DO NOT EXPECT HIS SYMPATHY... OR HIS VENGEANCE...

WHAHAHA!



WHAT SAY YOU
EPHOND? SHALL WE
BURY HIM ALIVE THEN,
TO BE SUFFOCATED
AS TRIBUTE TO
HARRABAS?



NO... THERE IS
AN OLD AND AWFUL
CUSTOM WHICH THIS
AMERICAN KNOWS
WELL, IF HE KNOWS
THE TORTURES OF
THE AMERICAN
RED
INDIANS...



...HE
WILL BE
BURIED...

...AND
ALIVE...



...BUT HE WILL NOT DIE
BY SUFFOCATION...
...THE VULTURES AND THE
REPTILES AND THE SUN
WILL KILL HIM WHILE HE IS
HELPLESSLY RESTRAINED
UNDER THE GROUND...

...REMOVE HIS GAG.
LET HIM SCREAM NOW.



BY GOD...
YOU'RE ALL
MAD...

... YOU FRIENDS... HOW CAN YOU
TORTURE A FELLOW-MAN WITHOUT
FEELING? ... HAVE YOU NO
CONSCIENCE...

... WE DO THIS IN
THE NAME OF HARRABAS...
A VIOLENT AND
PASSIONATELY EVIL
PHARAOH WHO WOULD
ENJOY IT...

... WE DO IT NOT FOR
US... BUT FOR HIM...



...WATCH NOW...
...A REPTILE
APPROACHES...

...ITS VENOM
WILL ROT HIS BRAIN
EVEN AS THE SUN
MELTS HIS MIND...



WAIT!
...QUICKLY...KILL IT...
KILL THE REPTILE...



GOOD...

...NOW REMOVE HIM FROM
THAT PIT... THERE IS A MUCH
BETTER TORTURE I HAVE
DEvised...



...MORE
SIGNIFICANT...

...BUT
WHAT
EFFENDI?

...WAS NOT PHARAOH
HARMANAB HIMSELF
MURDERED?... WAS NOT
HE MUMMIFIED ALIVE
BY HIS SUBJECTS SEEKING
REVENGE FOR HIS
ACTS AGAINST THEM?

...IS IT NOT THEN...
OBVIOUS... HOW THIS
SACRIFICE MIGHT BE
OFFERED TO ITS BEST
ADVANTAGE...

...YES
EFFENDI... IT
IS OBVIOUS!...





...HE
MAKES
EFFENDL...

...NO
MATTER...

UOHK!



OH
LORD!



OH LORD!



NOW... BURY
HIM AGAIN!!

GOD NO
... NO!



MAY GOD
HAVE MERCY
ON ME!

...MAY PHARAOH
HARIMAS HAVE
MERCY ON YOU...
WRETCH... GOD
IS NOT
INVOLVED.





WHAT DO WE DO ABOUT THE AMERICAN SIR?

...WE FIND HIM...

...THAT WAS OUR MISSION... TO NOTIFY HIM OF THE AMERICAN CONSUL'S WISH TO SEE HIM ABOUT SOME MATTER-OR-OTHER...



...THAT WE RAN INTO THOSE RELIGIOUS FANATICS HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH OUR COMPLETING OUR MISSION...

SIR... COULD HE BE IN THERE?

...HE COULD BE ANYWHERE...

...THE SAHARA SA MONSTROUS SIZE...



...GREAT MOHAMED!... WHAT HAVE THEY DONE TO YOU?

...THEY ARE MAD...

...MAD...

THEY BURIED ME ALIVE...



...WHAT IS THIS?

...IN GOD'S NAME SAVE ME... THEY MEANT TO MURDER ME!



...THEY HAVE WRAPPED HIM IN THE GLISE OF A MUMMY...

...SAVE ME... SAVE ME...



...SEVERAL YEARS AGO TWO YOUNG NEWSPAPER REPORTERS WERE VACATIONING IN THE FOOTHILLS OF THE MOUNTS ANDES IN PERU... THEIR NAMES WERE THOMPSON AND WELLES... WHAT THEY DISCOVERED... OR... WHAT THEY SAY THEY DISCOVERED... IS WHAT THIS REPORTS ALL ABOUT...

THE VAMPIRE KINGDOM



©1968

...CONCLUSIONS WHICH WERE SUBSTANTIATED WHEN THEY COLLECTED AND PIECED TOGETHER SKELETONS OF ITS SO-CALLED 'INHABITANTS'...



...THEY CLAIMED TO HAVE DISCOVERED A WRETCHED, HALF-BURIED CITY HIDDEN IN AN OBSCURE VALLEY... IT WAS NOT A BIG CITY, THEY WROTE, BUT IT WAS THE STRANGEST PLACE THEY'D EVER SET EYES ON... FOR AFTER STUDYING THE NATURE OF THE RUINS, THEY CAME UPON SEVERAL DISTURBING CONCLUSIONS...



...THIS IS AN ARTIST'S CONCEPTION OF THOSE CONCLUSIONS...

...THEY CLAIMED THE CITY WAS POPULATED BY AN ADVANCED CIVILIZATION... FAR MORE ADVANCED THAN OURS, IN TERMS OF CULTURE IF NOT TECHNOLOGY... BUT A SOCIETY DEVOTED TO EVIL...

...ITS CITIZENS WERE A RACE OF MUTATED HUMANUS WHO WERE UNDOUBTEDLY VAMPIRES... THEY WERE CLOSER TO BATS THAN TO HUMANS, FOR THEY HAD GROWTHS ON THEIR SHOULDERS ENABLING FLIGHT... WERE ALMOST TOTALLY BLIND... AND EXISTED THROUGH A BLOOD-DIET DERIVED, PRESUMABLY, BY PERIODIC WANDS TO NEIGHBORING TOWNS AND CITIES AT NIGHT...



...HOW OR WHY THE CIVILIZATION DIED THEY DID NOT SPECULATE... AND **WILL NOT**...

...**WILL NOT**... FOR THEY **CANNOT**... **HEEKES** AND **THOMSON** NEVER LEFT THAT JUNGLE **ALIVE**...



...WHILE **RETURNING TO LIMA** THEY WERE **ATTACKED** BY SOME KIND OF **VICIOUS ANIMALS**... **ANIMALS TOO POWERFUL** TO BE EVEN **WOUNDED** BY THEIR REPEATED **GUNFIRE**...



...**WHAT** IT WAS THAT **ATTACKED** THEM IS **UNKNOWN**... THEY WERE FOUND **BESIDE** THEIR **EMPTY GUNS**... THE **FILM** IN THEIR **CAMERAS** WAS **SPOILED** BECAUSE OF THE **INTENSE HEAT** OF THE **SOUTH AMERICAN SUN**, BUT THEIR **STORY** SURVIVES IN **DOCUMENTS** FOUND IN THEIR **KNAPSACKS**... THEY WERE **NEWSPAPER REPORTERS**... AND THEY **RECORDED** THEIR **STORY** **WILL** IN THEIR **HAND NOTES** OF THEIR **EXPERIENCE**...

...BUT IT LEADS TO **SPECULATION** ON OUR PART...

...ONE OF THE MOST **FAMOUS** OF LOCAL **PERUVIAN SUPERSTITIONS** IS ABOUT A **MAN-BAT**... A **THING** THAT **ATTACKS HUMANS** BY **NIGHT**... A **THING** THAT IS **UNDENIABLY** A **VAMPIRE**... AND A **KIND** OF **BAT**, TOO **ARABE** TO BE ANYTHING BUT **IRRITATED**...

...PERHAPS THE **MAN-BAT** IS **REALLY** A **SURVIVOR** OF THE **VAMPIRE-JINNSOM**... PERHAPS HE IS NOT THE **ONLY** ONE TO **SURVIVE**... AND PERHAPS... JUST PERHAPS... THERE IS **ANOTHER** CITY **SOMEWHERE** HIDDEN... WHERE ITS **INHABITANTS** ARE NOTHING MORE... NOTHING LESS, THAN **HUMAN-VAMPIRE BATS**...



... NOSFERATU IS THIS THING IN HEROIC HUMAN-SUISE...
WITHIN THIS DISGLYING BODY IS A MIND AT ONCE WIERD
AND DEBANGED... SO FEARED THAT A SINGLE COMMAND
FROM NOSFERATU CAN SUMMON THE DEAD OUT OF
THEIR GRAVES TO COME TELL HIM THEIR MACABRE TRUES...

... THIS IS RUSSIAN
ANTON DUBCHER...
CAME TO TELL HIS
STORY OF HIS DAYS
AS A PRISON CAMP
COMMANDER IN
SIBERIA... HE WEARS
THE MASK OF A PIG...

WRITTEN BY ALAN SEWTERDS ILLUSTRATED BY IDEAS

... THIS IS BRAZILIAN
SENIOR RAMON
WORSE... ONCE A
RENOIRED TREASURE
HUNTER - HE DIED
WHILE SALVAGING
SPANISH GOLD
FROM THE WRECK
OF A SUNKEN
GALLEON...

... JACQUES
DUPON FROM
FRANCE... HE CAME
OUT OF THE PARIS
SEWERS AND
WORE THE MASK
OF A RAT TO HEED
NOSFERATU'S
CALL...

... THIS IS THE ONCE-
FAMED WERE WOLF
OF MADRID...
BERNARDO DOMA
OF SPAIN WEARING
THE HEAD OF A
WOLF...



... SIR DONALD EDWARDS... THE FAMED CAT BUROCRAT OF LONDON IN ENGLAND...



HORSCH WEINDRICH... SATANIST CULT LEADER... IN HIS NATIVE GERMANY... HE WEARS THE MASK OF A GOAT!



... ANTHE MAGE DIPPING... FROM DOWN-UNDER AUSTRALIA... A MAGE MAURDERER... SHE WEARS THE MASK OF DEATH... A DECAYING ANIMAL SKULL.

...THESE EYE DEAD THINGS HAVE YET TO TELL THEIR TALES... IT IS UP TO ANOSPHERA TO SAY WHOSE... WHOSE STORY IS TO BE TOLD NOW? THE RAT'S? THE CAT'S, THE SHEEP'S... WHOSE TALE NOW?



... YOU...
... WEREWOLF...
... IT IS YOUR TURN TO TELL YOUR TALE...

... I... IN FERNANDO DONA... MY TALE IS NOT AN EASY ONE TO TELL... AS YOU WILL LEARN... AS YOU WILL LEARN... MY TALE IS ONE OF PERSONAL AGENCY... AND INCREDIBLE TORTURE... FOR...

... WHEN THE DUSK FALLS -- SO DOES DEATH...



...THIS BEING CHAPTER 4 OF THESaga OF NOSFERATU

"... IN MADRID THERE
ISN'T A MAN-
ALIVE WHO DOES
NOT KNOW THE NAME
FERNANDO DOMÍNGUEZ...
BUT IT IS NOT A NAME
TO EVOLVE HORROR...
BUT STRANGELY...
RESPECT, FOR
UNTIL, ONLY
RECENTLY I
WAS A RESPECTED
AND EDUCATED
YOUNG SOCIALITE..."



"... MY FATHER HAD MONEY AND POWER -- AND I USED MY
INHERITANCE AT THE AGE OF 25 TO ESTABLISH MYSELF
AS THE MOST DESIRABLE BACHELOR IN THE CITY..."



"... ALL WOMEN
WERE AT MY FEET
-- THERE WAS ONE
WHO DEMANDED
THE SAME
ATTENTION AS I...
ANASTASIA RUBIO...
RICH... BEAUTIFUL..."



"... BROUGHT AFTER AS I WAS, I DON'T BELIEVE I HAD
A CHANCE WITH HER... FOR A YOUNG AND
WEALTHY AMERICAN WAS HER BUTLER AND
CONSTANT COMPANION..."



"... BUT CHANCE BEQUENT ANASTASIA
AND I TOGETHER UNDER THE MOONLIGHT...
FATE DECIDED WE WERE DETERMINED
FOR ONE ANOTHER'S ARMS... AND NOT EVEN
HELL COULD PART US ONCE WE DECIDED
TO WED..."

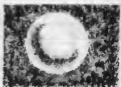
"THE SUITOR OF ANASTASIA TOOK HIS DEBILITATION BADLY... TOOK TO DRINKING AND CAVORTING WITH MANY WOMEN... AND WITH A FEW WEEKS BECAME WORTHLESS TO HIMSELF AND THE WORLD..."



"ANASTASIA WAS A STRANGE GIRL... NO-ONE KNEW ANYTHING ABOUT HER... AND SHE WAS RELUCTANT TO TALK TO EVEN ME ABOUT HER PAST AND HER ORIGINS! IT WAS NOT UNTIL A NIGHT THREE WEEKS AFTER WE FIRST FELL IN LOVE THAT I FOUND WHAT SHE WAS..."

"...IT'S A BEAUTIFUL NIGHT ANASTASIA—A FULL MOON FILLS THE BLACK NIGHT SKY."

"...DO YOU REALIZE THIS IS THE FIRST FULL-MOON WE'VE SEEN TOGETHER—WE'VE KNOWN EACH OTHER SUCH A SHORT TIME..."





... TOGETHER... FERNANDO
MY LOVE...
... TOGETHER... WE SHALL
LUST AFTER THE VERY
EARTH ITSELF...

... I HAD BECOME A WEREWOLF... ANASTASIA
NOW TOLD ME OF HER RUSSIAN ORIGINS AND
HER AWFUL CHILDHOOD... BUT NOW AS AN
ADULT THERE WAS A DIFFERENCE...



... NOW SHE
ENJOYED HER
AFFLUENCE AND I
THANK GOD OR
SATAN OR
WHOEVER FOR
HER SHARING
THE WOLF LUST
WITH ME...



... FOR
TOGETHER...
AS I SOON
FOUND... OUR
SATISFACTIONS
WERE
MASSENGER...

"...ALMOST ALL THE DAYS OF THE MONTH WE WERE THE VERY TOWN OF MADRID SOCIETY..."

...SALUTE...

"...BUT COME THE NIGHTS OF THE FULL-MOON WE WERE THE TERROR OF ALL-MADRID..."



"...THE POLICE TRIED TO DISCOURAGE THE PEOPLE FROM BELIEVING THE ALLEGES WE COMMITTED WERE THE ACTS OF WEREWOLVES... "SUCH SUPERSTITIONS," THEY SAID. "BELIEVE IN ANOTHER CENTURY... THEY HAD TO SAY THAT... FOR IF SOCIETY KNEW THAT REAL WEREWOLVES WERE IN THEIR MIDST THERE WOULD'VE BEEN MASS PANIC..."



"...FIVE MONTHS AFTER OUR MEETINGS AN ACCIDENT WAS TO OCCUR WHICH BEGAN OUR END..."

"A CROSS FELL FROM A CHURCH STEEPLE UPON THE HEAD OF MY BELOVED AMATEUR... IRONICALLY NOT WHILE SHE WAS A WEREWOLF... BUT JUST AS WE WERE RETURNING FROM A POSITIVE PARTY..."

"...BUT AS I LOOKED UP TO THE SPOT WHERE THE IRON CROSS HAD BEEN AFFIXED I SAW MOVEMENT... IT HAD BEEN NO ACCIDENT... IT WAS THE JEALOUS REBELLION OF A BORN-TO-LOVE "THE AMERICAN..."

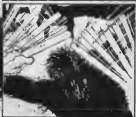


"... BUT WHEN I LEFT THE CLUB TO SEE FOR A LAST TIME MY BELOVED I FOUND POLICE BY HIS LAMP BOOL."

IT'S HIM... THE WEREWOLF...

HE MUST HAVE MURDERED THE POOR GIRL...

"... I WAS A MOST INTRINSICLY SENSITIVE AND OVERHELMED BY A DOZEN POLICEMEN WHO REPEATEDLY STRUCK ME WITH THEIR HEAVY CLUBS TILL I WAS UNCONSCIOUS..."



"... WHAT HAPPENED THEN I CAN ONLY ASSUME..."

... IT'S DARNY HE'S CHANGING...

... THANK THE GOOD LORD ... IF PEOPLE SAW THE MAN AS A WEREWOLF WE WOULD BE BRIBED FOR SAYING SUCH THINGS COULD NOT EXIST IN THE 20TH CENTURY...

... THIS MAN IS THE FAMOUS WEREWOLF OF MADRID...

... HE WORE THIS MASK OF A WOLF ... BUT UNDERNEATH HE WAS A HUMAN AS YOU OR I.



... NOTHING MORE THAN A COMMON MARRIC... NOT A WEREWOLF...

... HE IS BEING TAKEN NOW TO THE CITY ASYLUM WHERE HE WILL SPEND THE REST OF HIS LIFE IN A LUNATIC'S MADDO CELL...



"... THEY FASHIONED A WOLF-HEAD OUT OF SOME HARD MATERIAL AND WHEN I AROUSE I WAS WEARING IT WHILE THE POLICE WERE MAKING A PUBLIC BOASTION OF ME ON TELEVISION..."

"...THAT NIGHT...
IN MY CELL...
I TRIED TO
REMOVE THE
THING THEY
HAD PUT ON MY
HEAD TO MAKE
A POOL OF ME...
BUT SO HELP
ME LUCIFER,
NO MATTER WHAT
I DID I COULD
NOT GET IT
OFF...

...THEIR PLAN
WAS OBVIOUS!
THEY HAD MADE
THE MASK OF
IRON SO IT
COULD NOT
BE REMOVED...
WHY?...

* BECAUSE THEY **KNEW**--THEY **KNEW** THAT WHEN THE **FULL MOON**
CAME IN THROUGH THE **WINDOW**... AND WHEN AS I **CHANGED** INTO A
WEREWOLF MY FEATURES WOULD **CHANGE** AND MY HEAD WOULD
EXPLODE...

--THAT I WOULD BE **CRUSHED WITHIN THE IRON HELMET**...

...THAT IS MY
WITCHED
TALK...

TAKE THE
HELMET OFF
NOW...

...YOU NEEDLY...
HAVE TO UNDO...
THIS TINY LOCK-
FASTENER...
AND IT WILL
COME OFF...

...I CANNOT...MY HEAD
IS CRUSHED WITHIN...

...AND THOSE **EVIL THINGS** THAT
GATHERED IN THE **SIGHT OF**
MOSFERATU LET UP A **WELL** AND A
LAUGH THAT **SATHY** COULD HEAR
IN **HELL** ** TO **SEE** THE **WITCHED**
SIGHT OF THE **POOR POOL** WITH THE
SHATTERED HEAD...

NEXT: ...AND THE GUTTERS RAN WITH BLOOD...

**GOMIGS
MAGABRE**

are there tales of horror in our back issues vault that maybe perhaps just possibly you haven't *ugh* seen yet? ...

*HICKORY
DICKORY
DOCK
WHAT IS ALL
THIS?*

A **FOR**
I WAS VAMPIRE HIRE
SCREAM

*THE
LETTERS*

**THE
LETTERS**

THE FUNERAL BARGE

WHEN MY SCREAM

CREEPS - CREEPS

**THE KID AND THE KILLER
AND THE BUM RAP**

I AM DEAD I AM BURIED!

**ONCE UPON
A TIME IN
ALABAMA:
A HORROR**

NIGHTMARE

DIE MUMMY!

the day the earth will die!

THE 13 DEAD THINGS

**SATAN DIED
A BAG OF
FLEAS**

TRUSS CREPS

THE MUMMY

PSYCHO

the graceful

DEAD!



did you read
I, SLIME
IN SCREAM #1
HORROR *has 1000 cool pages!*
IN PSYCHO #7
**THIS GROTESQUE
GREEN EARTH**
IN NIGHTMARE #15

if you missed any of the *ugh* stories *choke* on this page you can still order them... see our back issues ad in this issue and place your order to the keeper of the vault...

READ THE POE
MASTERPIECE OF HORROR

THE TELL-TALE HEART

THE STORY OF A MAN
DRIVEN MAD BY
HIS OWN HEART!



PSYCHO



PSYCHO

SCREAM

75¢
47821
NO. 9
AUGUST
J.M. 1974

WHO IS THIS MAN-MONSTER? A VAMPIRE? A MURDERER? A FREAK?
HE IS ALL OF THESE, AND MORE - HE IS A BLOODTHIRSTY MANIAC WHO WILL STOP
AT NOTHING TO TORTURE HIS VICTIMS - LIVING OR DEAD!



FREB

THE SAGA OF THE VICTIMS!

the OLD
and the NEW
are in the

PSYCHO

1974 YEARBOOK

weird old horrors by
RALPH REESE, BILL EVERETT
TOM SUTTON, SYD SHORES
and TOM PALMER.

Astonishing new horrors
by CESAR LOPEZ and
AL HEWETSON — The Saga
of FRANKENSTEIN'S MONSTER!



THE BRIDES OF THE FRANKENSTEINS — SLIME-WORLD — BEWARE SMALL EVILS
THE MAN WHO STOLE ETERNITY — THE INNER MAN — THE DEADLY MARK OF THE BEAST!

SCREAM

edited by ALAN HEWETRYK

cover artist

FABA

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THE TELL-TALE HEART

How can a man's own HEART drive him MAD? Is it because he knows his MIND is SLIDING TO DEATH? 4

ARCHAIC HORROR MAILBAG

YOUR weird comments and OUR ghostly replies — plus news, views and HORRORMOOD views... 12

NOSFERATU- MY PRISON IN HELL

A pig is EATEN ALIVE by vengeful prisoners — not so autotabling? It IS, because the PIG is a HUMAN BEING! 14

MECHANICAL CANNIBALS

A look into MACABRE TOMORROWLAND frankly reveals the HORRORS OF YESTERDAY are nothing compared to the HORRORS OF TOMORROW 23

Horror-Mood artist of the month

SUSO

A very special centerfold tribute to one of our finest HORRORMOOD artists, SINISTER SUSO, whose weird works define HORROR... 34

THE SLITHER-SLIME MAN RISES AGAIN

At last the tale you've DEMANDED — the lunatic, corrupt ORIGIN of the JEEP who's "GOTTA CLEANSE THE EARTH OF VAMPIRES AND WERE-WOLVES" 36

THE SAGA OF THE VICTIMS

"WHAT IS HORROR? NO WHO IS HORROR? I AM HORROR," depicts the TORMENTED of the 2 beautiful VICTIMS whose BLOODY is NEVER ENDING 47



SCREAM IS PUBLISHED BY THE SKYWARD PUBLISHING COE CORPORATION, 18 EAST 48TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY, N.Y. 10017 PUBLISHED 7 TIMES A YEAR PUBLISHERS ISRAEL WALDMAN AND HIRSCHEL WALDMAN EDITOR ALAN HEWETRYK PER PER COPY EACH MEMBERS OF THIS MAGAZINE MAY BE OBTAINED FROM THE PUBLISHERS, REFER TO ADVERTISEMENTS ELSEWHERE IN THIS ISSUE THE PUBLISHER ASSUMES NO RESPONSIBILITY FOR UNDESIRABLE MANUSCRIPTS OR ARTWORK, ALTHOUGH EVERY EFFORT WILL BE MADE TO RETURN MATERIAL WHEN ACCOMPANIED BY A STAMPED, SELF-ADDRESSED ENVELOPE AND RESEMBLANCE OF CHARACTERS NEARER TO PERSONS LIVING OR DEAD IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL NOTHING MAY BE REPRINTED IN ANY FORM WITHOUT THE EXPRESS WRITTEN PERMISSION OF THE PUBLISHER, PRINTED IN CANADA ALL RIGHTS RESERVED, DISTRIBUTED BY SAGEE NEWS

I AM DREADFULLY NERVOUS, I HEARD MANY THINGS IN HELL...HOW THEN, AM I MAD? HEARKEN AND OBSERVE HOW NEALYNNY--HOW CALMLY I CAN TELL YOU THE WHOLE STORY...ONLY THEN, WHEN I AM FINISHED, CAN YOU JUDGE HOW MAD I AM...

The TELL-TALE HEART

...IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE TO SAY HOW FIRST THE IDEA ENTERED MY BRAIN! BUT ONCE CONCEIVED IT HAUNTED ME DAY AND NIGHT...



...I HEAR YOU NO MALICE, OLD MAN! WHY IS IT I WANT TO DO THIS TO YOU?

...YOU HAVE NEVER WRONGED ME... NEVER INSULTED ME... I DON'T DESIRE YOUR GOLD OR YOUR POSSESSIONS...



...I THINK IT WAS HIS EYE! YES, IT WAS HIS PALE BLUE EYE THAT RESEMBLED THAT OF A VENTURE... MY BLOOD RAN COLD...



...I DO NOT HATE YOU, OLD MAN... IT IS THAT DAMNED EYE!

I AM FORCED TO CLOSE IT... I AM FORCED TO SHUT IT OUT OF MY LIFE... I AM FORCED TO KILL YOU!!



..NOW THIS IS THE POINT...YOU FANCY ME MAD... WELL, MADMEN KNOW NOTHING... BUT YOU SHOULD'VE SEEN ME... BY GOD... YOU SHOULD'VE SEEN HOW INTELLIGENTLY I PROCEEDED BEFORE I KILLED HIM...



THAT NIGHT...

WHO IS IT?

WHO IS THERE??
WHO IS AT THE DOOR?



CLICK!



HA... WOULD A MADMAN HAVE BEEN SO WISE AS THIS? DID I NOT ANSWER HIM?... RATHER I STOOD SILENTLY WITHOUT MAKING A SOUND FOR AN HOUR... AND IN THAT HOUR I LISTENED TO HIS HEART... HIS FURIOUSLY BEATING THROBING HEART...



...BY ACCIDENT, MY HAND FELL UPON THE LATCH OF THE DOOR AND THE SOUND SO STARTLED THE OLD MAN HE JUMPED UP AND GAZED WITH HIS WRETCHED EYE DIRECTLY UPON ME...

I COULD NOT TAKE THE STARE... SO ANSWERED BY IT I SCREAMED LOUDLY AND RAN AT HIM...



OH... MY HEART... MY HEART... UGH... UGH...

...HE LIES STILL... I CAN'T HEAR HIS HEART... HE'S DEAD... GOD... I CAN'T HEAR HIS HEART AND I CAN'T BE THREATENED BY HIS EYE BECAUSE IT IS DEAD...

THE EYE IS DEAD!!

...YOU STILL THINK ME MAD? OH, NO... FOR WHEN YOU LEARN THE PRECAUTIONS I UNDERTOOK TO DISPOSE OF HIS WRETCHED BODY YOU WILL THINK ME VERY WISE AND VERY SANE...

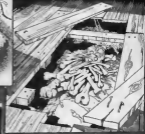
HAHAHAHA...
...YES... VERY WISE... VERY SANE...



I WORKED HASTILY...
BUT IN SILENCE...
FIRST OF ALL I
DISMEMBERED THE
CORPSE... I CUT
OFF THE HEAD
AND THE ARMS AND
THE LEGS...



...THEN TOOK THE PLANKS FROM THE
FLOORING OF THE CHAMBER, AND DE
POSITED THE SHREDS OF THE OLD
MAN THEREIN... I LEFT NO STAINS...
NO REMAINS FOR THOSE WITH
CURIOUS EYES...



...IT WAS FOUR IN THE MORNING WHEN I WAS FINISHED, AND THERE CAME A KNOCKING AT THE STREET DOOR... I OPENED IT WITH A LIGHT HEART... FOR WHAT HAD I TO FEAR? NOTHING!! WHAT POSSIBLY HAD I TO FEAR?...



ARE YOU THE MASTER OF THE HOUSE?

...NO... I AM HIS SERVANT... THE MASTER IS IN THE COUNTRY... ...IS ANYTHING WRONG?...

...A NEIGHBOR REPORTED HEARING A SCREAM A SHORT TIME AGO... ...MAY WE COME IN TO LOOK?...

MY OWN SCREAM... IT WAS MY OWN SCREAM THEY HEARD AS I LEAPED AT THE OLD MAN...

OH... IT WAS MY OWN SCREAM THE NEIGHBOR HEARD... A RESTLESS SLEEP... THAT IS WHY I AM NOW UP AND DRESSED... MY SLEEP TONIGHT HAS BEEN WRECKED... COME IN AND LOOK AROUND...



YOU SEE?... THERE IS NOTHING TO SEE! EVERYTHING IS NORMAL...

...LOOK EVERYWHERE...

...YOU ARE VERY WELCOME TO SEARCH WHEREVER YOU LIKE...



...THE GRIEK THE NEIGHBOR HEARD WAS ME YOU KNOW... IT WAS NOT

THE NEIGHBOR'S IMAGINATION... AS A MATTER OF INTEREST TO YOU I... AN... HAD A VERY BAD NIGHT... I COULDN'T SLEEP... I WAS THE ONE WHO SCREAMED... IT WAS ME... WELL... NOW I AM QUITE ALL RIGHT... AS YOU CAN SEE...



YOU'VE SEARCHED EVERY ROOM BUT THIS ONE... DO YOU NOT WISH TO SEARCH THIS ROOM?... WHY NOT COME IN AND SEARCH THIS ROOM ALSO?



YOU SEE... EVERYTHING IS FINE...GAY... WHY DON'T WE ALL SIT DOWN... LET'S ALL SIT DOWN IN THIS ROOM... HERE ARE CHAIRS... THIS IS MY MASTER'S ROOM, YOU KNOW... THIS IS WHERE HE SLEEPS...



ARE YOU ALONE HERE?

OH YES! I AM ALONE...THE MASTER IS IN THE COUNTRY YOU KNOW... I AM ALONE IN THIS HOUSE, QUITE ALONE...

...AND YOU CAN SEE HOW HIS TREASURES AND POSSESSIONS ARE ALL SECURE...YOU CAN SEE THAT,CAN'T YOU?...
y



...I HAD PLACED THE CHAIR ON THE VERY SPOT BENEATH WHICH LAY CARVED AND CRUMPLED THE CORPSE OF THE OLD MAN... WHY? I FELT VERY SECURE...AND OF COURSE I HAD NOTHING TO HIDE...



...BEFORE LONG I FELT MYSELF GETTING PALE AND WISHED THEM GONE... I FELT... I... HEARD A RINGING IN MY EARS... IT CONTINUED AND GAINED DEFINITIVENESS... UNTIL, AT LENGTH, I FOUND THAT THE NOISE WAS NOT WITHIN MY EARS... IT CAME FROM BENEATH ME...



...CAN I GET--
AH?...WOULD YOU
LIKE SOMETHING?...

...THE SOUND INCREASED...IT WAS A LOW, DULL, QUICK SOUND...I GAPPED FOR BREATH...AND YET THE OFFICERS HEARD IT NOT...

...HOW DO YOU FEEL?
DO YOU FEEL OKAY?...

...I AROSE AND ARGUED ABOUT TRIFLES IN A HIGH KEY AND WITH VIOLENT GESTICULATIONS...



...OF COURSE...I...I SHOULD NOT OFFER YOU SOMETHING BECAUSE...AS YOU...AH... REALIZE, I KNOW YOU MUST KNOW THAT...EVERYTHING IN THIS HOUSE BELONGS TO THE MASTER...AND HE IS AWAY IN THE COUNTRY...SO I DON'T THINK THAT...I SHOULD OFFER YOU ANY WINE OR ANY FOOD BECAUSE OF COURSE IT ISN'T MINE TO OFFER...

I PLED TO AND FRO WITH HEAVY STRIDES, AS IF EXCITED TO FURY BY THE EYES OF THE MEN--BUT THE NOISE STEADILY INCREASED...

...IT CERTAINLY IS...QUIET... WITH THE MASTER NOT HERE... THAT IS WHY I INVITED YOU TO SIT DOWN...RIGHT IN THIS ROOM... BECAUSE...IT HAS BEEN SO QUIET LATELY...



...OH GOD! WHAT COULD I DO?
I FOAMED...I RAVED...I SWUNG
THE CHAIR UPON THE FLOOR
WHERE I HAD BEEN SITTING...

DAMN IT...
SHUT UP...BE
QUIET...

STOP THAT
UNUTTERABLE
NOISE!!

IT GREW LOUDER...LOUDER
LOUDER!! AND STILL
THE MEN DID NOT APPEAR TO
HEAR IT...**ANH...** THEY HEARD
...THEY SUSPECTED...THEY
KNEW...THEY WERE MAKING
A MOCKERY OF MY HORROR...

...ANYTHING WAS BETTER THAN
THIS AGONY...I MUST SCREAM
OR DIE...AND NOW AGAIN...
LOUDER...LOUDER...
LOUDER!!



VILLAINS!!

I ADMIT THE
DEED! TEAR UP
THE PLANKS!
HERE! HERE!
IT IS THE
BEATING OF HIS
HIDEOUS
HEART!!



...THEY HAD NOT
HEARD HIS HEART...
ONLY I HAD HEARD
HIS HEART...BUT...
BUT AFTER ALL IT
WAS ME THE OLD
MAN WAS TORTURING
...IT WAS ME HE
AMUSED HIMSELF
BY DERIDING...SO
YOU SEE...I AM NOT

MAD...IT WAS THE OLD MAN
WANTING HIS VENGEANCE
THAT MADE ME ADMIT...
THE OLD MAN'S TELL-
TALE HEART FORCED ME!
...OH LORD...I AM SO
WRETCHED...

...THE ARCHAIC HORROR MAILBAG...

Welcome, weirdos, to the 8th issue of SCREAM, wherein I tell tales, hearts, pines, in Hell, mechanical carnage, after-life springs and ages of victims aim to please your every HORROR-MOOD level. You'll observe on the 2nd page of our "where editorial" about the issue a BLEMISH BUNCH OF QUESTIONS, which we hope you'll fill-out and send-in, but obviously this sure doesn't

leave us too much space for too many letters or too many editorial. Tell you what — instead of our usual junket into your corrupt correspondence we'll let loose with some panoramic preview of what's editing and what's upcoming in the latest HORROR-MOOD.

Speaking of Shoggoths (ahem? —we were!), just as soon as Mr. ZESAR has finished with

the NOSFERATU series, he'll be once again attacking THE SHOGGOOTH SAGA with full artistic fury — his first tale will be THE MOUNTAIN OF GRAVES so sweet it will excite-ment in your bleeding heart, it'll be WEIRD.

THE CASTLE is the first HORROR-MOOD offering of one DUFFY VOHLAND, an esteemed American artist who

in future issues is teaming up with Connecticut's famous SCHMITZ to produce the one and only HEAP . . .

Hope you have fun with this job, fierce folk — don't forget the 1974 PSYCHO YEARBOOK now on sale! If you have a manuscript, fill-out the BLEMISH BUNCH OF QUESTIONS and send it in to us for a better HORROR-MOOD.



AUGUSTINE FUNNELL IS CHAINED UP IN AN ASYLUM

Awful! Augustine recently went right off his rocker, so to speak, and has been (temporarily) confined to the GANANOGUS ASYLUM for observation! We know this, HE'LL be the one doing the observing! The reason for his (temporary) estrangement from the world is a combination of overwork and lack of moisture (he has quite well over 5000 words' production — unfortunately when Lake Ontario (temporarily) DRIES-UP this causes our wet writer insurmountable problems, since he lives WITHIN Lake Ontario) . . . (If you didn't know about Lake Ontario drying up — it's not your fault! — the Government kept it secret) Augustine's (temporary) problems have nothing to do with readers of the HORROR-MOOD magazine though, for he's scolded WHEN I WAS A BOY I WATCHED THE BLOOD WOLVES and "I should GO DOWN TO HELL TO DIE, from his old job" when you're wearing a STRAIGHT-JACKET it isn't easy to TYPE! for you HORROR-MOOD fanatical his (temporary) confinement will undoubtedly end the moment the doctors discover he's ALWAYS been a kooky and that he's (temporarily) incurable!

...fortunately for us . . .

THE HORROR-MOOD
— International shoggoth crusade —

To be so sorry that

is a full Service member of the JEFF-SHOGGOOTH-DEBATE. This service is required and participation in the production of the magazine is a full-time job, and by joining, you are making a commitment to the Editor of the SHOGGOOTH magazine. Please do not send in any correspondence, articles, questions and other requests for articles, unless you are in the service of an American citizen, and you are a member of the SHOGGOOTH-DEBATE.

ARCHAIC SAMPLE

© 1974
Editor of Horror-MOOD

AUGUSTINE FUNNELL
Editor of Horror-MOOD

G. HERRINGTON
Editor of Horror-MOOD

... In the current issue of NIGHTMARE (on sale now) there is an odd tale in THE SHOGGOOTH SERIES titled THE SCREAM AND THE NIGHTMARE — a 22 page horror blockbuster! If you'll look at the last page of that story, you'll notice we announce the birth of a new horror club sponsored by the HORROR-MOOD GROUP! You can join this organization absolutely, totally FREE of any charge, and we'll send you an \$14 "11 official certificate of membership! Just fill in the little coupon below, send us 15¢ to cover postage and handling (honest, this is necessary—we don't even a profit) and we'll send you within 2 weeks your diploma personally autographed by Archaic A.I. Emotionally-disturbed Ed, and Augustine Augustine — there's all there is to it — join now — this FREE OFFER will NOT be repeated again . . .

HORROR-MOOD SHOGGOOTH CRUSADE
SKYWALK PUBLISHING CORPORATION
18 Real 41st Street, Room 1801
New York City, N.Y. 10017

I enclose 15¢ in Archaic cash to cover making of my FREE Shoggoth Crusade certificate!

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY AND ALL ELSE _____



A BEHEMOTH BUNCH OF QUESTIONS

The best story in this issue is

because

my favorite all-time HORROR-MOOD story is

because

I buy the HORROR-MOOD magazine because

my favorite HORROR-MOOD writer is

my favorite HORROR-MOOD artist is

my favorite HORROR-MOOD cover artist is

my favorite type of story (horror, adventure, suspense, science fiction
and sorcery) is

stories should be (a) 5 to 10 pages long (b) 10 to 15 pages (c) 15 pages or
longer (d) variety of lengths

I think the photofeatures are (good, bad, or comment)

my favorite HORROR-MOOD story TITLE is

my favorite HORROR-MOOD CHARACTERS are

(The Human Gargoyles-Nosferatu-Frankenstien-Monster Monster-the Heep
-Lady Satan)

my favorite HORROR-MOOD series are

(Darkies Menso-Tales out of Hell-The Shoggoth Mythos-The Sage of the
Victim)

I think text stories are (good, bad, or comment)(stories like THE SKELETON
IN THE DESERT, DEAD—BUT NOT YET BURIED, THE GHOUL OUT OF
HELL)

What ideas do you have for CHANGING the magazine or for NEW FEATURES?

my favorite cover of the 3
covers pictured below is
(check one)



full size
cover art



full size
cover art



special
design art

comment

my favorite all time HORROR-
MOOD cover is

send in this page, or a facsimile, so that we
can better serve you — in the first 25
years — 25th BEHEMOTH BUNCH OF QUES-
TIONS we receive we will send an advance
copy of NIGHTMARE PRESENTS TOMB OF
HORROR SPECIAL EDITION, and to the best,
most complete, 50 BEHEMOTH BUNCH OF
QUESTIONS we receive we will send AUTO-
GRAPHED advance copies of that SPECIAL
TOMB OF HORROR EDITION — send in your
ideas to us today, and maybe WIN a free,
autographed copy of the finest horro-
magazine you will ever read!

BEHEMOTH BUNCH OF QUESTIONS

SKYWALK PUBLISHING CORPORATION

18 East 41st Street, Rm. 1501, New York City, N.Y. 10017

name

age

address

city and all else





The TALES OF NOSFERATU

WRITTEN BY ALAN BROWNING ILLUSTRATED BY E. B. COLE

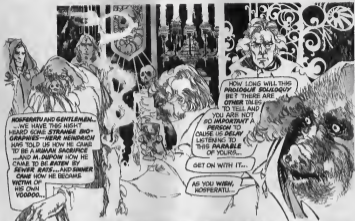
...THIS IS THE GHOSTLY CASTLE OF
NOSFERATU...IT IS MIDNIGHT...THE
STORM THAT RIPS APART THE NIGHT
SKY IS NOT HEARD BY THOSE INSIDE,
WHO LISTEN TO EACH OTHER TELL TALES
OF MISERY...

...THIS NIGHT THE PIG WILL UNMASK...

...ANTON DUBCHENK-A RUSSIAN-SIBERIAN PRISON OMP
COMMANDER--A FAT, FILTHY MAN WITH AN EYE, WARPED MIND...

...THIS IS HIS TALE...

MY PRISON IN HELL



NOSFERATU AND GENTLEMEN...
...WE HAVE THIS NIGHT
HEARD SOME STRANGE BIO-
GRAPHIES—HEAR MEINDRICH
HAS TOLD US HOW HE CAME
TO BE A MISHAN SACRIFICE
...AND M. DAPROW HOW HE
CAME TO BE EATEN BY
FEWER RATS...AND SIMMER
CAME HOW HE BECAME
VICTIM OF
HIS OWN
VODKOO...

HOW LONG WILL THIS
PROLOGUE SOLOQUY
BE? THERE ARE
OTHER TALES
TO TELL AND

YOU ARE NOT
SO IMPORTANT A
PERSON TO
CAUSE US DELAY
LISTENING TO
THIS PARABLE
OF YOURS...

GET ON WITH IT...

AS YOU WISH,
NOSFERATU...



*...IN RUSSIA, AS YOU ALL
KNOW, THERE IS A SARAY-
FORSÄKEN AREA KNOWN
AS SIBERIA...AND THERE
I RULED...



*...I
COMMANDED
THE MOST
DESPISED
PRISON
CAMP IN THE
WORLD...



*...WHERE ONLY THE MOST WRETCHED OF MEN SURVIVED...







...THIS ISN'T
FOOD...IT'S SLOP...



...THE GUARDS
EAT SLOP
TOO...



...THE AIRMAINS
IN THIS PLACE
EAT BETTER THAN
THE MEN...

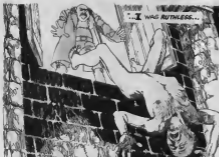
I'VE CALLED THIS MEET-
ING BECAUSE YOU GUARDS
ARE GETTING SLACK WITH
THE PRISONERS...TODAY
I SAW TWO PRISONERS
BY THE LATRINE SMOKING.
WHERE DID THEY GET
THOSE CIGARETTES?



FROM THE RED
CROSS, SIR...



THE RED CROSS? WHAT THE HELL
DO THEY THINK THEY'RE DOING?
THEY'RE UNDERMINING MY DISCIPLINE!
FROM NOW ON NO MORE RED
CROSS PACKAGES AT ALL...



...I WAS RUTHLESS...



...AND SOMEWHAT EVIL...



...BUT I FELT
NO ATTITUDES
WERE JUST...
FOR THE
MEN WERE
VICIOUS
CRIMINALS
WHO'D
MURDERED
FOR A
LIVING...



...THEY WERE LUNATICS AND MADMEN...
...THEY WERE ANIMALS...AND I
WAS THEIR KEEPER...



PRISONER TO SEE YOU, SIR...



I NEVER SEE PRISONERS... WHAT'S HIS NAME?



ZAMETOV!



OH, ZAMETOV. WELL--SEND HIM IN...



SIT DOWN, ZAMETOV-- YOU HAVE SOME INFORMATION FOR ME?

YES--THEY ARE PLANNING A REVOLT... AND BY THEIR ACTIONS HOPE TO GET 4 OR 5 MEN FREE IN THE CONFUSION...



A REVOLT, EH? DO YOU KNOW WHEN... AND WHO?



YES... BUT...

...THEN WE'LL BE READY... IT'S ABOUT TIME WE HAD A DEMONSTRATION OF AUTHORITY... THOSE WHO SURVIVE WILL BE WHIPPED IN PUBLIC VIEW...



SOME OF THE GUARDS ARE TRAITORS... I DON'T KNOW THEM ALL YET... THEY ARE HAVING A MEETING TONIGHT... IN THE STABLES... YOU CAN FIND OUT FOR YOURSELF IF YOU WILL SECRETLY COME WITH ME...



NO, SIR... NO...

NO? WHAT DO YOU MEAN NO? YOU KNOW MY METHODS...

...YES--YES I WILL-- I WILL NOT SUFFER DISLOYALTY FROM MY OWN MEN...



YOU'D BETTER BE RIGHT, ZAME-TOV!

...I SWEAR, SIR... I'M TELLING THE TRUTH...



...IF I AM OF SERVICE TO YOU, SIR... WILL YOU PERMIT MY RELEASE... WILL YOU REWARD ME, SIR, IN SOME WAY?

NO!



...BUT IF YOU'RE LYING, I'LL HAVE YOUR HEAD CUT-OFF!



W-WHAT IS THIS?

...WE WERE WAITING FOR YOU-- PIG!

PIG!

PIG!-- I SHOULD CUT YOUR HEAD OFF...

W-WHAT ARE YOU DOING? YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME!

...OH... CAN'T WE?...



...THE TABLES
ARE TURNED
NOW, PIG...NOW
WE ARE IN
COMMAND!

W-WHAT ARE
YOU GOING
TO DO?



DO? WHAT
DOES ONE DO
WITH A
PIG?

YOU STARVED
US--TREATED
US LIKE
ANIMALS...

...YOU TREATED
THE GUARDS NO
BETTER...

...GOD...NO...



GO--KEEPER OF
ANIMALS...IT'S TIME TO
FEED THE FARM
ANIMALS...

...IT'S TIME TO
FEED THE PIGS--
GO TO IT,
PIGGY...



...TAKE YOUR FACE
OUT OF YOUR HANDS,
DUBCHEK, AND FINISH
YOUR STORY...

...THEY
THREW
ME
THE
HOG-PEN...
INTO
THE
FILTH...



...THEY HAD STARVED
THE PIGS FOR DAYS...
THEY WERE WILD WITH
HUNGER...



...THEY
DEVoured
ME...

NEXT:
SENIOR RAYMON
VORSE--
THE SHARK,
IN
"WHO
KILLED
THE
SHARK?"





...IT IS ALWAYS HAUNTING IN THIS DECEPTIVE PLACE - THIS SENSATION OF THE DEAD AND AWAY-DEAD - THIS ACHIEVE TO THOUSANDS IMBEDDED IN THE GLASSWARE OF MADDY DEPTHS UNDER THE BODDIEY TUMPL...

WRITTEN BY ERIC ARONSON
DRAWN BY GABRIEL

...IT MOSTLY... DOES IT! - THIS SLITHER-SLIME MAN IS THE LAST PLAS ARAND... IN LIFE HE WAS AN UNDERSTANDS... BUT 'LIFE' WAS A LONG TIME AND ICE MR. ARAND, WHO NOW HAS A MORE MOROSE POINT TO HIS LIFE - OR HIS UNLIFE... HE HIS DEAD, BUT NOT YET EXISTING IN PEACE...

...WHEN ARBAT
FILLS HERE, THE
MOON ENDORES
AND ANOTHER
BEHIND THE
MAIN SHIN CLOSER
FOR IT WISHED
NOT TO WITNESS
THE ARRIVE OF
A CERTAIN
ARRIBTRAVY
FROM THE BANE
- A WEDNESDAY
ACHTERW HADGE
BOTTED AND MAS
AND KNOWS
NOT WHY IT
DOES WHAT IT
DOES...



...GOTTA
CLEANSE THE
WORLD... GOTTA STOP
THE HAMPERS AN'
WEEBINGOLINE PUM
BILLY/SMOCCAT
POLK...

...GOTTA BANE
THE PEOPLE FROM THE
MONSTERS AN'
BEMONS OF
THE WORLD...



...AND THIS IS HIS TALE...



GOTTA
CLEANSE
THE WORLD.

THE SLITHER-SLIME MAN RISES AGAIN

THIS NIGHT, LIKE SO MANY OTHER NIGHTS THE MAN SLUTTERS IN AND OUT THE BARBERS-- HIS OLD CRACKED LEATHER BOOTS BLOODING IN THE SLIME UNDERFOOT-- SEARCHING FOR ANSWERS SEARCHING FOR THE WEREWOLF AND WEREWOLFES HE KNEW DURING HIS LIFETIME... SEARCHING TUSH OUT, TO KILL THEM...



...GOTTA CLEANSE SOCIETY...

...THE SLUTTER-BLIME MAN IS A GOOD MAN--A RIGHTEOUS MAN, AND MAYHAPS THAT'S HIS PROBLEME, FOR IN THIS WORLD, SUCH A MAN IS CALLED INSANE...



WELL, AS'LL BE YOUR FRIEND-- AN ALWAYS IOWD CHILLIN', NEVER HAD NO CHILLIN', LEAST THAT AN KNOWS 'BOUT... BUT, GOD BLESS Y'ALL... AN JEST LOVES U'L CHILDREN...
...AS'LL BE YOUR FRIEND', WE CAN WALK TOGETHER...

... HE NEVER FINDS ANY WEREWOLFES OR ANY WEREWOLFES-- BUT SOMETIMES HE FINDS HUMAN ANSWERS-- MADMEN, FRENDS, MURDERERS, THIEVES-- LIKE A CERTAIN SHERIFF WHEBY WHO SOMETIME ALSO LOST HIS HEAD TO THIS SLUTTER-BLIME AVERAGE...



... BUT SOMETIMES, EVEN THE GOOD AND THE RIGHTEOUS-- CAN BE A LITTLE CRAZY...



K'DO LITTLE GIRL...
...DID YOU LOSE YOUR MOMMY AN' DADDY?

...SARAWAY, GEORGIA, OCTOBER 31, 1953... IT IS RAINING IN THIS PORT CITY... IN ADVENTURE COUNTRY... ON THE WATERFRONT... AND ON THE FORMAL, PALACE ESTABLISHMENT OF ELIAS MUHO... WHEREIN THE AMERICAN PRESSURES, JUST AT THIS MOMENT, THE BODY OF AN OLD MAN FOR SOLITARY CONFINEMENT, PERMANENTLY, IN A WILLET...



...HE NEVER WHIMPERS, HE'S NEVER BEEN OFFENSE... THE CITY LIMITS OF SARAWAY... HE HAS AN ANTIQUARIAN NATURE... HE HAS LIMITED INTERESTS, WHICH NUMBER, IN FACT THREE... HE INDULGES HIMSELF WITH FINE OILS WHICH HE ENJOYS WITH A QUARTER OF OLD JACK DANIELS SOUR MASH, WHILE READING IN HIS WELL-STOCKED, INTERESTING, AND PLEASURABLE, PERSONAL LIBRARY... HE IS A ROMANTIC...



...THIS IS ELIAS MUHO, A CONSERVATIVE, A PRIVATE MAN, ENHANCED IN A QUIET PROFESSION, LIVING ALONE, A QUIET LIFE WITHIN THIS ONE-MAN BUSINESS ENVIRONMENT... HIS RESIDENCE IS URBANE... HIS FATHER, WHO ACQUIRED THE BUSINESS, IS IN THE BARRIERS, BURIED IN A PRIVATE CRYPT...



...OTHERWISE, IT MIGHT BE SAID, ELIAS MUHO IS BECOMING TO THE POINT OF BEING DULL...





WHY IS IT THAT SUCH A MAN AS JOHN
 BULL IS NOT PERMITTED TO LIVE A
 PEACEFUL HAPPY LIFE, WITH FULL
 ACCOUNTABLY LEFT TO THE
 DEVICE OF HIS OWN PERSONAL
 IMAGINATION?

WHY IS IT PEOPLE TALK ABOUT JOHN
 BULL AND HIS BACK? CALLING HIM
 GREAT MORAL HERO AND
 HERO?

WHY IS IT CHILDREN PERSONALLY
 WHAP ARE NERVOUS OR PURPOSELY
 BRIBED THEM, OR KNOCK OVER HIS
 SLEAZEBAG CAR, OR TROD ON HIS
 FLOWERS, OR TROD HIS
 HAND ALL ABOUT THE STREET?
 WHY IS IT CONSUMERS, EVEN
 DESPITE THEIR GREAT AND HUGE
 TO THE MAN'S FACE?

— THE ANSWER ... LET US PROCEED
 WITH THE STORY, AND YOU SHALL
 UNEXPECTEDLY DISCOVER HOW
 CONCLUSIVE ABOUT WHY THE
 WORLD HATES INDIVIDUALS.



... THE SCENE IS SET IN A... INCLUDE IN
 GREAT OCCURS IN... DOES MR. BULL TO OFFERS
 IN HIS LABOUR RESIGNING... BOWTIE, AT THE
 FRONT DOOR, ARE GHOSTS, ROBINS AND CHICKENS
 GRABBY GRUBBING BANGING ON THE DOOR, ABOUT TO
 DEMAND A TREAT IN VIEW OF A TROCK...



...MR. MUND KNOWS NOTHING OF HALLOWE'EN, AND DOES NOT HEAR THE CHILDREN AT HIS DOOR (HE IS A BIT DEAF) AND SO ABANDONS THEM, INSTEAD RELAXING AFTER A HARD DAY'S NIGHT EMBELLISHING A RICH, OLD SOCIETY DAME'S JAUNDED SYNTHETIC, TOY POODLE...



...WE SHOULD LEARN THAT OL' CREEPY A LESSON!

LET'S BREAK HIS WINDOWS!

AWW... THAT'S ALREADY BEEN DONE! WE SHOULD DO SOMETHIN' DIFFERENT... THIS IS HALLOWE'EN-- WE'RE ENTITLED TO SOME FUN...



WE COULD SCARE HIM!

HOW WE GONNA DO THAT?

FRED'S RIGHT, WE COULD SCARE THE HELL OUT OF HIM WITH THESE COSTUMES... THE OLD POOP PROBABLY DOESN'T EVEN KNOW IT'S HALLOWE'EN...



...THIS IS AN INTERESTING DOCUMENT... A COLLECTION OF NEWSPAPER ACCOUNTS OF VAMPIRES AND WEREWOLVES...

...STUFF NO-BODY KNOWS ANYTHING 'BOUT...

...SAYS HE'AR THAT BERRY HALLOWE'EN AT THE POLICE ARE FLOODED WITH PHONE CALLS 'BOUT SUCH STRANGE GOINGS-ON AS VAMPIRE MUSSINGS AN' WEREWOLF ATTACKS AN' THE LIKE...

...HALLOWE'EN IS OCTOBER 31ST, THAT'S TONIGHT!





NO--NO--I WON'T
LET YOU--I WON'T!



...WAS THIS A MESS--
...ONLY IT'S JUST AN ORDINARY ACC--
...BY THE OTHERS-- JUST KIDS
PLAYING A GAME-- A WELCOME WY
TRICK... ON MY GOD... WHAT
HAVE I DONE!

...I'VE MURDERED THE
CHILDREN... I'VE
MURDERED
...LIT A BUNCH
OF L'L
KIDS...

A WILL PROTECT THE WORLD FROM
THE LIVES OF YOU-- AN ACCOM 'BOUT
YOU-- AN KNOWS Y'ALL KNOW-- NO--
ONE ELSE KNOWS...

...AN KNOWS
--AN LL PROTECT
THE L'L
CHILDREN ON
TH' STREETS
TODAY...

OH GOD GOD--WHAT
CAN AN GOD? I'VE
MURDERED... I'VE
KILLED... LITTLE KIDS...
L'L CHILDREN...
ON MY GOD...

MY GOD...
MY GOD ABOVE...

...BLAME MIND, CHILD MURDERER, AND VICTIM OF
 AN OMINOUS CURCULUM STANCE, HAS NO RECOURSE...
 HE GRABBERS OWN LIFE...



AM I ASKED
 LIT CHILDREN...
 HE DON'T
 DESERVE
 TO LIVE... HE
 DESERVE
 ONLY TO
 DIE...

...THE POLICE FOUND THE CHILDREN IN THE MIDDYARD...
 AND THEY FOUND OLD ABE AMONG ON THE FLOOR WITH A
 ROTTEN SMELL... IN HIS ARMS... THEY PILED THE
 CHILDREN TOGETHER AND CAME UP WITH MORE
 DETAILS THE PROPER CONCLUSIONS... AND THEY BOUND
 MR. HUNGL... AND THEY BURIED THE CHILDREN
 IN THE ARMS OF SARRAM'S GREAT CEMETERY...



...ALMOST EVERY NIGHT NOW BLAME MIND RISES FROM
 HIS MADDY HOLE TO WALK THE GROSS-LAND ALLEYS OF
 THIS DECIDENT ABAS POLAR HOUSING DEVELOPMENT...
 WITH A PURPOSE... WITH A VENGEANCE...



...Gotta CLEANSE
 THE WORLD...

WHOLE WORLD IS FULL OF
 WEAPONS AN' WEAPONERS...
 AN READ 'BOLD TERN IN A
 BODY ONCE... Y'ALL HEAR ME
 CHILD?...
 ...LIT GIRL?



...IT'S ONLY
 GUNNA DOLL...



...THE SLITHER-BLAME MAN WALKS ABOUT IN THE ARMS AND ARMS
 -- SEARCHING WITH A COMBINED, MADDLED METHOD FOR THOSE WHO
 WOULD STALK THE NIGHT BY ROBOTS AND MURDER THE CHILDREN...
 BLAME MIND ALWAYS LOVED CHILDREN... ALWAYS RESPECTED
 CHILDREN, AND NOW THAT BLAME MIND IS DEAD, HE HAS ALL THE TIME
 IN THE WORLD TO PROTECT THEM FROM THE STYL OF THE WORLD...
 THE MARRIERS ARE THE WRECKERS... EACH NIGHT THE SLITHER-
 BLAME MAN RINGS AGAIN... AND AGAIN... AND AGAIN...



...Gotta CLEANSE
 THE WORLD...

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SUSO

Horror-Mood Artist of the Month

Jesus Manuel Peco Rego, or as we know him more affectionately -SINISTER- SUSO, is an artist whose talents knocked over everyone the moment they saw his first horror-mood tales of terror - THE RETID BILLS OF THE MISSISSIPPI, DON'T DIE UP THERE STANLEY and THE ARTIST'S OTHER HAND. Though he lives in faraway Spain - halfway around the world - his feeling for horror and most importantly, his feeling for comics, sets him far above most everyone else, for as we all know, illustrated horror is not just horror comics, its HORROR, which 'happens' to be illustrated. His now-classic SAGA OF THE VICTIMS, in 6 chapters, is one of the grandest comic art experiments of all time, as it is the first full-length ORIGINAL novel ever produced as illustrated literature. Suso will be doing THE DARKKOE MANSE SAGA on a regular basis when he completes THE VICTIMS, and many other weird tales, including the very special little tale SCREAMING BLOODY MURDER. await more of this exemplary artist's works with anticipation, he's great, and with each tale, he's getting greater!



art by Suso



from THE WEREWOLF MACABÉ.



THE ARTIST'S OTHER



a scene from THE WEREWOLF



...A BROWL THAT IS OF
A BEAST WITHOUT
EVEN A NAME
TO GO BY...



THE END OF THE VAMPIRES



PUT IT
DOWN



BLAGEN PRESSED WITH ANTICTION THROUGH THE ELECTRONIC BARRIER OF HIS TEST-FIRED WEAPON...



...SPUN THE WASHIFER, AND SIGHTED HIS TARGET...



THE WIDE ENTRANCE ACROSS THE STREET WAS SHARP AND CLEAR DESPITE THE RAIN-FILLED NIGHT OUTSIDE...



WRITER AND ILLUSTRATOR BY RICH BUCKLER

SIX SHOTS OFF ALL ON TARGET!

60%

I'M GOING ALL-RIGHT!

THE GREATER DEPTHS POLICE ARE EFFICIENT!



...HE WAS UNDERGROUND SOMEWHERE...



WHEN HE STEPPED OUT OF THE SCREEN ON THE OTHER PLACE, HE WAS UNDERGROUND SOMEWHERE...



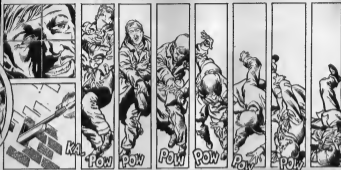
...QUICKLY HE MOVED TO ONE SIDE OF THE SCREEN...



60% PULPED OUT OF IT EXPULSED SILENTLY AND...



THE MECHANICAL CANNIBALS





JAGEN LOOKED AT THE READABLE STOCK OF HIS GUN FOR THE PASTED-ON INSTRUCTION SHEET...



SO THAT'S WHAT THE ACAP WAF IS FOR...



VERY THOROUGH AND PROFESSIONAL BUT THEN, I'M A HUNTER... AND IT'S MY BUSINESS TO KNOW HOW TO COVER MY TRAIL...



BESIDES... WHY SHOULD TWIFY BE SO HELPFUL?



JAGEN CUT IN HALF THE BARREL OF HIS GUN WITH A DIAMOND-EDGED BLADE, THEN...



SHORT, AND INACCURATE— BUT DEADLY AT CLOSE RANGE!



JAGEN SLIPPED THE TRUNCATED WEAPON UP THE LOOSE SLEEVES OF HIS JACKET...



NOW HIS INSTRUCTIONS READ SIMPLY... CRAWL! HE PINCHED A RANCHER COKE AND STEPPED THROUGH...



NOISE AND SOUND LIGHT AND SHARP SMELLS. THE OCEAN WAS CLOSE BY...



JAGEN COULD HEAR THE BREAKERS AND SALT DAMPNESS WAS STRONG IN HIS NOSE!



THIS WAS A PUBLIC COMMUNICATIONS PLAZA SET AROUND THE TRANSMITTER SCREENS...



THE CROWD WAS THICK— AND THE REDDISH SUN HIGH ABOVE. JAGEN FOLLOWED THE FIRST PERSON WHO PASSED HIM, TO GIVE HIM A RANDOM DIRECTION...



HE FOLLOWED A GIRL TO A SIDE STREET... PASSED ONE TRANSMITTER BOOTH...



THERE WAS THE FAMILIAR GREEN STARBUST AND A.J. JAGEN SAILED SMILEX.



WHY NOT? POLICE HQ IS PUBLIC AND PERFORMS MANY FUNCTIONS. NOTHING TO BE AFRAID OF...



YET THERE WAS, OF COURSE, FEAR. CONQUERING IT WAS A BIG PART OF THE GAME. UP THE STEPS AND PAST UNSEEING GUARDS...



JAGEN CAME TO A ROW OF TRANSMITTER SCREENS AND PUNCHED THE NEXT CODE ON THE LIST...



YOU ARE WONDERING WHAT PLACE THIS IS—? WE ARE ON A SHIP IN ORBIT. IT HAS BEEN FOR CENTURIES! AN ATMOSPHERE AND GRAVITY PLANT WERE PLACED ABOARD WHILE THIS TRANSMITTER WAS OPERATING...

THE AIR WAS THIN AND COLD, ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE TO BREATHE AND HIS EYES WATERED AT THE SUDDEN CHILL. HE TURNED QUICKLY TO THE SCREEN TO PRESS THE NEXT CODE, WHEN A MAN RUSHED TOWARD HIM...



WAIT! DO NOT LEAVE!



HERE, TAKE THIS RESPIRATOR.





WHEN WE LEAVE AN ATOMIC EXPLOSION WILL DESTROY EVERYTHING IF YOU ARE TRACKED THIS FAR THE TRAIL WILL END HERE.



THEN THE REST OF MY INSTRUCTIONS.

WILL NOT BE NEEDED!



IF YOU WILL PROCEED.

I'LL FOLLOW YOU.



THE MAN NODDED, THREW HIS BREATH MASK ASIDE, THEN STEPPED THROUGH THE SCREEN.

THEY WERE IN A NORMAL ENGLISH HOTEL ROOM, THE KIND THAT CAN BE FOUND ON ANY ONE OF TEN THOUSAND PLANETS...



IT IS DONE!

THE MAN WHO BROUGHT HIM, NODDED SILENTLY AND LEFT...

SPEAK UP, MAN!

THE PAYMENT FIRST.



WE'LL ANY YOU DON'T BE FOOLISH JUST TELL US HOW IT CAME OUT, WE HAVE A LOT INVESTED IN THIS.

THE PAYMENT NOW!



ALL SIX SHOTS WERE FIRED I PUT FEELS IN THE HEAD, AND TWO IN THE ANKLE.

NATURALLY I DO A THOROUGH JOB!

WHERE LINGER, NOW TELL US.



IT WAS AS YOU SAID, THE PROTECTIVE SCREEN WAS USELESS AGAINST MECHANICALLY PROPELLED PLASTIC MISSILES.

THE MAN IN BLACK RAISED AN ENERGY RIFLE THAT HAD BEEN CONCEALED IN HIS CLOTHING...

EXCELLENT!
THE
ANALYTIC
IS
OURS!

OH NO YOU
DON'T.

...AND FIRED!

SPARKS!

JAGEN, WHO AS A HUNTER ALWAYS CONSIDERED *BEING HUNTED* ROLLED SIDWAYS AND CLUTCHED THE BARREL OF THE SHORTENED PROJECTILE WEAPON...

WITH HIS OTHER HAND HE FOUND THE TRIGGER. THE RANGE WAS *POWER*. BLANK AND A BREEZ WAS *IMPOSSIBLE*.

WOW!

AND IT DOESN'T SHOW ON A DETECTOR-SCREEN...

"SO YOUR DOUBLE-CROSS DIDN'T WORK" AS YOUR FRIEND FOUND OUT THE *WILD* WAY!

SO YOU THOUGHT I WAS *ENHANCED*...

DO NOT FRET!

I SAVED THE GUN-- AT LEAST ENOUGH OF IT TO STILL SHOOT-- AND A CLIP OF SOFT-ALLOY BULLETS. BETTER THAN THOSE PLASTIC ONES.

PLEASE, I HAVE NO WEAPON. DO NOT KILL ME

PLEASE.

JENSEN POINTED THE GUN TO KILL, BUT CHANGED HIS MIND. HE WAS WEARY OF KILLING. INSTEAD HE KICKED HIM HARD IN THE FACE...



LEAVING THE MAN BEHIND MOANING, HE PUNCHED THE KEYS AND STEPPED INTO THE SCREEN...



THE MACHINE STEPPED OUT OF THE SCREEN IN AN OFFICE OF THE HIGHEST OFFICER OF POLICE AT ALMOST THE SAME INSTANT-- BUT MANY LIGHT-YEARS DISTANT.



YOU ARE FOLLOWER!



I UNDERSTAND THERE ARE A NUMBER OF OTHER FOLLOWERS GOING INTO OPERATION. WHAT IS IT THAT YOU HOPE TO DO?

I WILL FOLLOW THE ASSASSIN.

THAT MAY BE DIFFICULT HE-- OR SHE-- DESTROYED THE TRANSMITTER AFTER THE KILLING.

I HAVE WAYS OF DETERMINING THE TOWNS FROM THE WRECKAGE.

HOW IF I MAY SEE ALL THE RECORDS OF THE ASSASSINATION.

I WILL PROCEED!

I SHALL FOLLOW. I HAVE DETECTION APPARATUS THAT IS HIGHLY ADVANCED.

I HAVE THE WAREHOUSE OF THE LARGEST LIBRARY AND MEANS OF ADDING TO IT CONSTANTLY.



TWENTY YEARS OF EASY LIVING HAD NOT ALTERED JAGEN VERY MUCH. HE NO LONGER HAD TO EARN HIS LIVING AS A PROFESSIONAL HUNTER, SO HE COULD NOW HUNT FOR HIS OWN PLEASURE...

HE HAD DISCOVERED A BACKWARD PLANET WHERE THE JUNGLES WERE PRIMITIVE AND THE HUNTING WAS TREMENDOUS AND HE HAD ENOUGH MONEY TO LIVE IN CONFORT FOR YEARS TO COME...



SUDDENLY THE ALIGNMENT BELL SIGNALLED QUIETLY TO SHOW ANOTHER TRANSMITTER HAD BEEN TUNED TO HIS...



I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT YOU ARE TALKING ABOUT. I'M CALLING THE POLICE...

I HAVE COME FOR YOU ASSASSIN!

BUT INSTEAD OF THE COMMUNICATOR...

... HE DIVED FOR HIS RECOLLECT RIFLE!



JAGEN EMPTIED THE CLIP OF **EXPLOSIVE SHELLS**-- ENOUGH TO FELL THE MULTITON AMPHIBIANS IN THE SWAMPS...



THE ROOM WAS A **SKRAMBLE**, WITH WALLS, FLOOR AND CEILING RIPPED BY THE EXPLOSIVE FRAGMENTS. THE MACHINE STOOD UNMOVED...

STAY AWAY--
EXECUTIONER!



I AM **FOLLOWER**.
I AM NOT AN **EXECUTIONER**.



IT TOUCHED A COOL METAL FINGER TO HIS HEAD, AND AS IT MADE CONTACT HE FOUND HIMSELF COMPLETELY **PARALYZED**, UNABLE TO MOVE OR SPEAK...



HIS CONSCIOUSNESS WAS IMPRISONED IN THE **SMALLEST** PORTION OF HIS BRAIN. UNWITTING, **HYSTERIC**...

YOU WILL FIND THE **OPERATION** IS COMPLETELY HARMLESS.



OPERATION? WHAT OPERATION? WHAT UNREASONABLE REVENGE DID THE **GREATER DESTINY** PLAN? HOW IMPORTANT WAS THE MAN WHOM HE HAD KILLED?



THE MACHINE SPRAYED **DEPILATORY** FOAM ON HIS HEAD, REMOVING ALL OF HIS HAIR, WHY?

THIS IS A **NEEDED** PART OF THE **OPERATION**. THERE WILL BE NO PAIN.



WITH SLOW PRECISION IT PULLED HIS HEAD TO THE METAL BELLOW. THEN, EFFICACIOUSLY, **UNCONSCIOUSNESS** RESIGNED.

JAGEN DON'T FEEL THE THIN NEEDLES THAT SLID THROUGH HIS SKULL, PRObing - DEEPEr - AND EXAMINING MEMORIES. AND THEN IT WAS OVER...



...AND THE PARALYSIS WAS REMOVED AS SUDDENLY AS IT HAD BEGUN.



WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO ME?

I HAVE SEARCHED YOUR MEMORY I NOW KNOW THE IDENTITY OF THOSE WHO ORDERED THE ASSASSINATION.



WHY??

THE MACHINE WALKED TO THE TRANSFER. IT HAD ALREADY PUNCHED OUT A CODE. WHEN JAGEN CALLED NOISELSEY...



STAY WHERE ARE YOU GONING?



AREN'T YOU GOING TO ARREST ME, OR ANYTHING?



DON'T PLAY WITH ME MACHINE! I'M HUMAN AND YOU ARE JUST A METAL THING! I ORDER YOU TO ANSWER!



I AM WELL AWARE OF THAT - WHICH IS WHY I HAVE FOLLOWED YOU.

I AM ALSO AWARE OF YOUR OPINION OF YOURSELF. IT IS A MILD ONE. YOU ARE NOT ANYONE SUFFR. OR EVEN INTERESTING.

DO YOU HAVE FEELINGS OF GUILT THAT MUST BE EX-AMINED?



THE GREATER SOCIETY IS INTERESTED ONLY IN FACTS. ANY MAN CAN KILL. AFTER ALL, YOU ARE ANIMALS. IT IS THE MOTIVE THAT IS IMPORTANT. AN EXAMINATION WILL BE MADE OF YOUR SOCIETY.

AND PARTICULARLY OF THE SOCIETY OF THE MEN WHO HIRED YOU.



IT IS SOCIETY THAT KILLS, NOT THE INDIVIDUAL.



YOU ARE NOTHING!


DID HE DETECT A TOUCH OF MALICE IN THE MACHINES WORDS - AS IT STEPPED INTO THE SCREEN AND VANISHED?



...THIS IS CHAPTER THREE OF THE SAGA OF THE VICTIMS... THE TORMENTED TALE OF TWO WHO ARE INNOCENT... YET VICTIMS TO A SERIES OF INCIDENTS BEYOND HUMAN COMPREHENSION... INCIDENTS BRUTAL... FRENZIED... LUNATIC... AND SEEMINGLY POINTLESS... AND IN THIS WORLD WHERE REASON IS ALL-IMPORTANT, THE TOTAL IRRATIONALITY OF THEIR PERSECUTORS IS THEIR MOST INSUFFERABLE TORTURE...

...THIS... IS JOSEY FORSTER AND ANNE ADAMS, THE TWO WHO ARE WOUNDED, TORTURED AND TORMENTED IN...


The SAGA of the VICTIMS



...WHAT MACABRE EVENTS LED TO THIS ANGLE MOMENT? SURELY NOTHING HUMAN IS BEHIND THE BITTER CONFRONTATION BETWEEN THE VICTIMS AND THE UNKNOWN, UNSEEN TORMENTER... THAT STARTED ONLY A DAY BEFORE NOW IN THEIR CASTLE-LIKE MANHATTAN'S GILES' FINISHING COLLEGE: SCOLLARD MANOR...



...WHERE ON A BLEAK SATURDAY NIGHT AT DUSK THEY WERE MYSTERIOUSLY SPIRITED BELOW THE SCHOOL TO A GROTESQUE UNDERGROUND CITY POPULATED BY OBSCURE MUTANTS...



FROM WHICH THEY ESCAPED ONLY TO FACE THE NAKED BRUTAL MIND OF A THING WHO THREATENED THEM OF DOOM, IF THEY DID NOT GROVEL AND CAPITULATE...



...BUT THEY DID NOT... AND WERE ACCORDED FALSE MOMENTARY FREEDOM ONLY TO FALL VICTIMS TO THE DESPERATE AND ARCHAIC MADNESS OF A MEGALOMANIAC VAMPIRE...

...WHOSE DEATH LED THEM TO THIS MOMENT
NEARBY ON THE TURRET OF HIS CASTLE-PALACE...
WHEN THIS THING THOUGHT DEAD MILLIONS OF YEARS
ATTACKS AND LIFTS THEM FROM THE VERY GROUND...
LIFTS AND DRAGS THEM INTO THE AIR BY ITS CLAWS
IMBEDDED HORRIBLY INTO THEIR SKIN AND HAIR...

...WHETHER OR NOT THIS THING THAT IS LEGITIMATELY
A PTERODACTYL HAS A MIND AND HENCE KNOWS ITS
ORIGINS AND UNDERSTANDS WHAT IT NOW DOES IS
NOT THE QUESTION...

...THE QUESTION IS: "WHO IS HE WHO SAYS..."

I...AM TORMENT

SD
80
74



WRITTEN BY ALAN BENETON
ILLUSTRATED BY GUS



JOSIEY...
JOSIEY... I...
I CAN'T
BREATHE!

WHERE...
IS IT...
TAKING
US?

...A QUESTION NOT TO BE
ANSWERED IMMEDIATELY...
FOR OTHER FACTORS ARE
INVOLVED... SPECIFICALLY...
ONE WITH TWO MAGGIE
WINGS THE SPAN OF A
B-52 BOMBER...

ANNE...
MY GOD!

...TWO TEAMS BAT-
TLE WHILE TWO
VICTIMS CLOSE THEIR
EYES AND WHISPER
WHATEVER THEY CAN
REMEMBER OF CHILD-
HOOD PRAYERS...



...USEFUL ONLY
IN BLOCKING THE
THREATFUL SMOKING
DIN OF THE
BATTLING
PTERODACTYLE...



...AND WHEN ONE WINS IT IS
TO THEIR DISCREET REGRET
THAT IT WAS THEIR CAPTOR
WHO DIED... FOR AS HE FALLS
TO HIS DEATH SO DO THEY...

WHO BATTLE
OVER
POSSESSION
OF **THEM**...



BUT THE VICTOR IN
THIS AIR WAR DOES
NOT LET HIS PRIZE WIN-
NERSHIP GO... OR
HER GRASP FOR LONG...
AND IN A STRANGE WAY
COMES TO THEIR
RESCUE...



THEY CANNOT SPEAK TO EACH OTHER NOW...DON'T EXPECT THEM TO... EXPECT ONLY CHAOS, WHIMPERING CRISPS TO TURN TO SHREDS OF HORROR AS THEY REALIZE HOW IMMINENT IS THEIR DEMISE...



WE'RE SITTING ON
TOP OF A LIVE
VOLCANO... AND IT'S
ABOUT TO BLOW!





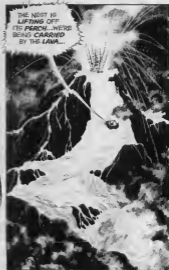
THEY'RE TRYING TO
LEAVE... FLY AWAY
FROM THE EXPLODING
VOLCANO...

...I WISH
WE COULD FLY
AWAY...



...NO... I DON'T...
THE SEARING HEAT
OF THE LAVA IS BURNING
THEIR WINGS...

...THEY'RE
FALLING TO
THEIR DEATHS!



THE NEST IS
LIFTING OFF
ITS PERCH... WE'RE
BEING CARRIED
BY THE LAVA...



...BUT...
WHAT ABOUT
US?



OH GOD, JOSEY!

...THE OCEAN...
WE'RE HEADED
FOR THE
OPEN SEA...



HOLD ON TO THE
TREE BRANCHES THAT
CONSTRUCT THIS
NEST...

...ANNE... I
CAN'T BREATHE,
ANNE... I CAN'T
BREATHE... THE
INTENSE HEAT...



...NOW... THEY SLEEP... AFTER SUCH A BIZARRE OCCURENCE AS HAS JUST BEFALLEN THESE TWO UNWILLING ADVENTURERS ONE WOULD SUPPOSE THEM TO EMOTIONALLY UPSET TO DO ANYTHING BUT SIT AWAKE AND STARE BLANK-EYED AT THE HORIZON...

...BUT NO... NATURE DEMANDS IT DUE... AND AT THIS MOMENT, WHAT IS DUE IS A LOT OF SLEEP... FOR YOU MUST REALIZE, THE VICTIMS HAVE NOT SLEPT IN DAYS...



WHEN THEY AWAKE IT IS TORMENT AND AGONY... FOR JUST AS THEY'VE HAD NO SLEEP NEITHER HAVE THEY HAD NOURISHMENT... AND IN THIS MACABRE LIFE-RAFT THEY AREN'T LIKELY TO GET ANY EITHER...



...IT SWEEPED THROUGH THE SEAS TO THEM AND ALMOST SWAMPED THEIR NEST-CRAFT...

...IT SWEEPED SO CLOSE THEY COULD GRAB THE ROPES AT THE SIDES AND HOLD THEM TILL THEY GATHERED BALANCE ENOUGH TO CLIMB THE SIDES...



AND CLAMBER ABOARD THE DEFORMED THING OUT OF THE PAST...





OH, GOD, JOSEY

...WHAT NOW?
WHAT IS IT
THIS TIME?

...ANOTHER
FIEND...ANOTHER
MONSTER!

ANOTHER
TORMENT?

...YES...
ANOTHER
TORMENT...

...YOU TRESPASS UPON MY SHIP...
AND ACCORDING TO THE CUSTOMS OF
THE SEA...THOSE WHO ARE UNWELCOME
ABOARD A PRIVATE FRIGATE ARE TRIED
BY THE CREW...

...PIRATE...
FRIGATE?

...CREW?...

...A PIRATE CREW...DREGGED OUT OF THE PAST TO CON-
FRONT THE VICTIMS IN A NEVER-ENDING ATTEMPT TO BREAK
THEIR MINDS INTO 2 BYTES...TO DEMOLISH THE THIN THREAD
THAT STILL HOLDS THEM TO THEIR STUBBORN SANITY...TO
WRECK NAVIGC WITH THEIR UNDERSTANDING OF THIS EARTH...
FOR THESE "THINGS ARE CORPSES...THESE "THINGS" ARE
OUT OF HORROR-MOVIES...THESE "THINGS ARE BURNED
INTO THEIR INTELLECT ONLY AS FICTION...THEY ARENT REAL!

...AND YET...THEY STAND BEFORE THE VICTIMS NOW AS
REAL AS THE FLESH AND BLOOD OF THE HEAVENS PERMIT...





...JEEH...HEH...
WE GOING KILL
THAT CAPTAIN!

...AYE...I
THINK WE SHOULD
KILL THE CAPTAIN...
BUT HOW WE THINK
WE SHOULD KILL
THIM?

...PERHAPS WE SHOULD
STOCK 'EM UP TO
THE HIGHEST YARDARM
AND WATCH THEM
CRANKLE FARD UPON
THEM...

...PERHAPS WE MIGHT
WATCH THEM TO THEE
DECK'S ABERT AND LET
THEM DIE HERFOOD
TO THEE WIND
AND RAIN...

...CAPH...

...MUMPH...
MUMPH...
MUMPH...

...HAR HAR...THEE OWN
BOY HAS A SUGGESTION...AND
I WOULD NOT BE IN THE LEAST
SURPRISED TO LEARN IT BE A
VERY WISE SUGGESTION...

MUMPH...

...JEEH HEH HEH...
PERHAPS WE COULD FIND
SOMETHING MORE SUITABLE
THAN THOSE MEDICINE BOTTLES...WE
WAS NOT 'AD ANY FEMALE
COMPANIONS SINCE OUR LAST PORT...
AND THAT HAS BEEN SOME TIME...


...THEE
GANGPLANK...

AYE...
THEE LAD HAS
IT...THEE
GANGPLANK!

...AYE...LIKE
WE MADE THE ORIGINAL
OWNERS OF THE GOOD
FRIGATE DO TWO
'UNHAPPY YEARS AGO...

MUMPH...
MUMPH...
MUMPH...





...THIS ANCIENT DEAD SHIP SWIRLS INTO
THE VORTEX OF THE MAELSTROM...

...THIS ARCHAIC DEAD SHIP SWIRLS UP
AND AROUND AND ABOUT FOR AN ETERNITY
BEFORE IT GOES DOWN TO HELL...


...THIS DISSEASD DEAD SHIP DOES NOW
AS IT DID THEN...TWO HUNDRED YEARS
BEFORE...WHEN IT ORIGINALLY DISAPPEARED
AND TOOK ITS LIVING CROWD TO THE
DEAD DEPTHS...

...BUT THIS TIME THERE ARE TWO OTHERS
ABOARD...



...TWO OTHERS WHO CANNOT
SCREAM BECAUSE THEIR
MOUTHS ARE GAGGED...

...WHO CANNOT
CLING TO THE
BROKEN-OFF
GANG-PLANK BE-
CAUSE THEIR HANDS
ARE TIED...



...TWO WHO SINK ALONG WITH THEIR
PENNSYLVANIAS... (BUT THEIR PENNSYLVANIAS
ARE DEAD AND THEY ARE NOT...)

...IN A MOMENT THEY ARE INTO THE VORTEX OF THE MAELSTROM BEING SUCKED UNDER BY THE SHIP...THEY ARE WANNED BEHIND THE EDGE OF THE WHIRLPOOL WALLS...



...AND IN ANOTHER MOMENT THEY ARE APPEARED AGAIN, NOW MYSTERIOUSLY RIDING THE CREST...



...NOW...HUMAN SURVIVAL INSTINCT TAKES OVER AND ANNE RIPS HER BINDINGS ON A ROTTEN NAIL ON THE PLANK THEY RIDE...



...AND REMOVES HER COMPANION'S ROPES BEFORE SHE REMOVES THE CLOTH OVER HER MOUTH...



...SO THAT SHE CAN SCREAM...

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA



JOSEY... JOSEY... OH GOD, SAVE US...

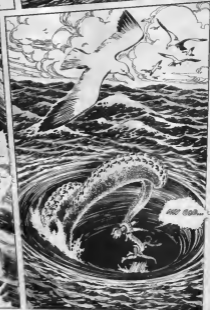
I CAN'T HEAR YOU...
...I CAN'T HEAR YOU... THE NOISE OF...
...THE NOISE...
...THE NOISE OF THE WHIRLPOOL IS TOO LOUD...




...WE'RE GOING UNDER...

ANNE... ANNE... WE'RE GOING UNDER...

...I CAN'T HEAR YOU, JOSEY... I CAN'T HEAR YOU...



OH GOD...



...IS THIS NOW AN ENDING OR THE NEVER-ENDING MIDDLE OF THIS MACABRE SAGA? ANNE ADAMS AND JOSEY FORSTER ARE SO TOSSED INTO WEIRD CIRCUMSTANCE AFTER CIRCUMSTANCE THAT THE DEFINITION OF WHERE ONE LEAVES OFF AND WHERE ANOTHER BEGINS IS TOTALLY BEYOND NORMAL CONJECTURE.

...JOSEY FORSTER AND ANNE ADAMS ARE THE VICTIMS...THEIR TALE OF TORMENT IS NOT YET FINISHED...THEIR AGONY IS NOT CONCLUDED BY ANY STANDARD OF MEASURE...

...THIS... IS THE CONTINUING SAGA OF THE VICTIMS...NOT YET NEAR ITS FINISH AND NOT YET NEAR AN EXPLANATION...BUT THROUGHOUT THE CHAPTERS SO-FAR THERE ARE MYRIAD CLUES TO AN UNDERSTANDING OF WHAT IS REALLY GOING ON...HINTS WHICH WE'LL SEEM BLATANT WHEN WE DO CONCLUDE... BUT NEXT WE MEET ANOTHER WHOSE NAME ALONE IS ENOUGH OF A THREAT TO THE LIVES OF THE VICTIMS...

NEXT: I AM TREACHERY...I AM HORROR INCARNATE!

COMING UP NEXT **GET IT AT YOUR
HORROR-MOOD
MAGAZINE STORE**

NIGHTMARE



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NO. 20

AUGUST

1974

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PUBLICATION

**BLOOD-REVENGE
DRIVES THE
MONSTER
WHO IS
WANTED:
MORE DEAD
THAN ALIVE!**

**HUMAN BEASTS
DWELL IN THE
CITY OF SHOGGOTHS**

**IN
THE SCREAM
AND THE
NIGHTMARE**

**TALES OF HORROR
AND SUSPENSE
TO MAKE YOUR
FLESH CRAWL!**





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No. 11 FEB. 1975

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Nosferatu

The fall of the famous house in Nosferatu's Castle SCREAM when the old man returned home -- and what he found as he did with ... page 4

You can't judge a Killer by the Corpse

Freddie CO judges the corpse by his crime, which is a pretty mistake in the case of the KILLER and his CORPSE companion ... page 18

The Breeders

Crash can't get your teeth, but can't it devour your SOUL? The Breeders know ... page 26

The Exorcist

A shocking review of the death scene of the Exorcist ... page 32

The Saga of the Victims

Chapter 5 in the continuing saga of 2 innocent young girls, slugging the carnival ... I AM A FRODO BAGGINS ... page 42





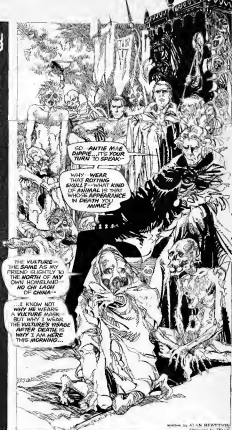
NOSFERATU

CHAPTER 9

Nosferatu HAS
EVEN GUESTS IN
THE MEDITERRANEAN
CASTLE—BETTER
KNOWING ALL THIS
TALKER WILL BE TOLD
NATURALLY NOSFERATU
WILL BE LEFT TO
TELL HIS TALE IN
A BIG CHAIR IN
WOLF—HE HAS
ALREADY SPOKEN
—THEY ALL THE
DEAD THINGS WHO
YOU GOT SAUWAGED?
I HAVE YET TO
SPOKE—THE MARKED
AS A COMMON
WOLFENBOLD CAT—
SEE DOWNED
FORWARDS, OR
REVERSED—THE ONE
MARKED AS A
VULTURE—NO OH
LADY, OF CHINA—
AND THE ONE
MARKED ALTOUGH
DEARLY YOU ARE
ABOUT TO WEAR
THE SAWFISH
SAGA OF THE
FEMALE, MARRIED,
A DEARLY ANIMAL
SAVED, WHITE AND
DEAR—THE FAMOUS
AND MURDERERS
OF AUSTRALIA—

...THIS IS HER TALE.

I
KILL
TO
LIVE



OO... WHITE AND
DEAR... IT'S YOUR
TURN TO SPEAK—

WHY WEAR
THAT SCOTTISH
SHIRT?—WHAT KIND
OF ANIMAL IS THAT
WHO'S APPEARANCE
IN DEATH YOU
ANNIE?

THE VULTURE—
THE SAME AS MY
FRIEND SLIGHTLY TO
THE NORTH OF MY
OWN HORNBLAND—
NO OH LADY
OF CHINA—

...I KNOW NOT
WHY WE WEAR
A VULTURE MARK—
BUT WHY I WEAR
THE VULTURE'S MARK
AFTER DEATH IS
WHY I AM HERE
THIS MORNING...

WRITTEN BY ALAN DEWITT
ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN

I DON'T
REMEMBER HOW
POOR CHILDREN
OF THE MIDDLE
WORLD LIVED
A MORE
INTERESTING
CIVILIZATION
THAN I WAS
AWARED WAS A
DOLLAR PER DAY.



...MY FATHER
GENTLY AND
CALMLY ASKED
ME TO GET UP
AND STAND ON
THE BLOOD-
SOAKED FLOOR...



...AND A WIFE-
SLAYER—AND MY
MOTHER WAS A
SINNER...
...WHEN I WAS
ABOUT 7 OR 8 YEARS
OLD, I WITNESSED
A BRUTAL CON-
FRONTATION
BETWEEN MY
PARENTS—MY
FATHER DENIED
AT MY FATHER
CERTAIN SENTI-
MENTS ABOUT
THE 'WOMEN'
AND HE THROWN
ON HER WITH AN
ACE...



...HE JUST STOOD THERE STILL FOR A LONG
TIME, LOOKING DOWN AT HER...



...FOR A REASON I
NEVER UNDERSTOOD
FOR IT WAS CLEAR

...I'M NOT THAT I LOVED MY MOTHER, IN FACT I HATED
HER, FOR SHE DENIED ME AND PUT I WAS RESPONSIBLE
RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DEATH OF MY OWN AND HER HUSBAND!
I PICKED UP THE ACE AND SLIT OPEN MY FATHER'S SKULL...



...THEY TOOK ME TO AN ASYLUM...

...AND THERE I GREW UP...

...AND THERE I GREW OLD...



FOR DEBATE, CONSTANT ATTENTION BY DOCTORS AND PSYCHIATRISTS, DESPITE WHAT COULD BE CALLED GENUINE MEDICAL GUIDANCE, I WAS CALLED "WICKABLE" AND IT WAS BECAUSE I SPENT MY ENTIRE LIFE INSIDE THE ASYLUM...



...A FEW YEARS AGO, IN THE AREA I NOW RESIDE, I DECIDED TO SEE AN OLD FRIEND WHO CALLED HIMSELF UP TO THE BACK SEAT OF A WOMAN'S CAR, WHICH ENTERED THE ASYLUM AT AON TALL AND REBUILT AND ESCAPED...

WHO IS THERE?
IS SOMEBODY IN THE
BACK SEAT?



OH, MAJ...
IT'S YOU!



YES...
IT'S ME!



"AGAIN I MURDERED—
SLIPPED A 100- ϕ OF MONEY
AROUND HIS WRIST AND
SHIPPED HIM JAWHAW PAN..."



... But how I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH MYSELF.
I HAD BETTER YOU'RE NOT ON MY SIDE AND
WANT TO GO AWAY TO COURT IN THE OTHER WORLD. I RECEIVED
4000 AND MONEY AND TO GET MONEY, I WOULD...

ESCAPED LUNATIC SLAYS 5 PEOPLE

THE PERTH AXE MURDER

Four days ago a lunatic escaped from the Perth Asylum, and
was confined for 15 years in 1907. Since Deputy Sir J. Campbell
of his father and was judged by the courts and the medical
profession as a maniac. During his confinement at the
Perth Asylum, various men reported who was still found by other
means, and consequently was added. NATHAN MUIR DUNN
was his name. Mr. Dunn was sentenced to 15 years on the
state prison in the United States for his crimes, and his
name on about 17th FEBRUARY 1921. DUNN, the British
lunatic, tried to kill the very street, after dark.



NATHAN MUIR DUNN



...THE NEWSPAPER STORY MADE MY EXPOSURE NATIONAL NEWS—AND I WAS AWARDED BY EVERY POLICEMAN IN THE STATE—I FLED THE CITY TO THE OUTBACK...



...A WILD AND BEHEMOTH
ME—I FOUND THEM WHIMPERING
ABOUT NEAR THE DISCOMPOSED
BODY OF A DRIVER—
...HE
WAS A NICE GUY—I WAS THANK-
FUL FOR HIS COMPANIONSHIP AND
FRIENDSHIP...



...WHERE I HOPED I WOULD FIND
SOME PEACE AND SOLITUDE—I WISHED
I WOULD FIND A DESERTED CANYON
OR SOMEWHERE WHERE I COULD BE
LEFT ALONE—FREE OF THE ANXIETY
AND FEAR OF POLICE...



...I RETURNED
TO MY HOME—
I CLEANED
UP MY HOME—
I COOKED
MEALS—
FOR THE FIRST TIME
IN MY LIFE I FELT LIKE A
REAL PERSON...

I CAME UPON THE
SHEPHERD IN UP
AN OLD MAN—
HE OFFERED ME
FOOD AND ASKED
ME NO QUESTIONS
—I GUESSED
HE WAS GONE
AND IN NEED OF
A COMPANION...





"ARMED WITH DYNAMITE, ALREADY LIGHTED, I CALLED WAZED TOWARD THE LANDING COPTER...



"WHEN I SAW A NEW LIGHT FLASH FROM UNDER THE OTHER WAYS, I KNEW I WAS ARMED AND SAFE.

"I HAD TO GO BACK TO THE ARABIA... BUT AFTER THAT THE ARABIA WAS ANGRY AT THE OLD MAN'S RETURNAL.



"THE CORNER AND THE ARABIA WENT STRAIGHT TO HELL!"



"A... WISHED ONE NIGHTING THAT AN HOUR WOULD...





YOU--YOU BETRAYED ME-- I THOUGHT YOU WERE MY FRIEND...



...I... I AM, MAE, I AM YOUR FRIEND -- I NEEDED THE ARMED MONEY TO PAY THE ADEPTATION ON MY REGENERATION... WE CAN STILL BE FRIENDS... MAE, I SWEAR.



...I KNEW MORE POLICEMEN WOULD COME-- I KNEW THEY'D CHASE ME TO THE ENDS OF THE EARTH-- ESPECIALLY NOW THAT I HAD KILLED TWO OF THEIR KIND... I TOOK MY ONLY FRIEND AND MADE INTO THE ARKES...



...YOU'RE THE ONLY FRIEND I HAVE, BOY-- THE ONLY ONE I KNOW WILL NEVER BETRAY ME!



WE'LL BE FRIENDS, YOU AND I, TILL THE DAY WE DIE-- JUST YOU AND I-- WE'LL KILL ANYONE WHO STANDS IN THE WAY OF OUR FRIENDSHIP... IT'S JUST YOU AND I AGAINST THE WHOLE BLOODY WORLD!

...THEN, OH, HORRORS!--A
SNAKE SLITHERED BESIDE ME--
A POISONOUS KIND OF SNAKE--
HE R WELLED UP WITHIN ME--
I WAS RETRAGED--MY HEART
STOPPED--I COULD NOT BREATHE
...I SCREAMED...

...AND SAWED
MY DOG IN
HUP--OH, LORDS!
OH, HORRORS!
WHAT
COULD
I DO--GOD
FORGIVE
ME--I WAS
SO OVER-
WHELMED
WITH FEAR...

...THE SNAKE
ATTACKED MY FRIEND
AS I RETRAGED--
FILLED HIS VEINS
WITH POISON MEANT
FOR ME...

...THEN I PICKED UP ANOTHER BOULDER--CAME TO TRAC
MY FRIEND OUT OF HIS ARMS--I HAD RETRAGED--
THE ONLY FRIEND I HAD IN THE WORLD... AND I
DROPPED THE BOULDER AND CRUSHED HIS HEAD...
THANK THE LORDS, MY FRIEND DIED INSTANTLY!

...I KILLED THE SNAKE
WITH A BOULDER--I
CRUSHED IT...



WELL--THAT CAN'T
BE THE END OF YOUR
STORY! COMPOSE
YOURSELF, HUH? HOW
DID YOU DIE--
FINISH THE STORY--
STOP WEEPING--
FINISH YOUR STORY!



"I--WATCHED THE
VICTIMS--TEAR INTO
THE FLESH OF MY FRIENDS
-- I SAW AND WATCHED
THEM DIE NO ONLY
FINDING I REALIZED
THAT I TOO WAS A KIND
OF VICTIM..."



"...I GOT FOR AN HOUR
WATCHING THEM DEVOUR
THE FLESH I HAD
RETRIEVED..."



"...THEN I
OPENED MY
EYES--LOOK TO SEE
THE ANGEL I
SHOULD HAVE
USED TO KILL
THE SAVAGE,
TO SAVE MY
FRIEND..."



"...AND ENDED MY
WATCHED, RUDDY LIFE WITH
A SINGLE SWING OF THE
ANGEL BLADE..."



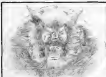
THAT-- IS MY TALE...

NEXT: **DEAD--
ON THE COUNT OF TEN!**

SCREAM MAILBAG

"... still no HEAP, what's the matter?"

The issue #13 of your HORROR-MOOD publication of PSYCHO, you made known of the end of your lastest HEAP series. You ended the story with a couple for a "YES HEAP ... NO HEAP" VOTE, and you said, that if there were enough votes in, you would continue the HEAP story. This is very good, and the response was almost unbelievable. I was equally shocked, when by issue #17 of PSYCHO (inside back cover), you announced the RETURN of the HEAP. One thing is wrong ... it is now issue #21, and STILL NO HEAP. What's the matter?



Here's the story, the WHOLE story ...

... Sometime ago, when the HEAP made his debut in PSYCHO #7 (GUY-HORROR-MOOD) this character shared prominence. Although the idea of THE HEAP was a year or more older than the character he possessed did show promise. It became very popular, particularly when Pablo Marcos took over the art chores. The issues featuring the HEAP stories, led to SKRYWALD get into the HORROR-MOOD, were very popular. Then, as you know, a new artist took over the last two chapters of THE HEAP ... what can we say, in all honesty, about those last two chapters that have not already been said — they were REALLY BAD! We were disappointed. We reacted (after we received an overwhelming YES HEAP VOTE) to revive THE HEAP and to do an one whole-hung dynamic GREAT series. So we contacted the art work of Ricardo Villamonte, who promptly left to do something and other type work. We then had to come here 4 (well, 5, too, four artists TRY to come up with a NEW and worthwhile HEAP character (by WORTHWHILE, too, in all honesty we were WORTHWHILE), because we were DETERMINED to do it RIGHT if at all. Time after time we were disappointed — well NOW — working on a concept of artist Steve Day — we have an outrageous ARTIST head up to do the NEW HEAP just as well as he's finished a certain contribution which is occupying all the time at the moment! The HEAP is not dead — far from it, certain kind of success, negative degree, in the old HEAP ARE dead — in particular the uncensored promise to do it! The NEW HEAP is all over and this-STRANGE — by the time HORROR-MOOD series, and some of the best artists in all of comics. You SO have to wait just a few more weeks — but IT'S BE WORTH the wait. HEAP (sorry) you're in for the BRONX of the DECADE when THE HEAP RETURNS!

WELCOME to the eleventh issue of SCREAM ...

... A Release, bunch of answers from Mrs. Pat Corbino ...

"The best story in NIGHTMARE AND THE NIGHTMARE JOURNAL THE STORY FAR EXCEEDED THE OTHERS IN THIS ISSUE AND THE SHOGGOTH SERIES IS VERY INTERESTING. My favorite is of course HORROR - MOOD story is THE RUTHLESS-BLIND MAN, CAUSE IT'S VERY SCOTTING. The ART WAS FANTASTIC, AND I LOVED THE SCRIPT. I love HORROR-MOOD magazine because by my opinion THEY ARE THE BEST IN LUSTERS. FOR TALE OF HORROR, FOR QUITS SOME THAT I WAS STUCK WITH YOUR COMMITTEE-TOR'S JUNK, BUT THEN I DISCOVERED THE HORROR-MOOD MAGAZINES AND IT WAS LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT, AND I WILL NEVER GO BACK AGAIN. My favorite HORROR-MOOD artist is awarded RICARDO VILLAMONTE. My favorite HORROR-MOOD cover artist is also PABLO CORBANO #8. My favorite type of story is HORROR. I think photographs are THE ONLY PHOTO FEATURED THAT I LIKED WERE THE MOVIE REVIEWS AND PREVIEWERS. My favorite HORROR-MOOD story title is CASTLE OF THE VAMPIRE DEAD. My favorite HORROR-MOOD CHARACTER are THE HERMAN GASCOYLES. My favorite HORROR-MOOD series is THE SHOGGOTH MYTHS. I think best stories ARE ALRIGHT IF THEY ARE KILL'D DOWN TO ABOUT ONE EVERY TWO ISSUES (NOT MORE THAN THAT).

A BISHMOTH BUNCH OF QUESTIONS FOR SCREAMER! — the best story in SCREAMER is "MY PRISON IN HELL" because Alan Hawesman is a fantastic character! He serves great like a good chance to develop character like Mervyn's. Gerry's art was exceedingly exciting. Hawesman's story never die down and get boring — you should have a HORROR-MOOD OFFLINE COLUMN which would offer a better the comic book as SKRYWALD and give some and pleasure. Also, organize your letters make and give complete letters — J. RUSSELL MORRISON of New York, BILL MESSICO of Maryland (— THE HUMAN CANDIDIDLY are fantastic — the art is fantastic — the characters have well personalities — J. MICHAEL COOMAS of Maine (— read to my records to less minutes details of fiction and death, SCREAM turns my fancy best — J.

... don't forget SCREAMER to IT also on this — a lettering the VICTIMS and INSPIRATO — see rep 'yall ...



THE BISHMOTH OF OTHER COMICS OF NIGHTMARE AND THE NIGHTMARE JOURNAL is a new magazine published by Steve Day and Bill Messico. It is a new magazine and is now in issue # 11.



MONSTER MONSTER

The strongest werewolf story ever to appear RETURNS in the pages of PSYCHO in the next issue, on sale December 22, 1941! Meet artist PAUL FURUSATO (and editor AUGUSTINE FUNNELL) to read the sensational tale to even greater heights in chapter 7: PSYCHO OF BLOODY DEATH, and in the spine-tingling adventure that will appear in every issue until a Christmas, blood-buster examining chapter 3 — don't DATE miss it!



What is the mysterious TALE OF EYE, SPECIAL EDITION you have heard about? Well, wouldn't it be the very SPECIAL 20TH BIRTH ANNIVERSARY COLLECTOR'S EDITION OF PSYCHO — a magazine (number 1) a single, strange theme — a love unshared right out of hell — in 1921, love with it and above. It's not a love, or an affair, you'd want to miss — so watch for it every



THIS IS LONDON, OR AT LEAST
A TYPICAL SLICE OF LONDON
SOMETIME DURING THE 17TH
CENTURY.

THERE ARE
PEOPLE
LIVING
HERE... NOT
THE BEST
OF PEOPLE
BUT HUMAN
BEINGS
HOWEVER?



SOME OF THEM TRY TO MAKE THE BEST OF A LIFE
THAT HAS ALREADY BEEN MADE.

I'M GOING DOWN
TO THE BUREAU WITH
ONE OF OLD WALKER'S
WAGS ANYTIME
FOR ME TO GO.



BUT LIFE
EVERYTHING
ELSE, THERE
ARE CHANGES
AND THEY ARE
NOT ALWAYS
GOOD.

...EVEN THOUGH
I KNOW BEFORE
I GO THAT HE
MIGHT!



IN FACT, SOMETHING
THAT HE HAD ACCIDENT!

ON MYSELF.



THE HORROR OF IT SEPS OFF AGAIN, THE SCENT OF DRIED BLOOD SAMBLES THROUGH HIS NOSTRILS, AND HE FEELS ALMOST SORE AGAINST THE WALL FOR BALANCE THIS QUINCY THING BEFORE HIM (SHE LAUGHED AND LIVED, AND WAS IN MOOD, IT WAS A FRIEND, A MARRIED FRIEND... BUT NOW, NOW, IT IS NOTHING MORE THAN A BLOODY LUMP OF AMARULOUS FORTNA, THERE IS HEADSPACE TO BE GAINED, BUT UPON WHAT? THAT'S THE QUESTION, AND EVERYONE MOVES.

YOU CAN'T JUDGE A KILLER BY THE CORPSE!



"WELL, I WANT AS IT'S WANT'S."
...MURDER?



"I'M... JUST THE SCORPION... AND THE..."



HIS VOICE TRAILS OFF THEN, HIS THROAT UNABLE TO FORCE ANY WORDS TO HIS TONGUE, AND ALTHOUGH IT SEEMS LIKE AN ETERNITY...



IT IS IN ACTUALITY ONLY A FEW SECONDS UNTIL THE AUTHORITIES ARRIVE.

"OOO OOO! WHAT HAPPENED HERE?"

"I... DON'T KNOW, I WAS ON MY WAY TO THE BUREAU, LOOKING FOR HENRY, WHEN I OBSERVED THE SCENE... IT WAS HORRIBLE!"



"YOU... RECALL HIM?"

"YES... HIS NAME IS... MURDER... JOHN JENNINGS LIVED IN HOUSE NO. 12."

IT'S AS SIMPLE AS THAT... A FEW GUERRILLAS, QUICKLY JOSTLED
APART, AND THE BODY IS CHASED AWAY... ONLY THE HORROR
REMAINS.



BUT WE'LL
LET YOU KNOW...

EVERY
THOUGH
HE KNOWS
THEY WOULDN'T
BE GETTING
IN TOUCH
WITH
HIM...
FRANK
WAITED.

SURFING THROUGH THE ARMY CHANGING A FRIEND... A
GOOD FRIEND, WAITING, WAITING FOR
SOMETHING.



YOU'LL LET US KNOW...
IF ANYTHING TURNS UP?

HEY! DON'T
DON'T THINK WE'LL
GET ANGRY THOUGH...
SOME THING LIKE THIS
IS USUALLY PRETTY
HARD TO TRACK
DOWN.



BUT A MAN CAN ONLY WAIT SO LONG... DO
NOTHING FOR JUST A MOMENT... LENGTH OF TIME
AND FINALLY... LATER... TELLING... IMPROVISED
SOLUTIONS.



DAMNIT! I'M NOT
GOING TO GET ANGRY
LIKE THIS ANY MORE!
IF THE BLOODY POLICE
WANT FIND JOHN'S
KILLER...
I'LL!



BUT PAUL...

BUT MORWYN! IT'S BEEN THREE BLASTED HOURS, AND THEY HAVEN'T COME UP WITH ANYTHING!

SO HE GOES TO FIND A HELLER... AND ALTHOUGH SHE DOESN'T WANT TO, SHE GOES TOO... FOR THERE IS A HAZARD LOCUS... AND SHE COULD NEVER LET HIM FACE IT ALONE!



EXCUSE ME, I'D LIKE TO ASK YOU A FEW QUESTIONS ABOUT THE MURDER OF JOHN JEROME ALLEN WARREN AND



COULD YOU TELL ME IF YOU HEARD ANYTHING...

I'LL SHOW YOU BLOODY BASTARD, WARE! BUCK OFF AND LEAVE ME ALONE!



IF A MAN CAN STAND ONLY 60 WINDY ANTIWINDS, THEN HE CAN STAND ONLY HALF AS HIGH ANTIWIND!

WHY? WHO'S THE AMYER WITH THOSE PEOPLE? NONE OF THEM SEEM TO CARE THAT A MAN WAS BURNED TO DEATH ALMOST ON THIS BLOODY GOODNESS!



I'LL TALK TO SOME MORE OF THEM RE-ANDERSON, THEY CAN'T PUT ME OFF FOREVER!

TO-MORROW... ANOTHER DAY TO BE FACED LIKE
 ANY OTHER... WITH QUARTERS, SCRAMMED
 EGGS... AND OTHER DRAB THINGS.

I'M LEAVING
 NOW JEN. TRY
 TO GET SOME OF
 THOSE ADORNS
 TO TALK TO ME.
 BE BACK SOON.



IT'S EVEN
 WORSE THAN
 JOHN!



ONCE NOW HE CAN SMELL THE BLOOD, HEAR
 THE FLESH BUZZING ABOUT. BUT HE KNOWS
 BOTH AS THE DOOR IS RIGHT OF HIM SLOWLY
 OPENS.

WELL... NOW WILL
 YOU HELP ME?
 LOOK AT THAT AND
 TELL ME TO PUZZ
 OVER!



HORROR!

GOD
 NOT AGAIN!



WORTH NOW I'LL
 GET SOME SHOWER
 AFTER IT'S TOO LATE
 FOR THIS ROOM.
 DEAL?

HE LOOKS
 AT WHAT
 WAS
 ONCE A
 WOMAN'S
 BEANS...
 BUT
 THERE IS
 NO
 DIRECTION
 IN HIS
 FURROWED
 NO HORROR
 AT WHAT
 LIES
 QUARREL
 DUBBY
 EXPLORE
 HIM!

LOOK MATE,
 IF YOU DON'T GO
 AGAIN, QUESTION
 THE DEAR THING MIGHT
 HELPEN TO YOU! SO
 WARRS YOU BETTER
 GET OUT OF HERE -
 WHAT YOU OWN!



THE DOOR SLAMS IN HIS FACE AGAIN, AND SLOWLY, EVER SO SLOWLY, SOMETHING BEGINS TO TAKE SHAPE IN HIS MIND...

SOMETHING HE COULDN'T BELIEVE WAS POSSIBLE



NO... IT COULDN'T BE... I DON'T THINK...

...BUT CAN'T QUITE BELIEVE HE MIGHT PROVE HE'S FOUND AN ANSWER... AND BY GOD HE'LL ACT ON IT!



THE POLICE WERE RIGHT! SA HE'D THE KILLER! TOLD ME THAT IF I DON'T STOP MORAN AROUND THE SAME TIME WOULD HAPPEN TO ME!

LOOKS LIKE HE'S THE ONE!



HEH HEH! I'VE FOUND THE KILLER!

WHAT!



FOR GOD'S SAKE HEH? HOW MUCH MORE PROOF DO YOU WANT HEH? HE SO MUCH AS TOLD ME HE'S THE KILLER!



AND RE-HEAT JOHN'S DEATH WILL BE ARRANGED! I'M GOING TO GET THE BUDDY CHERRY AND DO THE SAME TO HIM AS WE DID TO JOHN! I SWEAR! IT!

WELL, MAY NOT LET THE POLICE HANDLE IT? IT'S THEIR JOB AND THEY CAN DO IT.



SURE IT'S THEIR JOB AND SURE THEY CAN DO IT... BUT THEY HATE IT! BUT I DURE AS HELL NOT! I'LL FINISH IT ANYTIME THAT THEY GIVE ME A CHANCE!

RELUCED AND A SURVIVE SCROLLING BARRY AND TOOLS!

I GAD C'MON!!!



HE PAUSED FOR A MOMENT... BUT ONLY A MOMENT... THERE IS TIME LEFT FOR NOTHING BUT ACTION!

14

A FEW BASH MOMENTS, BUT BEHIND THE SCENES IS ANOTHER... WORKED FOR THE HUMAN PEACE THAT COULD INDETERMINATELY BE TO OVERCOME A LIVING BEHAVING HUMAN BEING! SO WHEN NIGHT COMES, THAT HATED HAS FORTIFIED.



OHEN JEN... WE'VE WAITED LONG ENOUGH!

BUT TALL...

HE WALKS WITH A PURPOSE, A COVER OF SIGHTSNESS, A VOICE HEARD BY ALL, HE PROMISED THIS NIGHT AND HE WILL BE THE INSTRUMENT OF LIBERATION!



14



HEY... LOOK AT HERE.



ALL WATCHED WITH BLOOD AS PEGGY COULDS INTO THE MAN'S EYES - HE KNOWS HE'S GOING TO DIE!



LONG AFTER LIFE HAS LEFT THE BLOODY FLESH BALL, CONTAMINATED TO MARCH AND BARK, PUFFING PUFFS OF BLOODY FLESH FROM WHITTENED NOSES.



LITTLE BOOM WAS SURELY GREAT. HE SEEPS... AND BARKY... OF A BOAT... RETURNS TO HIS BLAZED EYES!



IT'S FINISHED
JEN! I'VE
ANNOUNCED JOHN'S
DEATH!



SOMEBODY IN THE BACK OF HIS BRAIN A VOICE TELLS HIM
WAS A POOL HE HAS READY... BUT HE HAS LITTLE TIME TO
LIVEN...



JEN! NO!!
NO!!



SO VERY LITTLE
TEAR FOR
ANYTHING!



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**SHE WALKS AWAY FROM THE
STOMACHS OF ALL WHO ARE HERE...**



**...BOUNCE ON
HER SPRINGY BUTT!**

**...AND BEATING A
PROMISING BOYFRIEND
THAT CAN'T DO
ANYTHING!**

**SHE IS DENYING HER PARTNER
THE JOYS OF LOVE &
PROMISING THE GLORY
OF A THOUSAND
SLEEPLESS NIGHTS...**

**SURABLY FROM WITHIN
THE DARK SHADOWS OF THE
MIDNIGHT MALL!**

**WHY NOT?
WHAT IS HAPPENING?**



**OH PLEASE
DON'T
STOP THE
RAIN!
STOP THE
RAIN!**

**THE MOTHER GODDESSES
FORMING RAIN
FROM THE CROWD!**



WITH THE SHADOWS OF CHIPPED BRICK WALLS AT
THEIR FEET, APPROXIMATELY THE FIFTY-YEAR-OLD
OF LIVING PLAIN. NOW HE'S IN THE DARK, BUT
HE'S NOT THE ONLY ONE WHO'S BEEN TAKEN BY
SURPRISE BY THIS POLICE!

WHO ARE THEY?

THE BREEDERS!

MY GOD!
WHAT HAPPENED
TO HER!

SOMEONE CALL
THE POLICE!
HURRY! ... SOMEONE
CALL THEM!



I THINK...
I THINK I'M DEAD, HE...
...SUCK...

THE BREEDERS, AND DRAGONFLY BREEDERS ARE COMING INTO THE
COUNTRY OF GREAT BRITAIN FROM THE EAST. THE BREEDERS ARE
GOING TO BE TAKEN TO THE EAST AND BRED FROM THE BREEDERS
BACK HOME.

WE BETTER NOT
SAY ANYTHING
ABOUT THIS TO THE
PRESS!

GODDAM!
... BUT HER IDENTIFICATION
HAVE SHE BEEN MARRIED?
WE GOTTA TELL HER
HUSBAND SOMETHING.

... AND YOU SAY
SHE JUST
WALKED IN
MAD, AND
THEN YOU
HEARD
SCREAMS?

YEAH, THAT'S
WHAT HAPPENED!

SHE WAS ... IT WAS LYING IN
THE BARRAGE ... OVER THERE,
NEAR THE CAN.



THEN YOU RAN
IN, AND FOUND THE
BODIES?

HEAR THE
CANN PERIOD!



AS LITTLE AS POSSIBLE.
- LATE, WE FIND OUT
HOW SHE DIED!

THE RESEARCH IS DONE WITH LEFT HAND
GIVE THINGS - 400000... A MAN STANDS
LOOKING OVER THE EXTENSIVE TRENCH
RECORDS... BECAUSE, FIRST
BECAUSE, THEY ARE DESIGNED TO BE
OVERTHROWN!

"SOME KIND OF
RESEARCH?" THEY SAY!
NOW IS THAT POSSIBLE?

WAS IT A COPY OF ARTS THAT
SHE SHOULD BE NOW?
FOR HUSBAND HER FAT
MADE HE SICK!
I WAS SHARPER-ROSED
ASSIGNED TO BE
EVEN HITTY HERE!

NOW,
WHEN TRANSPORTED
TO REMAINING BEAUTY...

...NOW!

AFTER THE DEATH, WHEN A
MAY WOMAN WAS SCULPTURED
FROM THE GENIUS OF THE GOD,
AND WHEN MY LOVE FOR HER
WAS RESEARCH...

...WHY NOW?

ATTACHED WITH PETHOLOGY 2000
HE HUSBAND SHOULD ON WHAT
HE FEELS WITH THE GODS OF US
MOUNTAINS HAVE'S DEATH.

THE CHOCOLATES!
IT HAD TO BE THERE FIRST
CHOCOLATES WITH THEIR
OUTGROWN BUT THIS
MOMENTS!

I MUST FIND THESE!
THESE THINGS ARE MINE...
...SEARCH THEM OUT!

BLIND...
WITHOUT FAITH... HE GET OUT TO
SEARCH THOSE WHO HAVE
SUCCEEDED WITH HIM! A
LONG... CREATED... A HUNDRED
AVERAGE... THE LANGUAGE
MAYSELF UPON THE STREETS OF
THE CITY!

I MUST FIND THE
ANSWERS TO HIS
DEATH!
NOW!
... BEFORE
CHOCOLATE SHARDS
ARE MINE!



WITH GUTTERING HAIR DIPPING DOWN HIS FACE,
THE HUSBAND COMES TO THE **DRUG STORE**.
WHERE HIS WIFE BOUGHT HER "FORGOTTEN"
DEET CANDLE?



**GO AWAY!
CAN'T YOU SEE?
...WE'RE CLOSED!**



LOCATING THE **NOCTURNAL SOURCE** OF
DRUGS, THE **DRUGGIST** HURRIED
FORWARD THRU THE FRONT **DOOR** OF
STORE?



**YOU KILLED HER!
YOU KILLED—
...MY WIFE!**



**FORGET, MAN!
I AMN'T KILLED NO ONE!
NEVER!**

**DEWY
IT AIN'T, BOSSMAN!**

AS THE **DRUG STORE** DURING THIS TO
REGULATING HIS **WARRIORS**, HE FEELS
THE **DRUG** GIVE TREATY AROUND HIS
TRANSCENDING TWENTY?



**...BE YOU' SHALL
ADDISON WITH A LIE
ON YOUR TONGUE!**

HERE IT IS!
...200 SOUTH
VICTORIAN...
...ONLY A FEW
BOOKS AWAY!

WITHIN THE HOUR, HE FOUND HIMSELF
WALKING UP THE SLATE STAIRS OF
AN ANCIENT VICTORIAN MANSION!

YOU HAVE COME
WELL, MY PETS!

TODAY I'VE BROUGHT
GOOD HARVEST!

SLEEP!
TOMORROW... YOU
SHALL ENJOIN
YOUR...
MY NEW
OFFSPRINGS!

THE OLD MANN CROSSED THE
DREAM BEAMED FLOOR, TO
THE PORTALS OF DANNY
AND ANNE'S DOOR. HE
SAID THE AGE, THE WISDOM
OF AGE THAT ACCENT HIS
HAND. A DANCE IN DANCE TH
CROSSED THE CORRIDOR OF
HIS OWN, HE IS ALONE.

YES!
A VERY FINE
HARVEST, WARRIOR!

...AND FOR HIS PETS!

BY ALL THAT'S HOLY...
WHAT IS GOING ON?



YOU!
YOU OLD MAN ARE
RESPONSIBLE FOR THE
DEATH OF MY WIFE!
YOU MAKE THE COOKIES...
...THE CHOCOLATES...
...THEY KILLED HER!

NOW YOU SHALL FOLLOW ME!
YOU SHALL CROSS THE THRESHOLD,
YOU... SHALL DIE!

IT IS TRUE...
I MADE THE "FRODO'S AWAY"
BUT CHOCOLATES!
IT IS ONLY FITTING...
...FOR I AM THE
GUARDIAN OF...
THE BREEDERS!



WHILE THE HUSBAND MOURNS
THE FIRST SET OF STAIRS...

RUBEN!
DO NOT ASK THEM!
THEY ARE HERE TO
BENEFIT MARRIAGE!

THEY MEAN NO
ONE ASKING!
IT IS JUST
THEIR WAY!



...LARGE IS HEARD
FROM BELOW!

WITH A FEELING RECOGNIZES THE ANGER HE FEELS
AND FOLLOWS ACTION THE PERSON BLESSED TOOK AND
CLUTCHING THE OLD MAN IN HIS "COMFORTABLE AWAY!"



**WHO THE
HELL ARE
THE
BREEDERS?**
WHY DO THEY
WANT TO DO
WITH MY
WIFE'S
DEATH?
**WHERE
ARE THEY?**

...TOP OF STAIRS
FIRST ROOM...

UPON BY THE HUSBAND, STAIRS WERE
LEFT SCATTERED AROUND THE FOOT OF THE OLD
MAN... THE OLD RUC OF THE WAY...

I SEE OF YOU!
DO NOT DISTURB
THEM!
THEY DO NOT
KNOW YOU!
THEY WILL NOT
BE FEAR!



...THEY WILL
FALLS... FEAR...

LEAVE THE ROOM, ALL IS BURNING!
...AND TRULY THE BLACK CAN BE
MADE! (SCREAMING AND SCREAMING
SCREAMS FROM SOME DIRECTION
AND ANSWER CRYING!)

BETTER GET
A LIGHT IN
HERE!
IT'S TOO
DARK TO
FIND THEM!



WHEN THE SPOOKED THUMPING
OF THE DOWNFALLING BODY
GIVES THE OLD MAN SIGNALS
HE WAYS BACK TO THE ROOM...

BACK TO YOUR
BASKETS, MY PETS!
THE FOOD IS ALL GONE!
YOU MUST CREATE MORE
OFFSPRING...
...SEE THE CHOCOLATE
CANDIES ARE WAITING...
AND THOUSANDS OF
DIETING AMERICANS
LONG TO GAIN THOSE
EXTRA POUNDS!

LET'S TRY TO MAKE
THEM HAPPY, SHALL WE?

THE MAN STARTS TO
CREEP ILLUMINATING THE
ENTIRE ROOM AND ALL
OF ITS CONTENTS!
WITHIN THE FLOODING
SHADOWS OF THE LIGHT
STAINED AND STORING
DARKEN BURNING!

THEY ARE ATTRACTED TO
THE LIGHT! UNWITTINGLY TO
A LURE... ATTRACTED TO
THE SCENT OF THE
LIVING FLAME!

FOR THEY ARE THE
BREEDERS, AND IT IS
NOT WITHOUT THEIR
DEPENDENCY WISHING
TO LEAVE A MERE
UNLIT WORD!





BYRON ROBERTS

A long time after the release of **THE ECONOMY**, and a long time after the **ACADEMY AWARDS** ceremony where it won, **THE HOPKIN-WOOD** film seemed to me like a post mortem. Everyone in the lower middle profession is reading the same papers — primarily because it's been the first big budget feature movie in a long long time — we are interested in the production, the screenplay, but we feel it might perhaps be worth mentioning to look at the screen, after the way long movie got in fact the movie **HAI** about **CONTRASTION** in the article: **SUGGESTIVE FRANKEL**, who looks at the movie **EDWARD ECONOMY**, who looks at the book and the movie, and **AL HENNINGSON**, who looks at everything else, from very early on views on the death of the movie, including — the feature talk, exactly how we think and feel about **THE ECONOMY**.

THE EXORCIST



FROM THE EXORCIST

by EDWARD FEJORY

Aside from the cheap sensationalism that seems to grip the media around **THE EXORCIST** only one thing remains true, the original script it seems that you can't pass it around today without the word "exorcist" hovering at you from between some grandly letterhead-carved newspapers have been coming out with "Exorcist" supplements, at the papers that the more you get the more will come up their angling sales figures. In every major paper we have read stories about people who had visited mediums in the studio, or people who went off the proverbial "edge" . . . the to me, and to author William Peter Blatty Jr. in quite long, special inserts—with a capital "M". It would seem to be REAL horror, it did when that these people were walking the streets just prior to seeing the movie, I say, that if seeing **THE EXORCIST** helped them to realize they needed psychological help, then the movie has done nothing a good turn; these people probably would have gone untreated for years.

Well, dear reader, you are probably asking yourself why I am doing this review of **THE EXORCIST** when there is too of this gap for the newspapers already I write, to answer that, I'd have to say that it is the policy of the **WORLD** line of magazines to keep their readers informed and up-to-date with what is happening in the arts, concerning all things within the limits of the protocols. More than a review of the book, which I have already done for you in **PSYCHO** with I wanted to give you some of my views as both the author, William Peter Blatty, and the style of horror he writes in.

When one reads **THE EXORCIST**, one is immediately moved from the book and stuck into the very fabric of the story. You are no longer an impartial judge of style and technique, but become an active character in a situation of inner terror. Another example of this and dynamic writing can be found in Blatty's latest published book, **TWINKLE, TWINKLE, "KILLER" STAR**. One can easily draw similarities between **THE EXORCIST** and **Blatty's** **Blatty** and **Blatty's** **Blatty** . . . it seems that Blatty's pen has a flair for the quiet, inwardly questioning and disturbed type of central figure. Quiet, yet inside we are each privileged for his two words . . . each, a pillar of warmth, understanding, reserved and realistic strength.

In the movie **THE EXORCIST**, the character of Father Karras is played by James Miles. One cannot help but wonder why the part was not developed in the episodic proportions in the screenplay as it was in the novel. Perhaps Blatty did this intentionally . . . perhaps he felt the viewing public demanded a little more action and a little less philosophy and thought. As you can easily see, this is all speculation. But, I feel Karras should have been the primary figure in the movie as he was in the book. The novel focused on Karras as the central figure, while in the movie, it appears that the roles shifted so that Regan (the young girl, played by Linda Blair) was the main focus.

What is so unique about **THE EXORCIST**? Why has it been such a success? I do not feel that one of the major reasons for the success of the book and the movie, is in the type of horror that is being brought to the public. **THE EXORCIST** is gut-wrenching, unrelenting in a series of stomach-wrenching scenes. This is called opposed in the body, psychological and extremely eerie horror that Edgar Allan Poe gave us. If you feel that Poe is the epitome of REAL horror, you should forget about seeing or reading **THE EXORCIST**, because you won't be prepared to cope with horror in its finest, physical form! The thought of having someone in control of your body . . . of someone whose appearance is suddenly on the line . . . of being forced to feel and realize your own body—**THE** **TO ME**, **IS** **HORROR**.

Horror is always at its best when its surroundings are familiar to us, and what place could be more familiar to most of the readers than Washington, D.C. The point in time is also crucial. When at this experience is terror supposed to take place? The answer of the grotesque comes to realize when we find that our reading material is about something that took place two hundred years ago. In **THE EXORCIST**, the time is NOW . . . horror is realized like some revelation, cancerous growth and you feel yourself believing, or at least wondering if such a thing as demonic possession is possible.

If you want to be rid of your sins . . . if you want the thrill of being terrified at the moments that play across your bedroom walls on a night's sleep . . . if you wanted to recapture the frightening feelings that faded away from your system when you were a child, then **READ** and **SEE—THE EXORCIST!**

THE EXORCIST

Of: The Soundtrack
That Won't
By ALANING FRENELL

There are certain elements that all good movies need from it: a title, to be either good or bad. The two great uses of music, are a solid gut and solid spine. But beyond these, there is, in my mind, a third very important part of any good film: and that is the soundtrack. The music of any movie is a tool of inimitable proportions, and can be used to build virtually any mood, from joy to sadness, respect to awe, horror, the musical, sentimentality, by those moving on two major spectrums, did not feature any music to speak of.

In effect then, the entire movie that about the music of the Exorcist rather, it is about the use of music in the Exorcist. And because of that fact, the film suffered (at least, to the extent).

Who would not think something wrong if they heard Harry Manley's version of the Exorcist? Less the '60' during a cold wave country change? Or more? Well, it is wrong thing, is that, or is being so much. Perhaps the best of a soundtrack is wrong. It may itself include, or it may include music that can be used in many ways.

Those who saw the movie heard the first time from an album called TUBULAR BELLS, but, really, they heard no more TUBULAR BELLS in an album recorded in late '72, early '73 by a man named Mike Oldfield. It is perhaps one of the best pieces of music ever written, and although the movie could really have featured the entire thing it didn't.

Whether you enjoyed the movie or not, you have to admit it's a little creepy in places. What better than a complex soundtrack? Consider the instruments played by Oldfield, and decide for yourself whether or not their combination, individually and collectively, would have helped or hindered. Grand Piano, Grand Organ, Bass Guitar, Electric Guitar, Farfisa Organ,



Illustrated by GENE DAY



Music: Harry Manley, Andrew Curtis, Richard Dyer, Larry Coryell, Tomoko Kato, and production companies. That is, only as the day, and it's not even a complete list. It is beyond me how instruments in those, even those which virtually any good movie is made, and I, built by Oldfield, could have a better in fact, may have the spirit of the movie.

People who have seen the entire album know that the entire music of the movie could have done nothing but represent the progress and horror. The music is not, however, everything it is had with good, applied properly. The high-contrast impact and build-up of the Exorcist would have been much more effective, much more powerful.

The real thing about the lack of music in the Exorcist is that the arrangement of TUBULAR BELLS are perfect for the type of movie the Exorcist is. At times, the music is more, including, including, from the flow of the film is perfect for the Exorcist. Properly applied, there is a strong feeling of TUBULAR BELLS that would not have been in right one place.

I'll not, alone in my dream of being shaped out for a sound track. A number of my friends have heard the album know they saw the movie, on I did, and when it was over they commented on the music. I generally walked and walked for the familiar scenes to recall by one of the most dramatic points, but was left empty, being forced to rely on music alone for a build-up. As often happens, in the case of music, it was not enough. My music had to be built with music. They weren't.

What can I say about the music in a film that had no music? I could, tell people with the goodness of the film, but what good would that do? It doesn't matter music how but those who have heard and enjoyed TUBULAR BELLS but who haven't seen the movie (that can be someone somewhere), I can only warn you that you're missing the goodness from the soundtrack. So don't expect the experience. It doesn't exist.



ONCE UPON A MIDWINTER DREAR, WHILE I PONDERS, WEAIR AND WEAR... THERE CAME A DARRING... AS OF SEASONAL GENTLY RAINING, RAISING AT MY CHAMBER DOOR...

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MR. POE AND THE RAVEN



AGHES TO AGHES...

DUST TO DUST.

...LENOX IS GONE FROM US NOW, NEVERMORE TO BE IN OUR AMIDST, NEVERMORE TO WALK AMONG US.



written by PETER CAMPBELL

Illustrated by DENIS FIELD



...NEVERMORE TO BE IN MY LOVE, LENOX...

AS THE BENDER COMETH TO YOU TO YOUR GRAVE... SO I COMETH TO BE FOREVER IN MY MEMORY!



MR. LENOX... HOW I LOVE THEE, EVEN BEYOND THE GRAVE... WHAT HORROR DYSMANCE WAS IT THAT TOOK YOU FROM ME? WHAT DREAD THING BY HELL PULLED YOU FROM ME...

...HEAVEN OR HELL?... WHERE ARE YOU, MY LOVE?!

...AS DISTINCTLY I REMEMBERED IT WAS IN DARK DECEMBER.

...WHILE I SCOURED TO
RECOVER FROM MY BOOKS
THE END OF SORROW, MY
SEARCH FOR MY LOST
LENORE...

...THESE BOOKS DO ME
NO GOOD... I SEEK TO
BURY MYSELF IN THEM TO
FORGET THE HORRORS
OF LENORE'S DEATH!
BUT...

... BUT ...
I CAN THINK ...
OF
NOTHING
ELSE BUT
LENORE

... MY
LOST
LENORE ...

SOON I HEARD A TAPPING, SOMEWHAT **LENORE** TRAIL
OFFERS... AND AT THE WINDOW THERE STOOD A GHOSTLY
GAVIN... WHO STAYED THERE NOT A MOMENT, BUT FLEW
ABOVE THE CHAMBER DOOR AND PERCHED UPON A
RUST...

... THOU
GHOSTLY GAVIN AND
ANCIENT RAVEN ...
HAST THOU WORD OF
MY LENORE ?...

... A
MESSAGE
FROM BEYOND
THE LIFE OF
LOST LENORE ...

NEVERMORE

... NEVER-
MORE ...

WRETCH!! ... WHO
HATH SENT THESE
LENORE LENORE ? OR
LATHAN OR GOD OR
WHO? ... TO TAUNT ME,
TO MOCK MY LOVE
FOR LENORE ?...

... WHILE I MOODED HEARLY AMONG, SUDDENLY
THERE CAME A TAPPING... AS OF SOMEONE GENTLY
RAPPING, RAPPING AT MY CHAMBER DOOR ...

... SIR ...
OR KNIGHT ... I
WAS SLEEPING ...
WHO IS THERE ?

... HERE I OPENED UPON THE DOOR, DARKNESS THERE AND
NOTHING MORE ...

WHO IS
HERE ... IS
THERE NO ONE
HERE ?

... PERHAPS
THE GHOST OF MY
LOST LENORE ? ...



NEVER-MORE...



...BE THAT WORD OUR SHAW OF PARTING, BIRD OR FRIEND...
GET OUT -- GET AWAY FROM ME. BLACK THING OF EVIL... YOU TALKT ME WITH MY LOVE... MY UNKING LOVE... THEY SEE I LOVE IS DEAD...

GET OUT! GET OUT!!

NEVERMORE...
NEVERMORE... NEVERMORE...



NEVERMORE!
NEVERMORE!
IS THAT ALL YOU SAY THING OF EVIL... ARE YOU BIRD OR DEVIL? TELL ME THEY ARE ONLY ONE THING...

ARE YOU DE HEAVEN OR HELL-- IS LEVORE IN HEAVEN? OR IN HELL?...



GET OUT! GET OUT! BEAST! FRIEND! TORTURER!!
WTF THE ARE YOU AT DOOR...
LEAVE... DEPART...
GET OUT... GET OUT... I CAN TAKE NO MORE... NO MORE!

GET OUT BASTARD BIRD... GET OUT...

NEVERMORE...

NEVERMORE...



I CAN TAKE NO MORE, WITHOUT LEVORE...
WITHOUT LEVORE...

I CANNOT LIVE... WITHOUT LEVORE...

NEVERMORE...
NEVERMORE...

AND THE JEWISH STATE
WILL STILL SUFFER
THE BROTHERS OF DEATH
AND THE LIVES OF THE
AND SUFFERING IN SPAIN
AND THE BROTHERS OF DEATH
AND THE BROTHERS OF DEATH
AND THE BROTHERS OF DEATH





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POSTER B21



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POSTER B23



POSTER B24



POSTER B25

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MUG

SMILE AWAY — there are really great looking skulls when you're sober. Keep one in your liquor cabinet — looks great as an extra treat when you're drinking from it.

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Very Scary — SCARY SKULLS SHINE GLOW IN THE DARK — each \$2.50 — medium \$3.50 — large \$4.50. Use these skulls to get all the scary ideas to try on your face for the night.

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Give your face real life with the REAL SCARS and make it people guess if you have been applying them. You see a scar on your face — the scars don't rub off there — apply real.

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BANKS

TRICK NAME — use this name on a skull. Don't look at your face and see the great alternative to a skull. It's a great idea.

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hand

Perfectly the shape of a hand — use it on your hand. It's a great idea. It's a great idea. It's a great idea.

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KIT

Give your face all the fun of a real skull. It's a great idea. It's a great idea. It's a great idea.

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SNAKE

A real snake. It's a great idea. It's a great idea. It's a great idea.

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nails

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HANDS

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KIT

Give your face all the fun of a real skull. It's a great idea. It's a great idea. It's a great idea.

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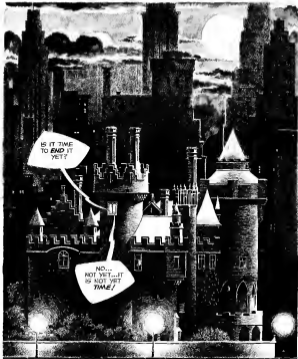
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THIS... IS THE CONTINUING SAGA OF THE VICTIMS... CHAPTER 5... AND WE ARE DRAWING NEAR TO A CLOSE IN THE ADVENTURES OF JOSEY FORSTER AND ANNE ADAMS...

...AND NOW... IT IS TIME FOR SOME HARD N' GOOD ANSWERS...

THE SAGA OF THE VICTIMS



THE TALE OF THE WORMS IS NOW NEARLY OVER, THO' THEY DO NOT KNOW IT YET...



THERE IS
MUCH YET...
AT MY
DISPOSAL...

...TO...
MAKE THEM
SURRENDER.



...THEY HAVE
INCREDIBLE...
STRENGTH...



...INCREDIBLE
INWARD
STRENGTH...

...WILL THEY
SURRENDER?

... I DO NOT KNOW
IF THEY WILL SUCCEED...
BUT THEY HAVE SO FAR
SEEN WORM AND
BEATEN TO THE POINT
WHERE I SHALL LEARN
IF THEY'LL GET UPON
THEIR KNEES
OR...

...NOT...



...THIS IS THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WORLD...THIS IS AFRICA...THE VICTIMS ARE WITHIN THE MIGHTY HANDS OF A SUB-HUMAN IMMORAL BEHEMOTH WHO IS ABOUT TO SQUASH THEIR LIVES OUT...

...THE VICTIMS HAVE BEEN NEAR-DROWNED, NEAR DIED, OFTEN...THEY HAVE BEEN BRUTALLY BEATEN AND TORMENTED IN A SEEMINGLESS ENDLESS SERIES OF LUNATIC SITUATIONS... *1987*

...THESE NOW DRAWNS AN ULTIMATE REASON FOR THEIR AGONY...

...AND YOU'VE BEEN GIVING ANSWERS SO WE BEGIN CHAPTER 3 OF THE SAGA OF THE VICTIMS...

I AM A PROUD MONSTROSITY

... YOU WITLESS GIRLS ARE ABOUT TO

DIE!

WRITTEN BY
ALAN BERTHOUD
ILLUSTRATED BY RUDY

1987
D.C.









...OH, GOD... GOD...
THE SAND...
CHOKING MY LUNGS...
I CAN'T
BREATHE...



...IT'S
RIPPING
MY
SKIN...



...IT'S DYING OUT, ANNE...
HOLD ON... HOLD ON TO
YOUR MIND
ABOVE ALL...



...IT'S
GONE!!

...AND WE'RE
STILL ALIVE... WE
COULDN'T LIVE THROUGH
SOMETHING LIKE THAT UNDER
NORMAL CIRCUMSTANCES...
UNPROTECTED... OUT
IN THE OPEN LIKE
THIS...

...JUST
TORMEN TED??...

...YES...
SOMETHING IS
CHALLENGING US... CHAL-
LENGING US WHY I DON'T
KNOW BUT WE ARE NOT GOING
TO DIE... WE ARE JUST
GOING TO BE TORMENTED...



...OH MY GOD... MY LEG... MY LEG...

MY LEG!



...WE'RE SURROUNDED BY THEM, JOCEY...

...WHERE DID THEY COME FROM, ANNE?

WHERE?



HELL, NO DOUBT... KICK AT THEM... THEY CAN'T KILL US... ONLY HURT US...



THE GROUND IS SHAKING UNDERNEATH OUR FEET...

...IT'S A DIRT OPENING UP...



...IT'S WATER!

BOILING WATER!



...IT'S SCALDING MY SKIN!

ANNE...
GOD...
ANNE!!

...THIS IS THE SAGA OF THE VICTIMS...THIS IS THE TORTURED PART OF A HELLSIDE HUMAN BEING THROWN INTO CANNON AND WELL...TOP FURIED TO MAKE THEM BREAK AND SUC-CUMB...WHY DO THEY NOT SUC-CUMB?



... WHY DO THEY NOT GIVE UP
AND ADMIT THE TORTURE AND
THE PAIN AND THE ENDLESS
AGONY IS TOO MUCH FOR
THEM?... WHY?

... PERHAPS BECAUSE
THEY SENSE THERE IS
MORE THAN JUST THE
SIMPLE ADMISSION OF
DEFEAT INVOLVED...

... PERHAPS BECAUSE THEY REAL-
IZE THAT NO-ONE IS GOING TO
GO TO ALL THE TROUBLE OF BREAK-
ING THEM WITHOUT A POWERFUL
REASON...

... AND PERHAPS THIS KNOW-
LEDGE IS SUBCONSCIOUS
KNOWLEDGE... PERHAPS THEY CAN
NOT SPEAK THEIR INWARD FEEL-
INGS TO EACH OTHER BUT THEY
INDOLITELY DON'T HAVE TO...





...WHAT KIND OF PLACE IS THIS?

IT APPEARS TO BE AN UNDERGROUND TUNNEL... OR SEVERAL TUNNELS... IS THERE ANY POINT IN US TRYING TO GO DOWN ONE?...

...NO...I DON'T THINK THERE'S ANY POINT IN TRYING TO ESCAPE...WE CAN NOT ESCAPE...WE MUST JUST ENDURE...



...WHAT'S THAT NOISE?

WAPP
WAPP
WAPP
WAPP
WAPP
WAPP
WAPP
WAPP



WAPP WAPP WAPP WAPP WAPP WAPP
WAPP WAPP WAPP WAPP
WAPP

...OH GOD...
WHAT IS THAT NOISE?

NO, JOSEY,
NO, JOSEY FOR GOD'S
SAKE DON'T SAY
THAT...

...PLEASE, MOM!

...NO... I
MUST HANG
ONTO LIFE
...I
MUST...

WAPP
WAPP
WAPP

...THEY CLOSED THEIR EYES, THO
AND THEY SUCCEEDED AT LEAST TO
A FETAL POSITION... AND THEY
ROOPE THEMSELVES UP INTO SUCH
LITTLE PARADES THAT THEY BARELY
BOASTED...

...AND WHEN THE CORPSES WHO WERE ONCE NAZI STORM
TROOPERS MARCHED OVER THEM THEY DID NOT FEEL IT
TOO MUCH FOR THEIR MINDS WERE A MILLION YEARS
AWAY IN ANOTHER PLACE AND IN ANOTHER TIME...

WAPP
WAPP
WAPP
WAPP
WAPP
WAPP

THUMP
THUMP
THUMP
THUMP
THUMP

THUMP
THUMP
THUMP
THUMP
THUMP

...WITH THEIR
PARENTS... IN THEIR
CHILDHOODS...



...HAVE THEY GONE?

...YES...THEY'VE GONE INTO ONE OF THE TUNNELS...

WAPP WAPP
WAPP WAPP WAPP
WAPP WAPP WAPP
WAPP WAPP WAPP
WAPP WAPP WAPP

...WHERE'S ALL THE DUST COMING FROM?
...IT'S GETTING DARK...



...THERE ARE NO TORTURES LEFT, JOSEY... THIS ONE IS THE LAST... IT MUST BE THE LAST... THERE IS NOTHING LEFT...
SCAFF SCAFF S
NOTHING...
...PERHAPS THIS IS WHERE WE DIE... SCAFF SCAFF... MAYBE THIS IS THE END, ANNE



...THE AIR BEING FILLED UP... WITH EARTH!!

ANNE... WE'LL BE SUFFOCATED!





THEY GET UP FROM
THEIR BEDS AND
COVER THEIR FEET
AND SHOULDERS
AND WRISTING IT.
AND THEY PRETEND
IT'S DEAD AND THAT
THOSE WILL BE NO MORE
TO **FEAR** AND MORE TO
#FUTURE...



BUT WHEN THE TRAIN
IS FILLED UP TO A
IN EXCESS, THEY SILENCE
AT THEIR BEDS AND
THEIR COACHES, THAT
BLOOD FROM NO, NOT
SUCK UP... AND WITH
WILLY COACHMAN,
LEAD FOR SURVIVAL WAY
BE THEM, THEY STRUGGLE
TO THE SURFACE...



STRUGGLE TO
THEIR STRENGTH OF
REASON, DENY
THEIR STRENGTH.



AND WHEN THEY
REVIEW THE SURFACE,
THEY ARE AGAIN ALIVE
AND AGAIN DON'T CAN
VICTORY OVER THEIR
FORMER TORS.

... YOU
HAVE
LOST!

WHOEVER ...
WHATEVER YOU
ARE ... YOU HAVE
LOST!



**NO, YOU
HAVE LOST!**

NO!



Now...you MAY
REST EASY...
YOUR PERSONAL
TORMENT IS
OVER!



...WHAT IS
GOING TO
HAPPEN TO
US NOW,
JOBBY?

...I DON'T
KNOW ANY
MORE THAN
YOU DO...

I SWEAR
I DON'T...



...ANOTHER
MOVIE... MAMMAMAMAM

...SOME
KIND OF
LITTLE
PLANE...

...WHAT
ARE THEY?

...DUNNO...
THEY LOOK
HARMLESS...

...THE VOICE
SAID OUR TORMENT
WAS EXANISHED...

COME
MOVIE...





...WE'RE FLYING AT A TREMENDOUS SPEED...

...WE SEEM TO BE COVERING WHOLE COUNTRIES IN SECONDS...



MANHATTAN!

...OBVIOUSLY WE'RE BEING TAKEN TO THE EAR OF OUR TORNAUTOR...

RIGHT... AND I'LL GIVE YOU JUST ONE GUESS EXACTLY WHERE THAT IS...



...SCOLLARD MANSE!!



...WE'RE FLYING
RIGHT INSIDE IT AT
HUNDREDS OF MILES
PER HOUR!



...IT'S...
INCREDIBLE...

WE JUST
JUST STOPPED
DEAD...

...STOPPED
LIKE WE WOEN'T
EVEN MOVING...

...BUT THERE'S
SOMETHING
RISE NOW...

...THE
WHOLE
BUILDING IS
SHAKING
VIOLENTLY...

EEEEEEEEEE



...MY GOD,
JOEY, THE
NOISE!!



...THIS IS NEAR THE
END... A SINGLE CONCLUD-
ING CHAPTER PRESENTS
ALL THE ANSWERS TO ALL
THE MACABRE QUESTIONS
THAT CAN BE ASKED ABOUT

**THE SAGA
OF THE VICTIMS**

...INSIDE THIS THING THAT IS
NOW A SPACE-MACHINE-OF-SORTS,
ONCE A SCHOOL-GIRL'S TWO
YOUNG AND VERY ADAMANT SIBLS
TOTALLY SHARE WITH UNBRIDLED,
ADMITTED FEAR...

POOOOOOOOM!

...WHAT THEY HAVE BEEN THROUGH
THESE LAST FEW DAYS THEY NOW
KNOW IS VERY LITTLE COMPARED
WITH WHAT NOW FACES THEM...

...FOR AHEAD
LIES AN ANSWER
THEY KNOW THEY DO
NOW WANT TO KNOW...

NEXT: WE CONCLUDE WITH CHAPTER 6!

I AM WHAT I AM!



The Human Gargoyles

A very special selection of HUMAN GARGOYLE story material — THE LEGEND OF THE HUMAN GARGOYLES on page 4, THE HUMAN GARGOYLES VS. THE HUMAN GARGOYLES on page 5, and a special preview of a very special cover in the works . . . page 12

Tradition of the Wolf

TRADITIONS are treated to a snarling ruffal follow-up. . . but traditions are laws, and laws are meant to be broken . . . page 15

Deathwalk

A walk straight into the fiery gates of eternal damnation . . . page 20

Vampire Freaks

When a fresh trio to be a place pay the admission price demanded on — when a whole gang of freaks try the WHOLE WORLD seems to sleep on them . . . page 25

Fistful of Flesh

Is a point of ten any place to KILL a man? What if the man isn't a man at all but is a ORIGINAL VAMPIRE . . . page 32

Snakewizard

The birth of a brand new comic character series by legendary Fearful — a horror event . . . page 38

NOW ON SALE

GET IT AT YOUR

HORROR-MOOD MAGAZINE STORE





This is the
face of

SATAN

a face often
seen in
the pages of

PSYCHO

in the
next issue,
on sale 12/30/74

Blasty Comic Network

a subdivision of DCP

**DOWN Super Kitty!
Baaaaad hitty, no!**

**He heard you had leeches but weren't
sharing. Pretty lame. Don't make
Super Kitty hunt you down.
Got it SHARE it!**

**MEOWWWWWR!
SUPER-SASSAFRASS-SUM-BITCH's!
I HATE THE LEECHES
WHO NO SHARE! GROWL!
FIND'EM, CHEW'EM UP!
MAKE THEM MY NEW CHEW TOY!**



SPROUTSCAN

PUBLISHED BY SPROUTSIAH


C2C
HORROR
DCP

- INSIDE -
MONSTERS
BATTLE FOR THE

BLOOD

OF THE
"OLD
VAMPIRE
LADY"

PSYCHO T.M.

75c  47789 NO. 16 JAN 1974

A SKYWALD
HORROR-MOOD
PUBLICATION



THE FREAKS OF HORROR HOTEL

are in the next issue of

NIGHTMARE

NUMBER 17 - ON SALE NEXT MONTH



...along with more horrors than you can
shake a stick at, like

THE BLACK SCULPTURE OF THE PHAROAHS by Ricardo Villamonte
THEM by Mare Nava

NOW - ANOTHER MANIAC by Maelo Cistron

THESE ARE THE THINGS THAT ARE DEAD by Delo Rosa

...all **CLASH** ... nix 'em not

and
THE BLACK CAT
by
EDGAR ALLAN POE



PSYCHO



THE OLD VAMPIRE LADY

novel adaptation by DOMINICO

Story by ALAN WELTSCHMAN and JESUS OJIAN
PAGE 4 — our story takes us to the world old
and the world new. IT'S REAL! It
is a story that has not been told
before.

TEEN-READER-SLUGGER PAGES

PAGE 13 — presenting a new comic
strip by the author of the
comic strip "The Vampire"
by the author of the comic strip
"The Vampire".

MONSTER MONSTER

by ALAN WELTSCHMAN

and JESUS OJIAN

PAGE 17 — the story of a monster
who has been brought back to
life. It is a story that has not
been told before.

they live in Darkos Mansion

by JOE DENTYN and MARIO NAVA

PAGE 24 — the hell-hole DARKOS MANSION,
within a great southern swamp
comes ALIVE with wretched MON-
STERS-WHO-ARE-DEAD . . .

THE THING WITH THE RED RIBBON IN ITS HAIR

by EDGAR ALLAN POE

PAGE 27 — the story of a man who is
led, by a ribbon in his hair, and,
and he is a murderer . . .

Dead -- But Not Yet Buried

PAGE 33 — the story of the master-man-
macabre — EDGAR ALLAN POE —
the most ESSENTIAL writer in the
HISTORY OF HORROR . . .

THE THING IN THE BOX

by EDGAR ALLAN POE

PAGE 37 — the story of a man who
is told that you the thing in the box
was a MURDERER. Do you BELIEVE
it? You'll have the POT-
ENTIAL of a MURDERER? We kid you
not . . .

The hunger of the slaughter SLUDGE-BEASTS

by DOUG MOENCH and SUSO

PAGE 43 — the SLAUGHTER-SLUDGE THING
is on a rampage to DEVOUR THE
WORLD and NOTHING can stand
in its way . . .

THE PREMATURE BURIAL OF A MUMMY

by H. W. WELLS and J. H. ROSA

PAGE 51 — the story of a man who
is buried in a coffin of OLD
EGYPTIAN MUMMIFYING WAX, the
MUMMY OF A PHARAOH
IN A BURIAL VAULT

NOSFERATU

movie review

by emotionally-disturbed film buff ED FEDORY
PAGE 58 — "You look upon the face and form
of the VAMPIRE and you FREEZE
THE BLOOD that surges through
your VEINS . . ."

CREED

by W. W. WELLS

PAGE 61 — the story of a man who
is killed by a creature of the sea
— KILLER. His VICTIMS become
MURDERERS. In the END ironic
justice is done. The revenge of the
MURDERERS will take . . .

A SKYWALK HORROR-MOOD PUBLICATION

PSYCHO IS PUBLISHED BY THE SKYWALK PUBLICATION CORPORATION, 18 EAST
15TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY, N.Y. 10011. PUBLISHED MONTHLY, \$2.00 PER
ISSUE. PUBLISHED BY TERESA WALDMAN AND MARGARET WALDMAN,
EDITED BY ALAN WELTSCHMAN. PRICE THE FULL COPY. ANY RESemblance
OF CHARACTERS HEREIN TO PERSONS LIVING OR DEAD IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL.
MATERIAL MAY BE REPRODUCED IN ANY FORM WITHOUT THE EXPRESS PERMISSION
OF THE PUBLISHER, PRINTED IN CANADA, ILLUSTRATED BY MARIE ROWE.

...HELLO YOUNG MAN... HEH HEH... YOU CAME TO INTERVIEW ME TO GET MY STORY BK?

...WELL... COME ON THEN... COME LISTEN TO THE RAWLINGS OF A WRETCHED OLD WOMAN... COME ON THEN... COME... COME...

...LISTEN TO THE STORY OF THE OLD VAMPIRE LADY...

... MAY I TAKE PHOTOGRAPHS?...

...OF COURSE YOU MAY BUT DON'T EXPECT ANYTHING TO COME OUT ON YOUR FILM YOUNG MAN...
...HEH HEH HEH... VAMPIRES DON'T PHOTOGRAPH YOU KNOW

... WELL NOW...
HERE WE ARE...
... NOW WHY DON'T YOU GO AHEAD AND ASK YOUR FIRST QUESTION...

... THE ONLY PLACE I KNOW TO START IS AT THE BEGINNING...
SO... LET ME ASK YOU ABOUT THE BEGINNING THEN.

... WHEN WERE YOU BORN?...

... WHEN WAS I BORN? MARRA? LET ME THINK NOW... LET ME THINK...

... WELL... AS NEAR AS I CAN REMEMBER... IT WAS IN 1776...

... YES... THAT'S ABOUT IT...

... I WAS BORN IN 1776...

... AND... SO STARTS OUR TALE... IN 1776... AT THE BEGINNING OF THE LIFE OF...

THE OLD VAMPIRE LADY

WRITTEN BY ALAN HEWITSON ILLUSTRATED BY DORIAN

...YES... I WAS BORN IN 1776 TO JOHN AND WARSHA VOST IN NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA... MY FATHER WAS A SEAMAN WHO HAD LEFT HIS PROFESSION AND TAKEN UP BLACKSMITHING FOR A LIVING...



...WHEN I WAS 5 YEARS OLD HE WAS PRESS-GANGED ABOARD A WHALER... I NEVER SAW HIM AGAIN...

MY MOTHER EARNED AN ADEQUATE LIVING FOR US AS A SEAMSTRESS FOR MANY YEARS... TILL SHE MARRIED A CUSTOMER, A WEALTHY FRENCHMAN... WHO INTRODUCED US TO LUXURY...



...I WAS SENT AWAY TO A SCHOOL IN EUROPE... AN ALL-GIRLS SCHOOL TO LEARN BREEDING AND THE WAYS OF NOWHOOD.



...THERE I GREW UP... MY STORY REALLY BEGINS THERE... WHERE I WAS RE-BORN UNDER THE GUIDANCE OF THE SEAMSTRESS... A WOMAN WHO WAS... A... VAMPIRE...



...I WAS... THE TEACHER'S PET? SO TO SPEAK
...AND THE TEACHER WAS A WHIMPRESS...

...I WAS 10 YEARS OLD...

...I CAN GIVE YOU POWER LIKE
YOU NEVER DREAMED CHILD...

DO YOU LIKE
IT HERE CHILD?

WHY... YES...

...WOULD YOU
LIKE-- SPECIAL
PRIVILEGES--
OVER THE OTHER--
GIRLS P...

WHY YES...
BUT... HOW P.

...I RULED OVER THE
SCHOOL. DOMINATED THE
OTHER GIRLS WITH THE FEROCITY
OF YOUTH...

...THE HEADMISTRESS AND I... WE...
'CONVERTED' MANY OTHERS TOO... BUT
THEY SERVED ONLY US AND WE SAW TO IT
THAT THEIR MINDS WERE BREAK...

...THOSE EARLY DAYS...
THOSE EVIL DAYS OF MY
TEENS WERE AMBIGUOUS TO
ME... ROMANTIC... WE
WOULD INVITE A NEIGHBORING
BOYS SCHOOL FOR A
SUMMER PICNIC
EVERY YEAR...

...AND EVERY YEAR, ONE OF THE BOYS WOULD NEVER
RETURN... HE WOULD MEET
WITH AN UNFORTUNATE
ACCIDENT...

...IT WAS THE DAY OF MY 19TH BIRTHDAY... I REMEMBER THE DAY WELL FOR IT SIGNIFIED THE END OF MY CHILDHOOD... ONE OF THE GIRLS WAS CALLED HOME AND HER PARENTS DISCOVERED WHAT SHE'D... TURNED INTO!



...THE POLICE CLOSED THE SCHOOL AND THE GIRLS WERE ALL SENT HOME... THE HEADMISTRESS AND I ESCAPED ON FOOT INTO THE NIGHT...



...NOT FAR AWAY FROM THE SCHOOL A COACH DREW UP AND A 'GENTLEMAN' SPOKE TO US...

...YOU ARE MADAME LETHARGE?...

...YES... ARE YOU THE POLICE?
NO NO... OF COURSE NOT... I AM NOT EVEN A FELLOW FRENCHMAN... I AM GERMAN... AND A NOBLE... ALLOW ME TO PRESENT MYSELF... I AM BARON MEINSTER...

...MEINSTER?...

...AHHH... I SEE YOU HAVE HEARD OF ME MADAME... JUST AS I HEARD OF YOU JUST TODAY...

...YOU WILL ACCEPT A RIDE IN MY CARRIAGE OF COURSE?...



...OF COURSE WE ACCEPTED A RIDE FROM THE MOST FAMOUS, OR INFAMOUS, VAMPIRE OF THE DAY... HE OFFERED US THE HOSPITALITY OF HIS CASTLE ONLY A DAY'S RIDE AWAY... AND I OBSERVED THAT MY MISTRESS WAS INFATUATED WITH THE BARON, AS INDEED, HE WAS WITH HER.

FOR THO SHE WAS SO, SHE HAD

THE BEAUTY OF A YOUNG WOMAN DUE TO HER POWERS...



...OR SO IT SEEMED... BUT IN PRIVATE IT WAS ME THE BARON LOVED... I REALIZED THEN THAT I HAD GROWN INTO AN ATTRACTIVE YOUNG WOMAN, AND SINCE THE BARON AND I SHARED THE SAME LUSTS, IT WAS NATURAL THAT WE FELL IN LOVE... HE WITH MY AGE AND BEAUTY... AND I WITH HIS POWER AND MATURITY...



...WHAT IS THIS?
...MADAME... I...
...HEADMISTRESS!...

...SO... YOU LOVE ME ONE MOMENT AND THIS CHILD THE NEXT...

...CHOOSE WEINSTER... CHOOSE WHO YOU WOULD LOVE...
YOU CONFRONT ME UNWISELY MADAME... WITH TOO MUCH CONCEIT... THERE IS OBVIOUSLY NO CHOICE ON MY PART...
...I LOVE THIS 'CAULD'... WHO IS THE MOST ASTONISHING, AND THE MOST BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMAN I HAVE EVER KNOWN...



...YOU MEAN TO KILL ME?

...YOU WILL ONLY CAUSE US TROUBLE...
...YES... I MEAN TO KILL YOU...

NO!



...LET ME!...





...I THOUGHT... I THOUGHT
WE WOULD LIVE HAPPILY
EVER-AFTER...



...WE WERE SO IN LOVE...
WE DID EVERYTHING
TOGETHER...



...PERHAPS WE SHOULD'VE
STAYED THERE BUT... BUT
THE AUTHORITIES WERE
BEGINNING TO SUSPECT
US AND WE WERE RUNNING
SHORT OF VICTIMS SO
WE LEFT THE CASTLE...
MOVED TO LONDON IN
ENGLAND...



...BUT THE **BARON** WAS SOON
TRAPPED BY THE POLICE AND
WAS **KILLED**... I ONLY
ESCAPED BY **SHEER LUCK**...



...LONELY AND
HOPELESSLY TORMENTED
BY THE SIGHT OF MY DEAD
LOVER, I WONDERED
ABOUT EUROPE AIMLESSLY...
... THEN TRAVELLED
HOME TO NEW
ORLEANS TO SEE MY
MOTHER...



...AGAIN I WAS ALONE... I WENT WEST... INTO THE OLD AMERICAN WEST... TRAVELLING BY NIGHT AND SLEEPING BY DAY...



...HE DISCOVERED ME **HERE**... IN THIS VERY GRAVEYARD... SLEEPING UNDER THE SHADE OF A TOMBSTONE...



...HE WAS THE MOST WONDERFUL MAN I HAD EVER KNOWN... HE WAS INNOCENT... HE WAS A MAN OF GOD AND... AND...



... AND WITHIN A FEW DAYS WE WERE MADLY IN LOVE WITH EACH OTHER... MY LOVE FOR BARON MEINSTER I REALIZED WAS BLOODLUST AND INFATUATION... NOT TRUE LOVE...



...BUT... BUT YOU WERE A VAMPIRESS... AND HE A MAN OF RELIGION...

...YES... YES... WE DON'T LEARN WHAT I WAS TILL... TILL AFTER WE WERE MARRIED...



...WE LEARNED WHAT I WAS ON... ON OUR WEDDING NIGHT... IT WAS AWFUL... I LOVED HIM SO MUCH AND WHEN HE FOUND OUT WHAT I WAS HE FLEW INTO A MANICAL RAGE...



...MY BRIDE...
...A THING OF SATAN...

...BUT WE CAN BE HAPPY... I CAN TURN YOU INTO AN UNDEAD LIKE I... WE CAN LIVE FOREVER...

...YOU ASK A MAN OF GOD TO BECOME AN UNDEAD?...



...DO YOU NOT LOVE ME?...

...YES... YES OF COURSE I LOVE YOU...

...THEN...
...LET US LIVE... AND LOVE... FOREVER...



... BUT ALAS, HE COULDN'T RATIONALIZE HIS NEW BLOODLUST WITH HIS LOVE OF GOD... AND THO HE LOVED ME... HE ENDED HIS OWN LIFE BEFORE IT EVEN BEGAN...

AAAAANONONO!



NO... NO...
... I LOVE YOU... I LOVE YOU...
YOU ARE THE ONLY ONE I EVER TRULY LOVED... YOU ARE MY ONLY REASON FOR BEING...

DO NOT LEAVE ME
DO NOT LEAVE ME
MY HUSBAND...



... SINCE THEN I...
... I HAVE DONE NOTHING...
... GONE NOWHERE...
... I LIVE HERE WITH HIM IN
... PEACE AND SOLITUDE...

... WITH
WHO?



WHAT DO YOU
MEAN SONNY? WITH
WHO WHAT?

... WITH WHO
DO YOU LIVE?
AND... AND
WHERE DO
YOU LIVE?

... WITH MY
HUSBAND...

... HERE...



... BUT... BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND...
I THINK THE LOCAL TOWNSFOLK ARE
RIGHT WHEN THEY CALL YOU MAD...
YOU PRESUME TO HAVE ME BELIEVE
YOU'VE LIVED IN A GRAVEYARD
FOR A HUNDRED AND
SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS?

I DIDN'T
LIE TO YOU
SONNY...



I LIVE HERE WITH MY
PETS AND MY HUSBAND.

BUT... BUT YOU
CLAW YOUR
HUSBAND
COMMITTED
SUICIDE A
HUNDRED
AND
SEVENTY-
FIVE
YEARS
AGO...

...WOULD
YOU LIKE TO
MEET HIM?

HAHAHA... YES OLD WOMAN
... I'D LIKE TO MEET ANY
OF COURSE I'D LIKE TO
MEET THIS... THIS 'IMAGINARY'
18TH CENTURY PREACHER-
HUSBAND OF YOURS...

...AND I'D LIKE TO SEE
WHERE YOU LIVE ALSO.

...WELL... COME
ON THEN...
... INTO MY
HOME...

...THIS... TOMS IS YOUR
HUSBAND- HOME?...

... YES... NOW YOU'LL
MEET MY HUSBAND.

... YOU CAN'T
PHOTOGRAPH
ME BUT...

... BUT YOU CAN
PHOTOGRAPH HIM...

... HE'S DEAD
OF COURSE

... SO HE
PHOTOGRAPHS.

... WE LIVE HERE
HAPPILY... ALONE...
WITH OUR PETS...

... BUT IT BOTHERS ME
THAT PEOPLE THINK I'M INSANE...
I'M NOT INSANE... NOT AT ALL...
... THAT'S WHY I CALLED YOU... A
REPORTER FROM THE NEWSPAPER...
YOU CAN TELL EVERYBODY THAT
IT'S TRUE... YOU CAN TELL
EVERYBODY I'M NOT INSANE.

... CAN'T YOU?
... HA?...

SAMUEL WATKINS
1825-1897

... the following letter is one of the NICEST we've ever appeared... it makes us feel we're gonna be doing SOMETHING right... here it is in its entirety...

... once upon a time there was a horrrror collector who collected only Western Publications. The next year for about a year, I'd be saw NIGHTMARE and PSYCHO on the newsstand saying "Bleh Sck", he ignored these two magazines for a year. I'd be had posted up PSYCHO #14. After reading it, he decided, upon seeing NIGHTMARE #14 on the newsstand, to start collecting PSYCHO and NIGHTMARE magazines...

... then — he saw "SCREAM" on the newsstand...

The above story is true. I should know because I AM the collector. I also picked up SCREAM #2 and NIGHTMARE #15, which were also excellent. Incidentally, you were wrong in stating in NIGHTMARE #14 that the "other guy" paid 14 pages of ads. I counted 17.

Your new fan,
JOHN MORGAN
KILMANSURH, NEW JERSEY

Thanks John... this is a really nice letter — we like a little bit of flattery every now and then, like everyone, but we also appreciate criticism.

a word letter from MILWAUKEE

the best story in NIGHTMARE #10 WAS THIS GROTESQUE GREEN "CARTY" it was truly unattractive. Slogoo! Indeed I can't BELIEVE such atrocious drivel!

— WAIT — it's 1:00 a.m. No one should be AWAKE here at home at this hour all should be ASLEEP! Yet someone SOMETHING is coming up the steps to the ATTIC! WHO? WHAT? Is daylight! I write this and beyond the top of light I see a hairy bulging thing! The old woman was right! God damn it! The sleepgods attack! Prepare earth for its final battle! They are attacking! No! No! stop BACK! Noooooo! AAAAAH!

Heaven help us

BO PARULE

... a note from TERRY GOYLE of MONTICELLO Iowa...

"... Dear people — if that is what you are...

... just thought I'd write you and comment on the latest things received from the HORROR-MOOD team. NIGHTMARE #14 and 15, SCREAM #1 and 2, and PSYCHO #13 and 14.



CHRISTOPHER
"Dracula"
LEE
COMICS
OPINION

... I haven't seen TALES OF THE CRYPT or VAULT OF HORROR. I was intent to do the whole set in TALES FROM THE CRYPT of the men who was the proprietor of the... I'm not in the mood, but there was a slight difference of opinion between the and the... I don't see it.

... I like for example your "HUMAN GARGOYLES" I wouldn't want to play the "HUMAN GARGOYLES" I don't think that is a person. I think that is more a "THING" it is like in a magazine such as "IT" it is like when you draw something like that, when you make them like a character, but like SUPERMAN, a figure in a world, but recognize it as a human character. The best is when it is reached to special effects and various other things that are needed in this kind of story, and the character, and the kind of character, and it is a kind of a point where it becomes totally unbelievable. My whole career in the film has been devoted to making the unbelievable believable, and therefore, this would be too unbelievable for me to make believable. This is why he is somebody to read and look at as part of a story, but trying to portray a character of this kind. The person would strain everybody's credulity to a point.

... from time to time someone are accepted for the movie cinema, in the genre, CARTOON AMERICA, DICK TRACY, SATAN MAN and SOBER, and a variety of SUPERHERO were only because of SANTA M. is recently BARBARELLA was adapted and they are STILL talking about adapting LITTLE ANNIE PANNEY into the screen. But when you're reading, especially in Saturday and Sunday, have adapted... aspect of the old E.C. Horror Stories into two movies. TALES FROM THE CRYPT, THE VAULT OF HORROR, and THE VAULT OF HORROR (the review is in PSYCHO #14)... old COMICS EDITORIAL. He came to by CHRISTOPHER LEE, who played the Hammer DRACULA character on the screen for an many years. He has... observations are too unbelievable in the screen...

... where they would say "on set, it is only an actor made up, and I think one would lose a great deal of the credibility thereby.

... I feel there might be a large number of chronically illiterate women... publicity with the same purpose... I think if you did produce a character that live on the screen, you had him, by himself, without any reliance of his family. I think even this you're enjoying it because the actor of total belief.

... but otherwise, as I said about "characters", I just don't believe they are believable in the screen, and are better kept in the comics, where at least when they are quite believable.

Mr. Lee's remarks might indeed start a new running controversy in the columns — and he deserves it. I've read your remarks, and while you said them to COMICS OPINION — the archaic editor — SKYWALK PUBLISHING CORPORATION, 78 East 15th Street, New York, N.Y. 10011.

... and be sure you don't miss our EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW with CHRISTOPHER LEE in SCREAM #14, so take your seat!

13th issue" WAS THE DAY THAT SATAN DIED. This may be Dracula's Delia's and all hell! HE IS WEIRD... more of him, here!

... I can hardly wait until you print THE 13 DEAD THINGS... it looks like you've got a terrible... just the way I like

them (it's in PSYCHO #15... miss it hell)...

... One reason you should return the HEAP is the fact that he was the first MAN-DEAD-SWAMP-THING. It'd be wrong if you took away the fun. It's... that had his own series in other words, I vote "YES-HEAP"

PSYCHO #14 was even better than the previous issue. The cover story may have been the best, but there were so many other good ones that I cannot decide the CLASSIC GREEKS, THE ARTIST'S OTHER HAND, A MAN WHO DARES NOT SLEEP, and I BATTLED THE VAMPIRE BATS OF TRANSYLVANIA AND LIVED TO TELL OF IT (I bet you can't say that last two songs) were the best stories. I liked the HAPPY CRITTERS ARE COMIN' too. Ken Kelly's cover was simply fabulous... it was all covers of the HORROR MOOD yet... it is only ranked by NIGHTMARE #15 and SCREAM #1.

For your magazine subscription, there's "HORROR-MOOD" published in the 1970s. It's actually all of the best horror stories, and it's a horror form. It was once written by a man who was suggested by many publishers, your company, to only would be available in 1970. It was his former editor, and he had been hired, and that's what he had to do. It was a horror form. We had the best horror stories, with many new concepts, and it was written by a man who had been a horror writer for a long time. It was a horror form. It was a horror form. It was a horror form.

all CLASSICS
this or not

Macabre Media - Clinton

...SHE RUNS...
AND SHE FALLS...



... last night I bought and read NIGHTMARE #15. What can I say except the DRACULA story was well worth the wretched half year wait! Ken's cover zoned me out, it is one helluva 1st color in color! THE GARGOYLE WHO WENT TO WAR AND THE MYTHS ABOUT BATS — PARTICULARLY VAMPIRE BATS was the only story I actually disliked. It was a long way from the END OF THE EARTH ISSUE. You give credit to Rich Buckler as the first page but he did nothing ... why? [It was an accident ... Archie editor] I can't single out one story and say "this is the greatest" because they all held me spell bound. Thank you.

ZESAR and DELA ROGA are my favorite MOOD-TEAM artists ... I especially like ZESAR's work on NOSFERATU which brings me to SCREAM #1 ...

SCREAM #1 was just a start of "please there" of the HORROR

...AND THE
WAND THAT
COMES OUT OF
THE GRAVE...



CLOSER
AROUND
HER NECK
AND MOUNDS
HER...

... a magazine well worth everyone's interest is THE NOW AND THEN TIMES #2 — produced by JOHN BILGEL and DAVID SIM, and available for one dollar from NOW AND THEN TIMES — 232 Westmount Road East, Kitchener, Ontario, Canada. In this extraordinary magazine are such features as: an intimate and revealing interview/features/biography of the late SYD SHORE (14 pages of great story and never before published Syd Shore artwork), unpublished work by WAYNE SPRING, famous SUPERMAN artist even unpublished artwork by humorist BILL THOMAS and his 1945 JUNGLETOWN SNOWBOAT strips ...

... plus introducing to you, perhaps for the first time, superb artists ADRIAN SINGLE and JERRY LAZAR — an article featuring T. CASSEY SHENAHAN and WILL EISNER, MARY WOLFGAN, STEVE SKEATES, JEFF JONES, STEVE ENGLISHART, and LEN WEIN ... and keeping the issue off — a revealing interview with now-often-three-year-archivist AL NEWETSON ...

... like we say ... we recommend it, and are pleased to give this plug to the most deserving magazine that's well worth your \$1.00 — send for it NOW and — asks it not ...

NOW & THEN TIMES



MOOD Right? Well, this was as close to start it with, for SCREAM made me SCREAM SCREAM SCREAM with HORROR is my BRAIN, 'I SLIME' is the story that drove me INSANE. Thank you for this story. My family used SCREAM as evidence at the trial and had me committed in the local nut house ... called HELL. I escaped the second day and butchered ten people in my home town. I went with the authorities only because they said I "belong in the PSYCHO ward". The papers word was wallpapered with HORROR

MOOD STORIES, I left at home ... There.

... Now to SCREAM #1 ...

... I did not like WEIRD COUNTS, BLACK VAMPIRE BATS and LUNATIC HORRORS ... that was the only story I did not like. My favorite story I think was 'THE COMICS MAGAZINE' ...

The 'STRANGE PAINTINGS OF JAY CRUMB', 'THE TALE OF THE PERFECT CRIME', 'THE SKELETON IN THE DESERT', 'HICKORY DICKORY DOCK', 'THIS ARCHIC BREEDING GROUND' and 'I SLIME' were ... HORRIFIC. The most dramatic story was 'WERC LUNATICS LIVE!' Zesar's art is coded here ... Congratulations on the most magazine first issue I have EVER read.

After being totally zoned out by SCREAM #1, I was not disappointed in #2 ... it zoned me out MORE than #1

Thanks and congrats, LADY SATAN was very far out. The art and the story was up to par. I WAS A VAMPIRE FOR HHC was the second coolest story in the MACABRE history of SCREAM. I consider NOSFERATU one story ... It is the coolest 'THE THING IN THE BLACK DRESS' ... ugg! Dumb! 'THE VAMPIRE LETTERS' and 'THE PETIT BELLE OF THE MISSISSIPPI' were really fantastic. NOSFERATU — 'THE NAME IS SINNER' came — AND THE NAME MISERS EVIL', again, the best. The low point of SCREAM #2 was as the letters/announcement page where you printed parts of a letter written by a person who is totally incompetent or thought — my brother GARY gork ...

TERRY COYLE

... gork? What is this gork? AAKO — there's something on your Archie Editor's shoulder — I'm PARALYZED — can't MOVE my ARM — can't get TYPE anymore — HEY! — it's going for my NECK! ... can't BREATHE! Can't THINK! — can't do ANYTHING! — Ba-tha-tha's GORK talks ...

... not in peace —

-ARCHAIC AL-

my favorite story this issue is :

comment :

name :

age :

address :

city or other :

mail to: SKYWALD BEST STORY
Skywald Publishing Corporation
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New York City, N.Y. 10017

... PSYCHO # 16 ...



THE
CURSE! THIS
DAMNED
WEREWOLF
CURSE!!



IS IT
NEVER TO END?
WHY?
WHY?



I CANNOT
EVEN COMMIT
SUICIDE...



SILVER!
I KEPT A
SILVER BULLET!
MY GOD!
COULDN'T
IT END?



UHHH... I... MERELY
SHATTERED MY HEAD!
UHHH...

NEARBY, AN OLD
GYPSY WOMAN,
KIRSTEN, IS
ATTRACTED BY
THE MOANS...



I'M SURE
I HEARD A...
ON MY GOD,
THAT
CREATURE...

MONSTER,
MONSTER RISE FROM THY CRYPT



JUST THEN SHE HEARS TWO FIGURES ON HORSE-BACK APPROACHING HER...



...IT IS HER DAUGHTER,
MOLA, FLEEING FROM
THE CLUTCHES OF
DOMNIK, THE GYPSY
PRINCE...

DOMNIK!
LEAVE HER ALONE!
CAN'T YOU SEE SHE
LOATHES YOU? PRINCE
OR NOT, YOU HAVE NO
RIGHT TO HER!

**YOU GO TOO
FAR, KRISTEN!**
YOU CANNOT TELL
ONE OF ROYAL
BLOOD WHAT HE
CAN OR CANNOT DO!



**LEAVE HER
ALONE...OR YOU'LL
PAY! TAKE HEED,
PRINCE... I DO NOT
GIVE FALSE
WARNINGS! NOW
GO!**

**FOR NOW
OLD WOMAN, I
SHALL GO, BUT
YOUR THREATS WILL
BE REMEMBERED
WELL...**



**I CARE
NOTHING FOR
YOUR ROYAL BLOOD!
YOU MAKE A MOCKERY
OF IT BY PURSUING A
WOMAN WHO DOES
NOT WANT
YOU!**

**HE IS
EVIL INCARNATE!
THIS SHALL BE HIS
LAST WARNING!
THERE SHALL BE
NO NEXT
TIME!**





POOR
NOLA... SHE
HATES HIM
AS MUCH AS...
MY GOD!
SHE'S UN-
COVERING THE
HORROR!



NOLA! GET
OUT OF THERE!
MONSTER!
GET OUT!!



MOTHER!
HOW CRUEL!
YOU HAVE NO
RIGHT TO SAY
THAT ABOUT
ANY MAN!



STARE, KIRSTEN. STARE, OPEN
MOUTHD AT THIS CREATURE
BEFORE YOU... THIS BEING WHO
WASNT, BUT *IS!* STARE AT THIS
DEFORMED LITTLE MAN... AND
WONDER... **WHAT THE HELL
IS HAPPENING?**

THAT IS *NOT*
THE FACE OF MY
SON. IT CAN'T
BE HIM... AND YET
I FEEL IT MAY BE...
YES, IT COULD BE HIM..

THE CURSE COULD
CHANGE HIM SO. YES,
IT COULD BE. I'LL
NOT GIVE UP HOPE
YET!



BUT THAT LOOK
IN NOLA'S EYES...
SHE'S FOND OF HIM...
BUT WHAT IF HE IS
MY SON? MY GOD!
WHAT THEN?



THE DRY IS LONG AND HOT, BUT THE WAGON DOES NOT STOP. KIRSTEN CONTINUES GUIDING HER HORSES OVER THE ROUGH TERRAIN, LOST IN HER THOUGHTS, AND DARK THOUGHTS THEY ARE, TOO.



HE IS UGLY, PERHAPS... BUT A MONSTER... **NO!** THERE IS NO EVIL BEHIND THOSE EYES... ONLY **LOVELINESS... DESPAIR...**

WOLA, WHAT ARE WE...



SHE HEARS **NOTHING**, AND HER EYES TELL ALL I NEED TO **KNOW.**

THE WAY SHE SMILES AT ME... AS IF... AS IF SHE REALLY CARES! IT CAN'T BE... BUT HER SMILE... SO WARM.

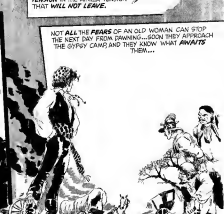
BUT THE DRY PASSES; UNCERTAINTY AND FEAR HIGH IN THE MINDS OF THESE THREE, **NOTHING** IS SAID, BUT THERE IS TENSION IN THE AIR... A TENSION THAT **WILL NOT LEAVE.**




ITS PASSING HEALS **ALL**. AND YET, **SOMETIMES**, EVEN THE BRIEFEST OF INSTANTS CAN SEEM LIKE **LIFETIMES**. FOR AN OLD GYPSY WOMAN, THIS NIGHT IS ONE SUCH CASE.

SUCH A THING MUST **NOT** BE. I CANNOT ALLOW IT...

BUT UNTIL I KNOW FOR SURE WHO HE IS, I CAN DO **NOTHING**. **NOTHING!**



NOT **ALL** THE **FEAR**S OF AN OLD WOMAN CAN STOP THE NEXT DAY FROM DAWNING... SOON THEY APPROACH THE GYPSY CAMP, AND THEY KNOW WHAT **AWAITS** THEM...



COME, NOLA... THE CELEBRATIONS
ARE ABOUT TO BEGIN... AND YOU
MUST JOIN IN THEM WITH ME...

DOMINIK!
NO! THERE ARE
NO SUCH PLANS...
DOMINIK...

...FOR I HAVE
ANNOUNCED OUR
COMING UNION...
OUR
MARRIAGE!

KIRSTEN BITS, HARDLY NOTICING THE DE-
FORMED LITTLE MAN WHO HAS JUMPED
FROM THE BACK OF THE WAGON.

SO DOMINIK HAS CHOSEN
TO IGNORE MY WARNING.
IT IS THE LAST TIME HE
SHALL DO SO, FOR I WILL
NO LONGER TOLERATE HIS
DISREGARD FOR THE
WELFARE OF NOLA.

FOR A MOMENT, HE IS HAPPY THAT THE
ONLY WOMAN WHO HAS EVER SMILED
AT HIM DOES NOT WISH THE CARRESSES
OF THE MAN SHE IS DANCING WITH,
BLIND BY HIS JEALOUSY AND HATRED,
HE CHARGES TOWARD THE PRINCE...

FROM THE CORNER OF HIS
EYE, DOMINIK SEES
THE CHARGING MONSTROSITY
AND ACTS QUICKLY...

NO... NO!
IT CAN'T BE. SHE
CAN'T BE IN LOVE WITH
HIM... SHE MUST NOT BE!
HER FACE... SHE HATES HIM.
HE IS FORCING THIS UPON
HER... SHE DOES NOT
WANT HIM!

HE FALLS
TO THE
GROUND, HIS ENTIRE
HEAD ON FIRE, FOR
THIS CREATURE, THIS
MONSTROSITY HAS
A BULLET IN
HIS BRAIN!

THE PAIN...
MY GOD!
THE PAIN! MY
HEAD...
BURNING...




SO MANY EVENTS... SO COMPLICATED... THAT THIS CREATURE IS ALIVE IS BEYOND BELIEF. HE STILL LIVES WITH A CHUNK OF LEAD LODGED IN HIS BRAIN IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO UNDERSTAND THAT HE SHOULD CHANGE SO QUICKLY FROM A FREAK TO THE ROARING HORROR...

A SAVAGE ROAR, AND THE BEAST OF THE NIGHT STRIKES... TO DO WHAT HE WAS BORN TO DO... WHAT HAS BECOME HIS HERITAGE... TO KILL!

OH, MY GOD...

THE CLUB... THAT DAMNED BEAST SHALL PAY FOR THIS... I'LL SMASH HIS ANIMAL SKULL!!

COME, MONSTER! COME FORWARD, HORROR --AND DIE!!



HE UNDERSTANDS NOTHING OF THE WORDS... ONLY ACTION!! AGAIN THE SAVAGE BLOWS... AND AGAIN THE PRINCE OF THE GYPSIES SPRAWLS HELPLESSLY ON THE GROUND...



ONCE MORE... PAIN... THE HORRIBLE AGONY THAT ERUPTS WITHIN HIS ANIMAL MIND, FORCING HIM, UNCONTROLLABLY, TO COLLAPSE TO HIS KNEES...

IT HAS HAPPENED IN MERE SECONDS, AND OUT OF ALL THOSE PRESENT, ONLY TWO HAVE THE QUICKNESS OF MIND TO DO WHAT MUST BE DONE...



HURRY, NOLA! WE HAVE ONLY SECONDS BEFORE THEY ARE UPON US!



THEY HURRY, FOR THEY KNOW THAT TO INVOKE THE WRATH OF DOWNKIN IS TO CAROUSE WITH DEATH!



I SWEAR THEY'LL NOT GET AWAY WITH THIS! THEY SHALL PAY!!



NEXT: CHAPTER 4 OF THE MONSTER, MONSTER SAGA...

MONSTER, MONSTER HEED DEATH'S CALL!



...THE ORIGIN OF **DARKKOS MANSE** IS THE ORIGIN OF **DECADENCE**... ONCE, IN THE **LAST CENTURY**, IT WAS OCCUPIED BY ITS **BUILDER**, COLONEL **REGISTER HARLOWE**, A MAN WHO CAME FROM NEARBY **NEW ORLEANS** SEEKING **SECLUSION** FROM SOCIETY... SEEKING SECLUSION FROM THE **EYES OF SOCIETY**, FOR THEY **FROWNED** ON HIS PRACTICE OF **THE VOODOO**...



...THERE ARE MANY **TALES** TOLD OF THE **WEREWOLF WITHIN**... A TALE TELLING OF THE **END OF SEVERAL MURDERERS** WHO CHANCED **STUMBLE** UPON THE HIDDEN **SWAMP MANSION**... -LIKE THE



...NOW BEGINS **ANOTHER** TALE TOLD OF **DARKKOS MANSE**... WHAT IT IS ABOUT THIS PLACE THAT ATTRACTS **MADMEN**, **MURDERERS** AND **MACABRE FIENDS** IS **BEYOND UNDERSTANDING**... BUT THE FACTS SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES... AND THE **FACT IS** THAT **ANOTHER** IS **DRAWN** (THO HE KNOWS IT NOT) TO THIS PLACE AS A **HOUSE OF REFUGE**... THIS FUGITIVE'S NAME IS **PAUL MUNI**... AND THE **YEAR** IS **1931**... NOW WITH HIS **INTRODUCTION** WE BEGIN OUR TALE:

WRITTEN BY **JOE RERTYS**
ILLUSTRATED BY **MARK BEEA**

...THEY LIVED DARKKOS MANSE!





"GOD...
GOD I CAN'T
BREATHE.."



"I CAN'T
BREATHE
ANYMORE!"



"OH MY GOD...
I CAN HEAR THE DOGS
BEHIND ME.."

"...BUT I MUST STOP FOR
A MINUTE... A MINUTE IS
ALL I DARE RISK... BUT
I CAN'T GO ON 'TILL I'VE
RESTED.."

"... WHY AM I RUNNING... WHAT HAVE I DONE
THAT'S SO WRONG... A FEW LOUSY
BUCKS FROM A ROADSIDE DINER SO
I COULD EAT... THEY PUT ME IN A
CHAIN GANG FOR A FEW LOUSY
BUCKS!"



"...IT WASN'T HOW I... I SHOULD'VE
LET MYSELF STARVE.."

"THE DOGS...
I CAN HEAR THEM
GETTING
CLOSER.."

"GOD KNOWS I MANAGED TO ESCAPE...
AFTER 10 YEARS... 10 YEARS IN THAT
FILTHY PLACE THEY CALL A PRISON.."



"GOT TO
MOVE...
FIND
SOMEPLACE
TO HIDE.."



WHAT KIND OF PLACE IS THIS?

AN OLD SOUTHERN MANSION... LIKE SOMETHING OUT OF ANOTHER CENTURY...

IT'S A WRECK, FALLING APART. LOOKS LIKE IT WAS GUTTED BY FIRE.



MAYBE IF I CAN GET OFF THE GROUND... CLIMB UP TO THE ROOF OR SOMETHIN' THEY WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO SMELL ME...



IT'S BEGINNING TO GET DARK... MAYBE I CAN HIDE HERE ALL NIGHT AND THEY'LL GIVE UP.



LOOK... LOOK UP THERE...

THERE HE IS...

GO ON THEN... GO ON... KILL ME... WHAT DO I CARE...

...I'D... RATHER DIE THAN GO BACK TO THAT HELL HOLE...

COME DOWN MUNI... WE CAN SEE YOU...

COME DOWN OR WE'LL FIRE...



BLAM

BLAM



HE'S TOO WELL PROTECTED... WE GOTTA CLIMB UP AFTER HIM...

I LOOKED AROUND, THERE'S NO WAY OFF THE ROOF... AT 8:00 HE SAID HE CALD ESCAPE...



I WON'T LET THEM GET ME...

...I WON'T...



UGH

GOD...



WE'RE NOT GONNA GET TO HIM... THERE'S TOO MUCH DEBRIS UP THERE... WE CAN THROW DOWN ON US... HE MIGHT KILL ONE OF US...

IT'S GETTING DARK... WE CAN'T STAY UP THERE FOREVER

WE'LL CAMP FOR THE NIGHT AND WAIT TILL HE STARVES TO DEATH IF WE HAVE TO...





THOSE THINGS...

KILLED THE GUARDS...
KILLED THE DOGS...

BUT IN THE SAME OF ALL
SANITY... WHAT ARE THEY?

GOOD LORD!

AAAAGOD NO NO NO

MY GOD THEY'RE COMING AFTER ME...

THEY'RE COMING TO GET ME...



NOW...
WORDLESSLY...
BREATHLESSLY...
PALP MUNDI
FLEES
DARKKOS
MANSE...

... BUT HE CONTINUES TO THINK... AND TO MAKE
WHATEVER REASON HE CAN OUT OF THIS
MADNESS... AND THE ONLY SENSE OF LOGIC THAT
COMES TO HIS MIND IS THAT FOR SOME GHASTLY
REASON THESE THINGS BELONG IN THIS PLACE
... THIS IS THEIR HOME ...





"I'M FOREVER A FUGITIVE."

"I'M FOREVER DOOMED TO BE CHASED BY THOSE WHOM I'VE IMADVERTENTLY WRONGED."

"I'VE WRONGED SOCIETY BY STEALING FOOD I NEEDED TO LIVE.. I'VE WRONGED THOSE BEASTS BY CAUSING THEIR HOME TO TURN INTO A SHOOTING GALLERY.."



"..DAWN.."



"I CAN HEAR... THE THINGS BEHIND ME... CHASING ME... LIKE THE DOGS... THERE IS NO POINT IN RUNNING ANYMORE"

"NO POINT IN WADING THROUGH THIS MUCK AND THIS SWAMP.."



"WHEN IT IS SO EASY TO FIND A PLACE IN THIS MUD TO LIE DOWN.."



"..AND JUST DIE.."



...THE THINGS CAME TO THE
EDGE OF THE QUICKSAND
WHERE PAUL MUIR HAD LET
HIMSELF BE MURDERED
BY THE SQUALOR OF
NATURE...



...THEY CROWDED AROUND
TILL ALL WERE GATHERED
AND ALL WERE WATCHING...
THEN ONE **SQUATTED** ON
ITS **KNEES** AND THURST
A **LEMB** UNDER THE MUD...



...WHERE IT GROPED TILL
IT LOCATED THE DEAD THING...
...THE DEAD THING THAT WAS
NOW MUCH LIKE THEM... NO
LONGER A **FUGITIVE**... NO
LONGER RUNNING FROM
SOCIETY AND ITS LAWS
AND IMMORAL **NORMS**...



...AND THEY PULLED
HIM UP AND MADE HIM
BECOME ONE OF THEM...
ONE OF THE **UNEXPLAINED**
ONES WHO DWELL IN
THIS WRETCHED ANTI-
LOGICAL **DARKKOS**
MANSE... A **REFUGE**
FROM THE GUILTY, THE NEAR-
GUILTY, AND THE NOT-GUILTY-
AT-ALL **ONCE-HUMAN**
FUGITIVES
FROM LOGIC...

...THIS HAD BEEN THE **ORIGIN OF ONE**
FUGITIVE... BUT THERE ARE **MANY** WHO
LIVE IN **DARKKOS**... AND IN **TIME** WE
WILL TELL **ALL** THEIR TALES IN THE
REGULAR SERIES WE CALL:

...**THE TALES OF DARKKOS MANSE**...

...THIS IS THE TALE OF 2 WHO ARE IN LOVE...

I LOVE YOU SO MUCH, CLARICE...

AND I LOVE YOU TOO. THIS RED RIBBON IS A TOKEN, A SYMBOL OF OUR NEW LOVE... THO WE MET ONLY DAYS AGO I KNEW IN AN INSTANT I WANTED TO WED YOU...

...AS WE DID THE VERY LOVELY MORN...

MY GOD... WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

...SO IT MIGHT SEEM... TILL WE TAKE A CLOSER LOOK AT:

THE THING WITH THE RED RIBBON IN ITS HAIR

... BUT ACCIDENTS HAVE A WAY OF BRINGING REVENGE; THAT IS TO SAY HUMAN ACCIDENTS...

... CHECK IT OR ELSE!

GOOD LORD!

WHAT NOW MY LOVE? WHAT NOW THAT I HAVE AGAIN DECIDED NOT TO DIE...

... ASH? ... WHAT DO YOU MEAN AGAIN?...

... YOU THOUGHT MY USELESSNESS WAS A GURF OF MY BIRTH, NOT SO MY LOVE. IT IS THE RESULT OF AGE... MY DEALING WITH SATANIC FORCES HAS ENABLED ME TO LIVE CENTURIES...

... YOU DISLIKED MY USELESSNESS BEFORE THAT. NOW AS WE LIVE OUT YOUR LIFETIME TOGETHER YOU'LL COME TO CHERISH IT...

Dead- But Not Yet Buried:

Edgar Allan Poe



"Lord help my poor soul"

DEAD — BUT NOT YET BURIED:
EDGAR ALLAN POE by ALAN HEWETSON

It is written that Edgar Allan Poe is America's most famous man of letters, and surely this is quite true. The argument is in the qualification; should this be?; and in this article and biography, we hope to prove the answer is yes. Edgar Poe, himself a man of 'mystery and imagination', has effected the most profound influence of any American on contemporary literature, through his literary criticisms, poetry, short stories, and by his magazine publishing theories.

Poe's editorship of GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE in 1841-42 raised an 8,000 circulation to 40,000 in a few months, and hence made that magazine the most popular in the United States during that period, and the first magazine in America or Europe to be a 'Mass Circulation Periodical'. His editorship of GRAHAM'S LADY'S AND GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE and THE SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER, and his attempts at establishing his own magazines THE STYLUS and THE PENN MAGAZINE, are required studies for any serious student of magazine publishing today.

Poe was famous in his own time, for his poetry and literary criticism, but we in 1973 revere Poe for quite different works. . . his horror stories, which though numbering only twenty-seven in total, have associated Poe's name with horror to the extent that it is legitimately felt he 'invented' horror. He certainly did, and in the process certain other types of story now popular. By THE MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE, THE MYSTERY OF MARIE ROGET, and THE GOLD BUG he unquestionably defined the modern detective story. Before these works, such method and form were unknown. By THE NARRATIVE OF ARTHUR GORDON PYM OF NANTUCKET and THE MS. FOUND IN A BOTTLE, and several others, he defined the modern adventure story. Before his work on these stories this type of characterization and plot development was unknown. By his tales THE PIT AND THE PENDULUM, A DESCENT INTO THE MAELSTROM, THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF USHER and THE MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH, to name only a few, he invented and perfected not only the modern horror story, but quite fantastically also 'horror' itself.

Edgar Allan Poe lived a wretched and unhappy life. In his everyday life — in his domestic and business affairs — he was a dismal failure. He could not 'get along' whatsoever with his fellow man. His much exploited relations with women, particularly during the latter part of his life, were nothing more than a hapless craving for human companionship and respect. In fact he was probably impotent, but certainly towards the close of his life, during these mad affairs, he was depressed and erratic, his body was in great physical pain, and he was bordering on manic depression. At various times during his life he used certain opiates, and throughout was a victim of alcohol.

Much has been made of Edgar Allan Poe's drinking habits. The truth is not that he drank excessively, but that 'even a little was too much', for he was unable to take even a little alcohol without a complete change of personality, and any excess was accompanied by physical prostration. This illness has wrongly been called intemperateness which is unfair, for he was more a victim to drink, and was never known to enjoy it.



Edgar Poe was born in Boston on January 19, 1809, the son of theatrical parents. His father, David Poe, died the following year, and Elizabeth Poe was left to support her two sons, Edgar Allan and William Henry, and daughter Rosalie, by her stage career. She was popular, possessed of beauty and a good voice, but was not a physically strong woman, and in the summer of 1811 she died of pneumonia in Richmond, Virginia, in dire poverty. The three children were taken in by relatives, Edgar — by the John Allans of Richmond. This was disastrous, so retrospect shows, for John Allan and the boy were never to get along together. Poe grew up in Richmond with a romantic outlook on the Old South; he characterized this in his writings and criticisms, and as an adult he regarded himself as a 'southern gentleman'.

He was somewhat spoiled by his foster mother, but his foster father, who once enjoyed Edgar's precocious and romantic ways, raised him with great discipline. When Poe was 6 years old, the family moved to Scotland and England for five years, where the boy's schooling was religious and rigid. His first writings, a 'volume of verses', was completed in 1824 when Edgar was 15 — although childish, their style was characteristic of his later work, written in tragic and satirical rhymes. He was a good student, brilliant in languages, and an accomplished swimmer and broad jumper.

Physically, Poe was quite handsome, with a high forehead and deep attractive eyes; he was slightly built, five feet eight inches in height, and shy-looking. He had a fond regard for his origins, and always wore black or dark clothes, which he admitted were theatrical, in fact, Poe projected a theatric image in all his public doings.

What was it in this background that led Poe to turn to horror, rather than the romantic poetry to which he might appear more suited? The answer perhaps begins in 1826, when he was enrolled at the University of Virginia. From that moment, it seems, his life became an endless hardship of bitter introspection and moroseness. Poe was thrown out of university, owing \$2,500 in gambling debts, loans, liquor bills and unpaid tuition fees.

He enlisted in the Army in 1829 under the assumed name Edgar A. Perry, giving his age as twenty-two, although he was actually eighteen, and was assigned to duty in Boston and subsequently in Sullivan's Island, South Carolina (which later served as his source material for his short story THE GOLD BUG). Poe reconciled with his foster father, having been successful and having attained the rank of regimental sergeant-major, and begged to be sent to West Point Military Academy. John Allan paid a friend of Poe's seventy-five dollars to serve out the remainder of his enlistment term.

At West Point, in 1831, Poe cut classes and was kicked out for 'gross neglect of duty' and 'disobedience of orders', which referred, in fact, to his drinking and gambling.

During this year, Poe decided that come what may his future lay in a literary career, and he began to write extensively. During the next few years he travelled in Europe, experiencing dire poverty. In 1834 John Allan died, leaving money to everyone except Poe, who was drastically in need of funds to support himself. He was being published, and was gaining quite a reputation, but his publishers were giving him next to nothing for his works. He could never understand why it was he was being paid so little, when others he felt less accomplished were earning sizeable salaries. His various publishers, with whom he invariably established a friendly relationship, knew that Poe was a desperate

It is not known exactly why Poe died, he was found in a dreadful condition in the streets of Baltimore and hospitalized. He died Sunday, October 7, 1849, and was buried in the graveyard of Westminster Church, where today a memorial stands.



Left: the young military Poe at Fort Monroe, Virginia — during his phony enlistment as 'Edgar A. Perry' everybody thought he was travelling in Europe writing poetry . . . right: Virginia Clemm Poe, 1822-1847, Poe's cousin and love whom he married at age 13 . . . below: Poe's writing desk when editor of the SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER — and his small black trunk which contained all his belongings upon his death.



man financially and could be taken advantage of. An example is his poem THE RAVEN, sold in 1844 to the NEW YORK MIRROR. It netted Poe the sum of \$10.

In 1833 Poe first gained recognition, when he won a prize of \$50 for the best short story submitted to the BALTIMORE SATURDAY VISITOR. The tale was THE MS. FOUND IN A BOTTLE. As a result he befriended T. W. White, the editor of the SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER, to which Poe began to contribute. In 1835 he became editor of that magazine, and he quickly proved himself an 'inspired' editor. During that same year, Poe married his thirteen year old cousin, Virginia Clemm, and the author's future seemed bright. By 1836 he had published eighty-three reviews, six poems, four essays, and three stories in the MESSENGER, and his salary was \$1,000 a year.

Throughout the next several years, his successes were inevitably and tragically spoiled. His wife became tubercular and he took to drink and opium living variously in a farmhouse at 84th Street and Broadway in New York, and in Baltimore and Richmond. He was at times employed as editor of GRAHAM'S LADY'S AND GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE, as co-editor of BURTON'S GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE, and as contributor to THE NEW YORK MIRROR, the DOLLAR NEWSPAPER, THE

Photo: AP/WIDEWORLD

NEW YORK SUN, THE AMERICAN REVIEW, and finally in 1845 he became editor of the BROADWAY JOURNAL, which he eventually came to own. In this paper he published and republished most of his material, and became a well known literary figure, meeting Washington Irving, Charles Dickens, engaging in published arguments with the poet Longfellow, and frequently giving lectures or readings in the "salons" of the day. The magazine died in 1846, as a result of his debt, bad health, poverty, his wife's declining health, and his own desipation.

Poe, his wife, and mother-in-law, retired to the country, where in January of 1847, Virginia died. A friend of Poe's witnessed her death at a cottage in Fordham, on the outskirts of New York, Virginia, ill with tuberculosis of the lungs, was lying on the floor on a straw mattress with her husband's overcoat wrapped around her as a blanket, clutching to her chest for warmth a large cat. Poe and her mother were holding her hands and feet to impart warmth to them.

Upon his wife's death, Poe's life entered its final and most tragic phase. Engaging in lawsuits, chasing after a number of women, habituating opium parlors, victimized by epileptic fits, found wandering in the streets in delirium or intoxicated, caught during an election "repeat voting" for money, and invariably falling back on his ways every time he was rescued or rehabilitated by friends, his last days were scarred by depression and melancholy. Occasional flashes of his genius surfaced as he wrote his last works, poems dedicated to his female admirers, such as ANNABEL LEE and EL DORADO.

On the 3rd of October, 1849, Poe was found in the

streets of Baltimore in a "pitiable condition" (he was semiconscious, stretched out on a plank over some barrels on a sidewalk), and was taken to hospital where he fell into a coma, succeeded by delirium, tremors, and rantings which continued several days. On October 7, as his doctor looked on, he became still for a moment, uttered his last and famous words, "Lord help my poor soul", and died.

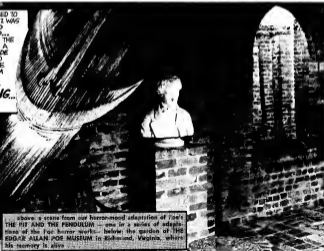
He was buried two days later in the Presbyterian Cemetery in Baltimore.

The argument about Poe's contribution to literature continues even today. From 1845 he has been regarded in England and in France as a genius, and as the United States' most important literary genius. In France, owing principally to Baudelaire's brilliant translations, Poe has enjoyed the reputation of having "an influence greater than that of any other person writing in English".

In the light of that latter remark, by a noted French critic, we are delighted that Poe chiefly expressed himself in horror stories, giving his medium a beginning never rivaled in imaginative audacity. His tales, usually told in the first person singular, are precedent today for the works of every "horror" writer. Every mood and every scheme in horror is his. Every character-type in horror is his; the invention of the "twist-ending" is his; even the length of horror stories (short and usually blunt) is his.

We owe Edgar Poe everything. We, as one, recognize that Poe invented modern horror, deny him nothing, accord him everything. Edgar Allan Poe is dead — but not yet buried.

WHEN I LOOKED TO THE CEILING, I WAS COMFOUNDED AND AMAZED... MOUNTED IN THE CEILING WAS A MASSIVE BLADE SWINGING TO AND FRO LIKE A PENDULUM AND... OH... HORRORS...
DESCENDING...



... above: a scene from our horror-mood adaptation of Poe's THE PIT AND THE PENDULUM — one in a series of adaptations of the Poe horror works — below: the garden of the EDGAR ALLAN POE MUSEUM in Richmond, Virginia, where his memory is alive



THIS IS THE TALE OF THE THING IN THE BOX



...BUT BEFORE WE START...



*...WE OFFER THIS 'SAMPLER'
AS A TEASE...*



*...ARE YOU TEASED? IS
YOUR APPETITE WASTED?...*



...SO STARTS OUR TALE...

THE THING IN THE BOX

WRITTEN BY HARVEY KALANOS

ILLUSTRATED BY CURT B











"HARRY JANOS IS A DETECTIVE, DETECTIVES ARE RUD (IN JANOS' CASE, BY THE CHICAGO POLICE DEPARTMENT) TO RETRIEVE ANSWERS. HARRY WILL FEEL GUILTY ABOUT ACCEPTING HIS NEXT MYCHECK..."

AND I THOUGHT I WAS RIGHT THE LAST TIME I SAID "NOW I'VE SEEN EVERYTHING..."

HOW CAN YOU JOKE ABOUT IT? MY HUSBAND... LIKE THAT... AND YOU CAN JOKE ABOUT IT...

"THE SKELETON LIES SPRAWLED ON NAKED TILE WHERE ONCE A BATHTUB HAD RESTED. THE LEERING JAWS GAPE WHERE ONCE A SHRIEK OF AGONY HAD RESIDED. THE BLEACHED-WHITE BONES GLEAM UNNATURALLY, AND THIS... THIS IS A HOMICIDE'S SOLE CLUE-- AND THE ONLY REMAINS ATTESTING TO THE..."

"FRANK PURDON IS ALSO A POLICE DETECTIVE, SUBORDINATE TO JANOS. HE HAS NO ANSWERS EITHER... HE'S NOT EVEN SUJRE OF THE QUESTIONS..."

BUT IT'S IMPOSSIBLE-- IT'D TAKE MONTHS FOR A MAN TO GET IN A STATE LINE THAT ... NOT OVERNIGHT? AND --WHERE THE HELL IS THE BATHTUB--?"

WELL... NO FINGERPRINTS... AND THE MOST UNBELIEVABLE M.O. I'VE EVER COME ACROSS. NOTHING TO DO BUT TURN THE... "CORPSE"... OVER... TO THE LAB

HARRY, I THINK WE'D BETTER FILE A JOINT REPORT ON THIS HOMICIDE AND LARCENY-- THEY'D NEVER BELIEVE JUST ONE OF US.

HUNGER OF THE SLAUGHTER-SLUDGE BEASTS!

WRITTEN BY BOB MOHRER ILLUSTRATED BY BOB

LINK UP



"THIS IS CLINTON MCCORMICK: EMINENTLY WEALTHY, OVERLY CONFIDENT, RUTHLESS, AND ALWAYS OBEYED! HE IS THE PRESIDENT AND MAJOR SHARE-HOLDER OF A THRIVING INDUSTRIAL CORPORATION, AND IN THE MOST OF DISPENSING WITH A PETTY ANNOYANCE..."

I DON'T CARE TWO GOD GOD-DAMNS ABOUT THE ECOLOGIST PRESSURE GROUPS! UNTIL IT'S BEEN ESTABLISHED IN A COURT OF LAW THAT TRIBUTARIES DO IN FACT LEAD TO LAKE WIGGAM...

WE'LL CONTINUE CHUMPING OUR CHEMICAL WASTES IN FOX RIVER! AM I UNDERSTOOD, RICHARDS? ... GOOD.

"THIS IS THE MAD SCENE WHICH FACED DETECTIVES HARRY JANOS AND FRANK PURDON THE FOLLOWING MORNING... A SCENE PRESIDED OVER BY AN EXCEPTIONALLY HARRIED BUTLER..."

...WENT SWIMMING LAST NIGHT AT TEN-- JUST AS USUAL, YOU UNDERSTAND-- BEFORE RETIRING FOR THE NIGHT. SWIMMING HELPED HIM SLEEP. HE ALWAYS SAID, AND OF COURSE HE DISCHARGED ME AT THE SAME TIMBER...

THE NIGHT AT TEN, JUST AS USUAL, YOU CERTAINLY DON'T THINK THAT I HAD ANYTHING...

RELAX, PAL. WE DON'T THINK YOU MURDERED HIM. FOR ONE THING, WHERE WOULD YOU HIDE THE STOLEN SWIMMING POOL?

HARRY... YOUR EVERYDAY GARDEN-VARIETY MURDER JUST ISN'T COMMITTED LIKE THIS-- AND MURDERERS JUST DON'T TRAIPSE OFF WITH BATHTUBS AND SWIMMING POOLS. I DON'T LIKE IT. NO CLUES. NO CLUES AT ALL...

CORRECTION, MY DEAR WATSON--WE NOW HAVE A SUSPECT. BUT OUR SUSPECT IS A BODY IN WATER ONLY...



...AND THE NAME OF THAT BODY OF WATER IS THE FOX RIVER. BOTH... AH, MURDERS... WERE COMMITTED ON ESTATES BORDERING THE FOX. I THINK WE'LL CRUISE ALONG THE RIVER TONIGHT TO SEE WHAT MIGHT BE SEEN...

THIS IS... A DECIDEDLY **SLEAZY** BUM. HIS NAME IS FORGOTTEN, HIS FORTUNES NONEXISTENT, YET, IN SPITE OF THIS--OR PERHAPS **BECAUSE** OF IT--HE RETAINS A DESPERATE LINK WITH **NUMOR**...



WELL, LET'S SEE WHAT'S ON THE MENU TONIGHT. CHEF'S SPECIAL! USED COFFEE GROUNDS AND SCRAMBLED EGG-SHELLS A LA CARTE... NOT BAD, NOT BAD AT ALL... BUT I THINK I'LL **PASS** ON IT...

...A LINK WITH **NUMOR** WHICH HE SUSTAINS AND RATIONALLY STRIVES TO FORGE INTO A TIE WITH **SANITX**...

AH-- THIS IS **MUCH** BETTER! **BANANA PEELS** IN THIS ONE...



...AND A LINK WHICH ABRUPTLY **SHATTERS**...



THIS IS A **GARBAGE CAN** WHICH IS **NOT** A GARBAGE CAN ...WHICH NOW ALTERS IN SHAPE AND GREEDILY **STUFFS** ITSELF!



THIS IS AN IMPOSSIBILITY--A BLOB OF HUNGRY PROTOPLASM WHICH SURGES UPWARD TO ENVELOP THE FRANTICALLY STRUGGLING HOBO...



...AN UNHOLY, PERVERTED VENUS FLYTRAP WHICH LURES AND DEVOURS THE CURIOUS--A SLIME BEING WITH AN INSATIABLE HUNGER...



...HEPATIC BLOB SPRAWLED IN FILTH WHICH CORRODES THE HOBO'S FLESH WITH INTERIOR TENDRILS OF ACID-FIRE... WHICH INCORPORATES THAT DISSOLVED FLESH INTO ITS OWN WRETCHED BULK... AND CARELESSLY DISCARDS THE LIFELESS SKELETON...



Y'KNOW, FRANK, WHEN I WAS A KID, FISH JUMPED FROM THIS RIVER LIKE POPCORN-- NOW YOU NEED A BATH AFTER SWIMMING IN IT.

YEAH... THEY'RE TRYING TO PASS AN EMBARASS ON POLLUTANT CHEMICAL WASTES DOWN IN SPRINGFIELD AREN'T THEY?

PAT CHANCE. TOO MUCH COLLUSION--
THE CHARACTERS WHO PAY THE MOST TAXES, AND
THE CONGRESS'S SALARIES, ARE THE ONES
DUMPING THE CHEMICAL
DUMPING. ANYWAY, KEEP
YOUR EYES **PEELED**
ALONG THIS RIVER...

YEAH,
BUT... FOR
WHAT?

THIS IS A HOUSEWIFE NEAR THE END OF HER DAY... BUT NOT OF
HER WORK. SHE IS TIRED, STRAINED, AND SUSCEPTIBLE TO
LAPSES OF TEMPER...

ROGER
THORNTON, IF YOU
BREAK **ONE MORE**
PLATE... I **SWEAR**, ROGER,
YOU'LL DRIVE ME CRAZY
TILL THE **DAY I**
DIE...

AND **THIS IS THE**
DAY SHE DIES...

OH MY GOD--
THE SINK --
WHAT'S HAPPENING
TO THE SINK??

WOMAN...?
MOMMEEEEE!

THIS IS A KITCHEN SINK WHICH IS NOT A
KITCHEN SINK. THIS IS A THING WHICH
WILDLY **ELONGATES** AND **LOOKS**
FORWARD LIKE A GROTESQUE
STAINLESS STEEL SERPENT TO
SWALLOW THE **TERRIFIED WOMAN**
... TO **SWALLOW** AND **FEAST** UPON
HER **PROTECTING FLESH...**

EEEEEE!

THIS IS THE **REPUGNANT SCUM-BEAST** WHICH
ALTERS ITS FORM LIKE **QUICKSILVER** TO **AMBUSH** THE
UNWARY. THE **UNSUSPECTING...** TO **SUCK DRY** THE **BONES**
OF **AGOSTED DEAD...** THIS IS **ETERNAL HORROR...**





I DON'T KNOW FOR WHAT FRANK, BUT WE'VE GOT TO KEEP AN EYE OUT FOR IT ANYWAY.

I SUPPOSE IT'S YOUR CAREFULLY CONSIDERED OPINION THAT BOTH MURDERS OCCURRING NEAR THIS RIVER IS NOT PURE COINCIDENCE?



YEAH I SUPPOSE YOU MIGHT SAY GOOD LUCK-- LOOK, FRANK-- OVER THERE IN THE WATER--!

THIS IS JOHN COLE, A BACHELOR, AS SUCH IT IS HIS MISFORTUNE TO PREPARE HIS OWN MEALS HE HAS NEVER CONSIDERED HIMSELF ADEPT AT IT.

DAMN! BURNED! SHIT! SCOTTISH TELLS ME I SHOULD GO HOME TO A RESTAURANT-- THIS OVEN WILL BE THE END OF ME YET...



THIS IS AN OVEN WHICH IS NOT AN OVEN... A FOUL, CORRUPT IMPERSONATION OF GOING MUCK...



WHAT THE--?!!

AND THIS IS THE SLITHERING ABSCURD PROTEOPHASIC SLIME WHICH TAKES FLESH AND LIFE AND WHICH LEAVES ONLY A NAKED SKELETON IN THE PLACE OF AN AERIAL OVEN...





THIS IS AN ALL-NIGHT LAUNDROMAT IN WHICH A WEARY GO-BO REMINISCES OVER A PAST EXPERIENCE...





THIS IS THE LOATHSOME ABOMINATION, FRESHLY GORGED,
MOVING AWAY FROM THE GRISLY REMNANTS OF HIS
INDULGENCE...





THIS IS THE DETECTIVE'S ABANDONED, UNMARKED CAR... AND THE ENCRUACING MASS OF A BODY OF PROTOPLASM DIFFERENT FROM THE ONE EVEN NOW PURSUED WITH FUTILITY LESS THAN A MILE AWAY...

BDAM!
BLAM!
BDAM!

TO
APPREHEND
A MURDERER!



...UNTIL IT HAS SPREAD
ITSELF INTO A VERMIN
COMPLETELY
COVERING THE CAR...

SSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS





...AND THEN, ALL IS AS BEFORE. **ALMOST.**

USELESS--
THE THING'S
IMPERVIOUS TO BULLETS
-- HOW DO YOU
STOP IT?!

**BLAM
PCHAM
BLAM
BOAM**



**YOU DON'T,
CATCH-- WE'RE
LICKED. LET'S
TURN IN OUR
REPORT.**



THIS IS THE
LIVING END, PURDON.
WE KNOW THERE'S MORE
THAN **ONE** OF THOSE
THINGS. THEY MUST **EAT**
OBJECTS--LIME BATHUBS
AND SWIMMING POOLS--
AND THEN **ASSUME**
THE SHAPE OF THE
OBJECT EATEN...

YEH... AND
THEN LUNCH ON THE
FIRST **PERSON** WHO
HAPPENS BY-- ALL
EXCEPT THE SKELETON.
MUST BE HARD ON
THEIR **TEETH...**



WE'RE IN BIG
TROUBLE, FRANK-- BIG
TROUBLE. THOSE THINGS COULD
BE **ANYTHING...**
ANYWHERE...

...EVEN AN UNARMED
COP CAR...

**GOOD
LORD!**



THIS IS THE SUFFOCATING, SEARING DEATH OF TWO DETECTIVES... AND ABOVE, A NEWLY AIRBORNE PLANE FROM NEARBY CHARE INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT...



OR, A PLANE THAT IS NOT A PLANE...



BUT IS NOW INSTEAD A PLUMMETING SLOB OF SLIME-COFFINED SKELETONS SOON TO ENGAGE IN A VIOLENT COMMUNION WITH A PROTESTING BURIAL EARTH BELOW.



IT IS ONE DAY LATER AND A MAN RETURNING FROM WORK IS GREETED WITH AN EMBRACE



MRS. WHAT A FINE MONKEY-- THAT PARLEY ACCOUNT'S GOT ME ALL WRAPPED IN THE STONEST MESS YOU COULD IMAGINE...

OF CORROSIVE, SMOTHERING, DISINTEGRATING DEATH.

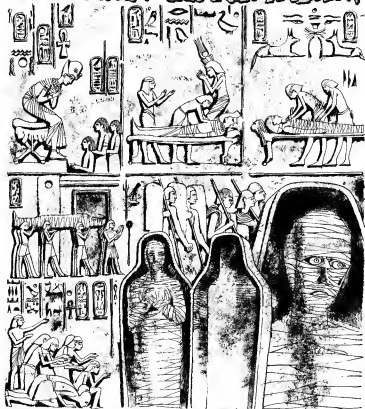


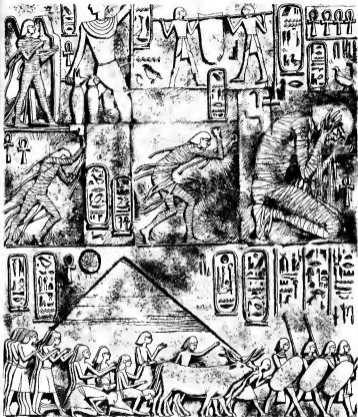
END

... OLD EGYPT IS THE BIRTHPLACE OF THE COMIC MEDIUM... FOR THE EGYPTIANS MASTERED THE ART OF TELLING HISTORY IN PICTURES WITHOUT WORDS... THIS STONE TABLET OF MACABRE ANECDOTES WAS RECENTLY FOUND BURIED 'NEATH THE EGYPTIAN SANDS... IT IS OBVIOUSLY A STORY OF SOME KIND, THO THE AUTHOR AND THE ARTIST ARE UNKNOWN... WE HAVE TITLED IT:

A TALE IN OLD EGYPT

THE PREMATURE BURIAL OF A MUMMY





...THE TALES OF OLD EGYPT ARE ANFUL AND AROMAC... AND SUGGESTIVE... FOR THIS PYRAMID HAS NOT YET BEEN FOUND OR OPENED... BUT WHEN IT IS THEN GOD HELP US ALL... FOR THEREIN IS A PREMATURELY INTERRED MUMMY WHOSE VENGEANCE WILL MAKE THE EARTH SHUDDER...

EMOTIONALLY-DISTURBED ED FEDORY

REVIEWS

NOSFERATU



ward more-but ED FEDORY

NOSFERATU is undoubtedly one of the outstanding horror films of all time. This 1922 silent, terror-classic masterpiece of atmospheric cinema captures many of the qualities lost in MODERN vampire movies.

When director F. W. Murnau decided to bring the FIRST adaptation of Bram Stoker's DRACULA to the silver screen, he knew the importance of MOOD and ATMOSPHERE. You look upon the face and form of his vampire and you freeze the blood that surges through your veins!

While Hollywood consistently throws 'pretty' Counts and Barons our way, NOSFERATU stands alone as the most singular and hideous 'blood-sucker' ever created! This UNDEAD menace, (portrayed in a superb and greatly manner by Max Von Schreck) does not kill his victims by one mere pair of fang punctures ... NO ... like some grotesque leech in human form, he saps the life-blood of his prey over a long period of time.

As a character study of the vampire, NOSFERATU accomplishes a great deal of what Murnau intended the viewer to sense and see. (In the movie, it is hard to tell whether the vampire — Graf Orlok — is more interested in BLOOD, or WOMEN, but, let's save THIS for the finale).

In current vampire-theme movies, we find the UNDEAD LEECH to be driven off by a whole assortment of paraphernalia: crosses, the Host, holy water, garlic, mirrors, and so on. Graf Orlok's deterrent, however, is the supernatural powers of LOVE! When a real estate agent, (in this version, called HUTTER) is about to have his blood 'let' by Graf, Hutter's wife (Ellen) awakes in Bremen, England SCREAMING HYSTERICALLY! Graf Orlok then retreats, robbed of a victim ... by LOVE.

NOSFERATU, Graf Orlok, realizes that his supply of 'nourishment' is running low, and that the townsfolk are getting just a LITTLE suspicious. He decides to stalk a new crop of crimson food. When Ellen is confronted by the grotesque presence of Orlok, she does not withdraw, or coil in fear. Instead, she FLIRTS with him, and delays his returning to his coffin until the death giving rays of the sun slay him!

I would recommend this 63 minute journey into terror to any student of horror films. Truly, a classic of CLAMMY atmosphere and EVIL!

... "NOSFERATU is a 63 minute journey into terror", starring MAX VON SCHRECK as the undead menace, directed by F. W. MURNAU — it is a CLASSIC we RECOMMEND ...

HELLUVA
NICE DAY HUH,
ELTON?

...YEH,
FRED...

YOU'D THINK
THEY'D WANNA BITE
ON A NICE DAY
LIKE THIS HUH?

YEH, FRED...
YOU NEVER CAN
TELL...

YOU BAT 'EM, FRED?

WELL,
SOMETIMES I DO...IF I GIT A PERCH
OR A TROUT OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT...
BUT I DON'T LIKE CATFISH AND GARBAGE
LIKE THAT...BUT LOTS OF FUN TO CATCH...
SOME OF 'EM REALLY GIVE YOU
A FIGHT...



YEH...I MEAN, THIS
IS THE FIRST DAY I'VE
HAD OFF IN A MONTH AND
GOD MADE IT A NICE DAY
FOR ME AND I CAME OUT
HERE TO GET SOME FISH
AN' THEY WON'T BITE...
PRETTY INDECENT OF
THEM, HUH, ELTON?



YOU BAT 'EM,
ELTON?

YEH...I
BAT 'EM OR I
THROW 'EM
BACK!

THAT'S REALLY
STUPID, ELTON...WHATTA
YOU WANNA THROW
BACK GARBAGE FOR...
NEXT GUY TO PULL IN
THAT GARBAGE FISH
MAY BE ME!

YOU FEEL THE
BOAT ROCKIN' A
BIT, FRED?

YEH...
A BIT...

OH MY GOD!



...REST IN PEACE, GENTLEMEN...IN JOINING THE FISH OF THE SEA IN THEIR OWN SANCTUM, YOU ARE MERELY CARRYING A CERTAIN TRADITION...OF COURSE TRADITIONS GET REVERSED EVERY SO OFTEN, AND SO IT MAKES SENSE THAT FISH-MEAT IS SOMETIMES MAN-MEAT!

...WELL...REST IN PEACE, ANYWAY...OUR TALE IS NOT ABOUT YOU, GENTLEMEN, IT'S ABOUT THE WORLD OF THE STILL-LIVING...THE MEN WHO WILL GO OUT TOMORROW TO FISH, SOME FOR FOOD...SOME AS A LURID KIND OF SPORT...AND SINCE WE'RE TALKING ABOUT HUMAN BEINGS, A CERTAIN ELEMENT OF GREED MUST ENTER THE STORY...GREED ENTERS EVERY STORY WHERE MAN IS INVOLVED...INDEED, FOR MAN, IT IS SAID IS NATURALLY GREEDY AND GRABS ALL HE CAN...WHETHER HE NEEDS IT OR NOT, WHETHER HE WANTS IT OR NOT...FOR THE NAME OF THE GAME IS SPORT...AND THE NAME OF THE TALE IS...



GREED

WRITTEN BY EDWARD PARSONS ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERTO VILLARIEL





BUT WHY...
WHAT DID I EVER
DO TO YOUR
PEOPLE?

YOU PEOPLE OF
THE SURFACE COME
IN BOATS AND DROP
NETS AND HOOKS...
BAITING THEM WITH
STRANGE MEAT...
AND TRAP OUR
CHILDREN...

BUT YOU CAN
TALK... FISH
CAN'T TALK...
AND YOU'RE LIKE
NO FISH I'VE
EVER SEEN...

TRUE... I AM BUT ONE
OF A KIND... I HAVE
LIVED MANY YEARS... I
HAVE SEEN YOUR GRANDFATHERS
AND GREAT-GRANDFATHERS
LIVE AND DIE... I HAVE
LEARNED YOUR LANGUAGE
AND YOUR WAYS... AND
I DON'T LIKE THEM!

IT'S NOT WHAT
YOU YOURSELF DID
YOUNG ONE, IT'S WHAT
YOU SWAMP FOR!
YOUR PEOPLE FOR
YEARS HAVE COME
AND KILLED MY
PEOPLE UNDER THE
SEA... AND BAITED
THEM FOR FOOD!
WE ARE
NOT FOOD
LITTLE ONE!

...AND THEY MUST STOP...
STOP KILLING MY PEOPLE...
THEY MUST BE TAUGHT A
LESSON... AND YOU ARE
THAT LESSON... WHEN
THEY COME AFTER YOU
I WILL SPEAK TO THEM...
AND KILL YOU BEFORE
THEIR VERY EYES... THEN
THEY TOO WILL KNOW
WHAT IT'S LIKE TO HAVE
CHILDREN DIE...

...LOOK AT THOSE
TRACKS! THERE
WAS SOME KIND
OF THING HERE...

...SHE COULDN'T HAVE
MADE THOSE MARKS...
LOOK AT THE SIZE OF
THEM... OH, JOHN,
WHAT WILL WE DO?

...WELL, WE'RE NOT
GOING TO PANIC... LET'S
GET THE XOWNSPEOPLE
TOGETHER BEFORE WE
LOOK FOR HER...

I'VE DONE
NOTHING
TO YOU...
OR YOUR
PEOPLE...
PLEASE
DON'T
HURT ME...
PLEASE!

...YOU DON'T
UNDERSTAND,
LITTLE ONE...

IT'S NOT THAT I WANT TO HURT YOU...
I HAVE TO... TO SHOW YOUR PARENTS...
THE VILLAGERS... THAT THEIR KILLING
MUST END!

...BUT I'M
INNOCENT!

...YOU ARE **NOT** INNOCENT...YOU ARE **NOT** CHILD...YOU PROBABLY ATE THE MEAT OF MY PEOPLE LAST NIGHT FOR DINNER... AND YOU KILL OTHER ANIMALS... I'VE SEEN YOU... FOR SPORT... SPORTS... MURDER... TO KILL TO EAT IS ONE THING... TO KILL FOR PLEASURE IS MURDER... GREED...



...IT IS NOT ENOUGH FOR YOU TO HAVE FACULTIES THAT NO OTHER ANIMAL HAS...NOT ENOUGH THAT YOU ARE OBVIOUS MASTERS ON THIS EARTH...NOT ENOUGH THAT YOU HAVE MORE THAN ANY ANIMAL WILL EVER HAVE IN INTELLIGENCE... SOPHISTICATION...YOU NEVER HAVE ENOUGH OF ANYTHING... NO, CHILD, YOU ARE EVERYTHING BUT INNOCENT...

OH MY GOD... NO, NO... VANESSA...

**FREP!
FREP!**

WHAT KIND OF ANIMAL IS THAT?... THAT SOUNDED LIKE... IT'S INHUMAN!



...THOSE TRACKS WERE ENDOUROUS... THERE'S NO ANIMAL WE KNOW OF THAT BIG...

...WE'RE ALL ARMED...IF IT'S NOT DONE ANYTHING WITH HER YET...WE'LL GET WHATEVER IT IS...



DON'T WORRY...WE DON'T EVEN KNOW FOR SURE IF...IF IT'S EVEN GOT VANESSA...SHE MAY BE JUST LOST...

...AFRAID NOT, JOHN...LOOK...

...NOW TAKE IT EASY...WE DON'T KNOW WHAT KIND OF THING THAT IS...WE MUST BE VERY CAREFUL...



...THE CREATURE FLEES... HIGHER... HIGHER TO THE EDGE OF THE CLIFF...

ALL RIGHT...YOU HEARD HIM, MEN...JOHN'S LEADING THE WAY, NO SUDDEN MOVES...AND DON'T SHOOT UNTIL HE SAYS SO!



LOOK...THE
CHILD STILL LIVES...
SHE'S CRYING...
HE HASN'T
HARMED
HER YET...

OH...THANK
THE LORD FOR THAT...BUT
THAT CREATURE OR
THING MAY BECOME
FRIGHTENED BY OUR
NUMBERS AND
DROP HER FROM
THE CLIFF!

THING...
CAN YOU
SPEAK...CAN
YOU TALK...
WHAT ARE YOU
...WHAT MAN
OR BEAST
WOULD STEAL
A CHILD
FROM HER
HOME!

...YOU MAY BE
RIGHT...EVERYBODY
STAY HERE...I'M GOING
ALONE...MAYBE I
CAN DO WHAT A
MOR CAN'T...

...THE SEA CREATURE WILL BE ADDRESSING TWO PEOPLE...THE
MEN WHO NOW CLAMBER UP THE EDGE OF THE BLUFF...AND
HIS BROTHERS IN
THE WATERS
BELOW...

**FREED!
FREED!**

OH, DADDY...
SAVE ME...HE'S
GOING TO KILL ME...
DADDY, HE SPOKE
TO ME...HE SPOKE
TO ME IN OUR
LANGUAGE
AND...

WANERGA...
NOW IS NOT
THE TIME FOR
YOUR STORIES...
THE MONSTER DOES
NOT SPEAK...
HE ONLY
GROWLS.

...NO, DADDY...I
MEAN IT...REALLY
HE SPOKE TO ME IN
ENGLISH...HE WANTS
YOU TO STOP KILLING
HIS PEOPLE?

...AND
THEN SHE
REALIZED...
JUST AS DID
HER CAPTOR.

...HE'S
SPEAKING TO
YOU, DADDY...HE'S
TALKING TO YOU...
CAN'T YOU UNDER-
STAND?...CAN'T
YOU...

...THAT HE
COULD NOT
UNDERSTAND
...THAT THE
FISH MAN
COULD ONLY
SPEAK...TO
HER...

WANERGA...
STOP IT! NOW
LISTEN TO ME...
WHEN I MAKE A
SUDDEN MOVE...
YOU TRY AND
JUMP FREE!

GRRR

IT WON'T
WORK, DADDY... HE
HEARD YOU... HE
KNOWS WHAT YOU'RE
GOING TO TRY
TO DO...

NO...
JUMP... FIGHT
HIM TO BREAK
FREE...



I CAN'T...
HE WON'T
LET GO... HE
WON'T!!

... DO AS YOU'RE
TOLD, CHILD... I'LL JUMP
AT HIS LEGS... HE'LL BE
SURPRISED... PROBABLY
DROP YOU... THEN YOU
RUN WHILE I FIGHT
WITH HIM...

... OH, MY
JOHN...
MY LITTLE
VANESSA...

NO... WE'RE
FALLING... GRAB SOMETHING,
VANESSA... FOR
HEAVEN'S SAKE GRAB
SOMETHING...

THERE'S
NOTHING
DADDY... NOTHING
TO GRAB...






...AND DEATH COMES TO THE VILLAGE OF COASTAL BLUFFS, A DEATH THAT WAS NEVER RECORDED IN THE HISTORY BOOKS...

...THE NEXT MORNING THEY WENT TO SEARCH FOR THE REMAINS... TO GIVE THE TWO A PROPER CHRISTIAN BURIAL... BUT THEY FOUND ONLY THE FATHER AND THE CREATURE...



...THEY ASSUMED HER BODY HAD BEEN WASHED OUT TO SEA DURING THE NIGHT...

...THEY DID NOT SEE THE LAST ACT OF THE MONSTER AS HE FELL OFF THE CLIFF... HE, WHO IN A DYING BREATH HAD FELT MERCY FOR THE CHILD... HE HAD THROWN THE CHILD ONTO A LEDGE AS SHE FELL... TO SAFETY... WHERE SHE WOULD BE RECOVERED... BUT OF COURSE SHE WASN'T... THEY COULDN'T SEE HER BECAUSE OF AN OVERHANGING LEDGE ABOVE... AND SO SHE WAS LEFT TO DIE... A FITTING END FOR THE ENTIRE HUMAN RACE SAY SOME FOLK WE KNOW... RASH WORDS... BUT THEN AGAIN, THE RASH FOLK TO WHOM WE REFER ARE IN A POSITION TO MAKE SUCH A JUDGMENT...





IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF
SCREAM

IS SOMETHING

VERY

SPECIAL

An exclusive interview with

**CHRISTOPHER
DRACULA
LEE**



**HORROR
PREVIEW**



PLUS *The Autobiography Of A Vampire*

in
SCREAM

— on sale next month



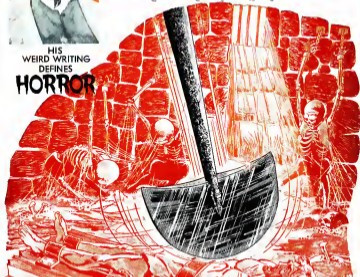
WE ARE PROUD TO INTRODUCE
A NEW MOOD-TEAM MEMBER :

ENTOMBED EDGAR ALLAN POE

Dead -- But Not Yet Buried



HIS
WEIRD WRITING
DEFINES
HORROR



... the complete EDGAR ALLAN POE series: THE RAVEN — THE PIT AND THE PENDULUM — THE PREMATURE BURIAL — THE CONQUEROR WORM AND THE HAUNTED PALACE — THE MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE — THE BLACK CAT — THE GOLD BUG — A DESCENT INTO THE MAELSTROM — THE TELL-TALE HEART — WILLIAM WILSON — BERENICE — THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF USHER — A TALE OF THE RAGGED MOUNTAINS — THE MAN OF THE CROWD — THOU ART THE MAN — THE OBLONG BOX — METZINGERSTEIN — THE MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH — THE NARRATIVE OF A. GORDON PYM OF NANTUCKET — LIGEIA — THE PURLOINED LETTER — MS. FOUND IN A BOTTLE — THE CASK OF AMONTILLADO — THE FACTS IN THE CASE OF M. VALDEMAR, plus special POE features — EDGAR ALLAN POE IN THE MOVIES — THE LUNATIC CREATIONS OF EDGAR ALLAN POE — and, DEAD — BUT NOT YET BURIED ... THE STORY OF THE MASTER-MAN-MACABRE

ENTER THE
VAULT
OF THE
**LIVING
DEAD**

PSYCHO T.M.

★ 75¢ 47789 NO. 17 MARCH 1974

A SKYWALD
HORROR-MOOD
PUBLICATION



FRBA

...ENTER HERE...

THE DEATH PIT

BLOW YOUR MIND
WITH

DEATH ROCK



...COME ENTER... ENTER THE *PIT* OF MUSIC MADNESS... WHERE UNDERGROUND ROCK AND HARD ROCK ARE UNHEARD OF... WHERE THE LYRICS BELONG TO ANOTHER TIME SOMETIME TOMORROW... IN A TIME THAT IS DEAD...

...FOR THOSE WHO PLAY THE SAD SONGS OF PROPHECY THEREIN KNOW THERE IS NO TOMORROW... THEY SAW IT WHEN THEY DIED IN WAYS TOO BRUTAL TO BE ANYTHING BUT SUICIDE... THEY TRIPPED... AND FELL... AND ONLY WHEN DEAD DID THEY REALIZE THEY HAD NO TOMORROW...

...TOO LATE FOR THEM... TOO NOT FOR US... THIS THEY KNOW... AND THAT'S WHY IN A LITTLE BASEMENT PIT IN THE VILLAGE IN NEW YORK THEY SING THE SONGS OF NO--MORROW...

...YEW WAS BORN TO THINK AN' TO FEEL...
... WHY Y'ALL WANNA LOSE THAT WHAT'S REAL...

... THAT'S OUR TALK...
... THAT'S OUR WALL...
... LIVE AND TAKE DEEP BREATHS
... STEAD OF DIVIN'--HORRIBLE
... HEAD-DEATHS...

...TRIPPIN' OUT IN A TOWN...
...AINT TRIPPIN' OUT IN YOUR
...HEAD HONEY...
...IT'S TRIPPIN' OUT ON YOUR
...MOTHER'S WOMB...
...IT AIN'T FUNNY...
...NO, IT AIN'T FUNNY HONEY...





A SKYWALD HORROR-MOOD MAGAZINE

PSYCHO

— EDITED BY ALAN HEWETSON —

NUMBER 17

MARCH 1974

COVER ARTIST: FABA

CONTRIBUTORS BORRELL CARDONA COLLADO
DE LA ROSA DOMINGO EMILIO ED FEDORY
AUGUSTINE FUNNELL JANE LYNCH MARIO NAVA
EDGAR ALLAN POE RICARDO VILLAMONTE

...in this issue...

THE CRIME IN
SATAN'S
CRYPT

MONSTER MONSTER
HEED DEATH'S
CALL

THESE ARE THE
THE NARRATIVE OF
SKUT THINGS
THAT ARE DEAD

THIS IS YOUR LIFE,
SAM HAMMER,
THIS IS YOUR DEATH!!

PREVIEW
CONTEST
ON PAGE 11

VAULT
OF THE
LIVING
DEAD

THE LUNATIC CLASS
OF '64

THE
BLACK
SCULPTURE
OF THE PASTORS

SPECIAL SHOWCASE ISSUE

PSYCHO IS PUBLISHED BY THE SKYWALD PUBLISHING CORPORATION 18 EAST 41ST STREET, NEW YORK CITY, N.Y. 10017. PUBLISHED BI-MONTHLY. PUBLISHERS: ISRAEL WALDMAN AND HERSHEL WALDMAN. EDITOR: ALAN HEWETSON. PRICE: 75¢ PER COPY. ANY RESEMBLANCE OF CHARACTERS HEREIN TO PERSONS LIVING OR DEAD IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL. NOTHING MAY BE REPRINTED IN ANY FORM WITHOUT THE EXPRESS PERMISSION OF THE PUBLISHER. PRINTED IN CANADA. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. DISTRIBUTED BY KABLE NEWS.



...I'VE
KILLED FOR
THIS...KILLED
MANY MEN...KINGS
AND
SOLDIERS...



...IT IS THE RICHEST
TREASURE
IN ALL EGYPT...THIS LITTLE
THING IS WORTH MEN'S
LIVES...



...THE RICHEST HEIRLOOM IN ALL THE WORLD
...PASSED FROM GENERATION TO GENERATION
...I ASSUMED THE THRONE AS A CHILD...IT
WAS TAKEN FROM ME... BUT NOW IT'S
MINE... I HAVE BECOME STRONG AND POWERFUL!
...20 YEARS I HAVE SEARCHED FOR IT...20
YEARS TO GAIN WHAT IS MERELY MINE TO
BEGIN WITH...



...YOU SEE
THIS? YOU
KNOW WHAT
THIS IS?

YES...
I KNOW
WHAT IT
IS...

...MY PRICELESS
RIGHT TO CALL MY-
SELF PHAROAH OF
ALL EGYPT...

The BLACK SCULPTURE of the PHAROHS

...IT SEEMS YOU THINK MORE OF THAT THING THAN OF ME!

...TRUE...YOU HAD SOME VALUE WHEN YOU WERE 22 AND WERE ATTRACTIVE TO ME!

WHY DO YOU INSULT ME?

YOU DESERVE TO BE INSULTED!

DESERVE IT!!

...YOU ARE THE ONE DECEITFUL TO OUR MARRIAGE...I LOVE YOU EVEN TO THIS MINUTE...WHILE YOUR MIND WANDERS AND DRIFTS TOO EASILY...ON TRIVIALITIES LIKE THAT MISERABLE SCULPTURE OF A DAMN BLACK...
CAT...

...YOU ARE NOT ONLY INSOLENT AND BORING...YOU ARE ALSO USELESS--AND SERVE NO PURPOSE...YOU GIVE ME NO PLEASURE...

...AND SO IT SHALL BE REPORTED TO HER 5 SUBJECTS THAT...

...THEIR QUEEN IS DEAD...SHE STUMBLER AND FELL ON A SWORD...

NO NO AGHWAH





I HAVE
ALL I NEED...
IN MY
HANDS...



...GUARDS!
GUARDS!
THE SCULPTURE
IS GONE...

... YOU
GROVELING
IDiot...IT'S
BEEN STOLEN...
ALERT MY
ENTIRE
GUARD...

GONE?...
WHERE MIGHT
IT BE?

...OH GIVE...THE
TOMB...THE
TOMB...

...THE TOMB
HAS BEEN
VIOLATED...THE
QUEEN'S BODY
IS GONE!!

SPEAK UP!
WHAT IS
IT?...

WHAT
ABOUT THE
TOMB?

...THE SCULPTURE
GONE...
THE TOMB
VIOLATED...MY
DEAD WENCH
GONE...
COULD IT BE?... IS
SHE ALIVE?

...IS SHE
OUT FOR
REVENGE?

NEARBY,
ANOTHER
IS ENGAGED
IN VOICED
THOUGHT...
WHICH WILL EXPLAIN
THE CURIOUS QUESTIONS
ASKED BY

PHARAOH--
HARNAB II.

...THE PHARAOH
WILL NEVER
SUSPECT HIS OWN
HIGH PRIEST
OF STEALING HIS
PRECIOUS
SCULPTURE...

...NOT WHEN I
HAVE STOLEN
THE BODY OF THE
ENCOMBED QUEEN...
MAKING IT LOOK
LIKE AN UNHOLY
ACT OF
VENGEANCE.



HARMHAB
WILL SOON COME
TO ME...AND SAY...
"PRIEST IS SUCH A
THING POSSIBLE?"...AND
I WILL SAY: "OH, GREAT PHARAOH--
ANYTHING IS POSSIBLE... I THINK
YOU HAVE SEEN THE LAST OF
YOUR SCULPTURE!"

HA HA
HA HA
HA HA
HA HA!



JUGHAHH!



...SIRE...WE
ARE **CONFUSED**...
FIRST THE **TOMB** IS
VIOLATED AND THE
MUMMY VANISHED
...AND NOW IT IS
RETURNED...

...YES...
THAT IS
STRANGE...LET
US LOOK AND
SEE...



IT'S THE
**BODY OF THE
HIGH-
PRIEST!**

COULD IT
BE HE WAS
INVOLVED IN
SOME KIND OF
PLOT?



THERE IS
NO SIGN OF
THE
SCULPTURE!

...TAKE HIS **BODY**...
THROW IT INTO A **PIT**...
THEN CLOSE UP
THIS PLACE...

NO...THE
SCULPTURE IS SOME!
OBVIOUSLY THE
PRIEST WAS INVOLVED
IN A PLAN TO
STEAL THE
SCULPTURE AND HIS
HENCHMEN **BETRAYED**
HIM FOR SOME REASON...
THE **QUEEN** WAS SOME
PART OF HIS **PLOT**...PROBABLY
WANTED IT TO LOOK LIKE SHE'D
COME OUT OF HER **TOMB** TO
STEAL IT...
SEAL UP THIS PLACE...



HORROR PREVIEW CONTEST

... can you fill in the missing VOICE BALLOONS? The best 5 entries we receive will WIN an advance copy of the next issue ... get your entry in FAST and you can become a WINNER ...



NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY AND STATE _____
SKYWALD CONTEST #3 R# 1501
15 EAST 41 ST STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017



THE
SLITHER-SLIME PAGES
OF
HORROR PREVIEWS
FOR '74

ARE YOU DEAD YET?

ARE YOU DEAD YET? ... the mechanics of hellish art in this weird '70 page story that takes off where macabre-mysteries last left! Who did it? Who's killing the inmates of the Asylum right before our eyes? The answer is in the third conclusion part! NEVER guess!

"MANY OF HIS POTENT MISTERIOUSLY DEED HOWEVER, AND UPON INVESTIGATION THE POLICE DISCOVERED LIVING MARINA WAS POISONING THE PATIENTS BECAUSE SECRETLY SHE HATED HER HUSBAND POSSESSIONS A WEALTHY PRACTICE TO HELP THE POOR..."



... this is our SPECIAL SHOWCASE ISSUE, where we introduce 2 new artists and a new writer to those (or ANY) pages... It's better than the car stories we have on in a slightly high-brower vein (to substitute the high weights of this columnary experience)... you'll also note that ALL the MOOD-TEAM writers are in this showcase issue — ANKWARD ACQUINTANCE FURNELL — Emotionally-disturbed ED FEDORY — Archelo AL... and our brand new gal JANE LYNN... therefore we take pleasure in turning our letters/editorial pages this issue into a PLEASURE-PREVIEW of some of the weird things to come... and we DO have a lot of new things on the way, like a NEW MAGAZINE in the SPRING of '74... THE TONG OF HORROR... watch for it!



THE RATS

"OH GOD THE RATS ARE ALL AROUND ME... I HATED THEM ALL AROUND ME, THEY'RE AT MY FEET, THEY'RE AT MY FEET NOW, I HATE NO MORE... I HATE TO STAY HERE OF THE GROWING... I HATE TO STAY HERE... I DON'T WANT ANYMORE TO GROWING... MY GOD, THE RATS ARE AT MY FEET... THE RATS ARE EATING MY LEGS..."



... THE RATS is a cover story written to distract you from the day-to-day commonplaceness of our lives — It's a weird tale that takes place in the future, mostly in an elevator, where the hero loses the war he's waging against insanity — Dreadful DELA ROSA is the artist for this strange saga which'll be presented early in the new year...



We are proud to be continuing introducing new and never-before-published young people to the comic medium in these horror-mood pages... writer JANE LYNN appears for the first time with THE LIFTING GLASS OF '74 on page 18... artist CALADO is introduced on page 52 with THE BLAZING TRIP OF '74 on page 14... you'll guess artist CAROLINA for the next issue with her law THIS IS YOUR LIFE SAM HAMMER, THIS IS YOUR DEATH... this special PSYCHO 17 is the SHOWCASE ISSUE of new talents... let us know what you think of Messrs. Carozza and Colado, and Mr. Lynch... and depending on YOUR reaction you may be seeing much more of them...

... Imagine, if you will, an entire issue of horror tales all linked together in a macabre way too weird to be believable — you're imagining the upcoming, unbelievable special 7 TALES OF THE MAN-MACABRE issue of SCREAM, featuring THE VAMPIRE by Zeser... THE CREEP by Duran... THE DEAD THINGS by Villamonte... THE VULTURE by Collado... THE ANCIENT ONE by Rancid Ricardo... THE THING IN THE SPACE by Emilio and (as pictured) THE WEREWOLF by Sinister Suso... It'll be the strangest issue of the year so await it with bated imagination...

THE WEREWOLF



...JON WHO ACKNOWLEDGED THE PRESENCE OF RED DEATH... HE HAD COME LIKE A THUNDER IN THE NIGHT—THE SERVANT OF SATAN... DEATH HIMSELF... TO PUNISH... AND ONE BY ONE DROPPED THE REVERENDS IN THE MOUTH OF THEIR RIVER... THEN BURNING AND DEAD AND THE RED DEATH HELD ALM-TERRIBLE DOWN OVER ALL...



THE BLACK CAT



...WHO HAD REDUCED ME TO WARRIOR BY WIFE...AND WHOSE UNDISMAYED MIND NOW CONSIDERED ME TO THE ABANDONED, EVEN AS I HAD CONSIDERED POOR PLUTO...SUCH MISERABLE HEAVEN...I HAD NAMED THE WOMAN UP WITH MY WIFE'S TOMB...

... THE BLACK CAT is a delightful little tale of terror about the reincarnation of a black cat (no, his name is not NARD!) into various murdering and devious guises — Entombed EDGAR ALLAN POE is the author of this masterpiece illustrated by RANCID RICARDO VILLAMONTE — about the cat called PLUTO and his revenge upon his master.

THE MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH

THEY GAZED IN UNBUTTERABLE HORROR AT FINDING THE GARDEN-ORCHARDER'S AND CORPSE-LIKE MARK WHICH THEY HAD TO DO WITH SO VIOLENT A RUSSETTAL UPSTAMPED BY ANY TANGIBLE FORM...

... THE MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH is one of our classic POE stories, adapted from the short masterpiece of the macabre by artist RICARDO VILLAMONTE! This horror narrative delves the ravages of the BLACK PLAGUE, and Poe's noble setting for the story gives it the double impact of being both a horror story and a bitter satire — it's a tremendous and explicit story — one you won't want to miss when it appears SOON in these HORROR-MOOD PAGES...

HAPPY NEW YEAR y'all

-ARCHAIC AL-
... and the MOOD-TEAM ...



THIS IS YOUR LIFE, SAM HAMMER; THIS IS YOUR DEATH!

...THIS... IS THE CITY... LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA... I WORK HERE... I'M A COP... THE STORY YOU ARE ABOUT TO SEE IS TRUE ONLY MY NAME IS CHANGED FOR SOME REASON OR OTHER... THIS STORY IS ABOUT THE WORST DAY IN MY LIFE...

...MY NAME IS SAM HAMMER, MY PARTNER IS ED SATURDAY. ON THIS DAY WE MET AT 8:30 A.M. AND HEADED FOR THE OFFICE... ON THE WAY WE SPOTTED A LICENSE THAT HAD AN A.B. ON IT... WE GAVE CHASE...



...WE CAUGHT THE SUSPECT AS HE ATTEMPTED TO FLEE ON FOOT... HE WAS UNCOOPERATIVE...

HOLD IT NISTER! POLICE OFFICERS... YOU'RE UNDER ARREST...



POLICE BRUTALITY! POLICE BRUTALITY!!

...WE TOOK HIM TO THE STATION... BOOKED HIM... MUGGED HIM... HE WOULD WANTED ON AN OUT-OF-STATE BURGLARY RAP... HIS LAWYER HAD HIM OUT IN 2 HOURS... SO STARTED MY DAY... A LOUSY DAY... EVEN FOR A COP...



...9:39 A.M.... MY PARTNER AND I LEFT THE STATION TO TAKE OUR POSITIONS IN A STAKE-OUT AT A MASSAGE PARLOR ON VINE AND ETHEL... OUTSIDE POLICE HEADQUARTERS WE RAN INTO OUR BOSS, CAPTAIN DOOLEY...



...THIS IS 1975... IN THESE DAYS OF FAST-TALKING LAWYERS AND MEALY-MOUTHED LIBERAL POLITICIANS WE CAN'T MAKE A CONVICTION ANYMORE...



HAMMER... YOU AN SATURDAY HAVE A LOUSY ARREST RECORD?

... THAT'S NOT TRUE, SR... WHY JUST TODAY WE ARRESTED AN A.R.B. ON OUR WAY TO WORK...



...THE CAPTAIN WAS RIGHT... WE HADN'T MADE AN ARREST THAT HELD-UP IN MONTHS... WE RESOLVED TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT...



...11:24 A.M.... WE HEADED OUT INTO THE CITY IN SEARCH OF ORIGINALS...



...12:10 A.M. WE FOUND "LITTLE FRO" SLEEPING IN AN ALLEY AND QUESTIONED HIM...



... I DON'T HAVE NO INFORMATION TODAY...

...NO P...
...ED... GO GET US SOME CIGARETTES.



...WHILE ED WENT FOR CIGARETTES I QUESTIONED "LITTLE FRO" FURTHER...

...AS USUAL WE SLIPPED THE STOOLES A FEW BUCKS... WHAT HE'D TOLD US WAS VALUABLE INFORMATION... IF WE COULD BRUSH UP THE COUNTERFEIT MONEY GANG IN THE ACT WE'D BE SURE OF A CONVICTION...



HERE'S A FEW BUCKS "LITTLE FRO"... GET YOURSELF A SHAVE WITH IT...



...WHAT HAVE YOU GOT FOR US "LITTLE FRO"...

...CORNER STORE ON VINE AND WILLARD... 3 GUYS... WAKIN' MONY \$20 PLATES FOR A RING IN THE EAST.

...CIGARETTE SM...
LITTLE FRO...

...UNFORTUNATELY OUR COVER WAS BLOWN BY THE "GUARD" WHO MUST'VE RECOGNIZED US...

...1:15 P.M. WE ENTERED THE CORNER STORE DISGUISED AS HIPPIES...



HEY MAN LIKE -AHH- WE ... WE DIS YOU GOT A COOL SIS GOING IN THE BASSMENT?? CAN WE - AHH LIKE - JOIN UP



COAS...
COAS...
...IT'S A BUST!
...OH MY GOD...
...IT'S A BUST!!

...2:01 P.M. ... WE ENTERED THE BASEMENT PREMISES OF THE COUNTERFEITING RING AND OBSERVED 2 MEN ATTEMPTING TO DESTROY EVIDENCE OF THEIR CRIMINAL ACTIVITIES...



...THEY WERE HARDENED CRIMINALS AND REFUSED TO SURRENDER THEIR WEAPONS ... A BATTLE ENSUED ...



...AS A POLICE OFFICER I RARELY HAVE TO DRAW MY GUN... BUT ON THIS DAY I HAD NO ALTERNATIVE...



...UNFORTUNATELY FOR BO, MY PARTNER... THE CRIMINALS THREW HIM INTO ONE OF THEIR MACHINES AND HE WAS MORTALLY WOUNDED...



... 4:15 P.M. ... I WAS FEELING MUCH BETTER NOW THAT I HAD MADE A GOOD ARREST FOR THE DRY, AND BROKE FOR LUNCH... I OPENED ED'S FRIGID--LUNCH (HE DIDN'T NEED IT ANYMORE AND I DIDN'T WANT GOOD CORNED BEEF TO GO TO WASTE!!)... THAT'S WHEN "STRANGE" THINGS STARTED TO HAPPEN...



...THE CORNED BEEF SANDWICH WAS ALIVE!...

... 5:10 P.M. ... AS I EXITED THE POLICE BUILDING I FELT DIZZY... MY SENSES WERE NUMB FROM HEAD TO TOE AND I LOST CONSCIOUSNESS...



...WHEN I WOKE UP I WAS DEAD AND IN A FUNERAL PARLOR LISTENING TO MY OWN FUNERAL.

... 4:28 P.M. ... IN THE POLICE HEADQUARTERS' WASHROOM I FOUND MYSELF WASHING-UP BESIDE A CORPSE!...



... 5:00 P.M. ... AS I PUNCHED THE TIME-CLOCK... IT PUNCHED BACK AT ME!!...



... THIS... IS THE FUNERAL PARLOR... I WORK HERE... I'M A MORTICIAN... WE ARE HERE TO PAY HOMAGE TO SAM HAMMER, A COP...

... THE EULOGY I AM ABOUT TO DELIVER IS TRUE... ONLY THE FACTS HAVE BEEN CHANGED TO PROTECT HIS MEMORY...



...THIS WAS PHONY... IT **HAD** TO BE... MAYBE I WAS DREAMING...
MAYBE THE WHOLE FOTTEN DAY WAS JUST A **DREAM**... HAH! IT
MUST BE SOMETHING **ELSE**... I WAS DEAD... MAYBE I WAS
REALLY DEAD.

...ASHES TO ASHES...
...DUST TO DUST...
...WE COMMIT THIS COP
TO HIS ETERNAL REST...

HEY... AM
I **DEAD**?
...AM I
REALLY
DEAD?
...



YUKK... I **MUST** BE DEAD!
YOU'RE DEAD!

HAHAHAHA
HAHAHA
**NO SAM
HAH HAH HAH
NO SAM I'M NOT
DEAD!**...



**NO SAM HAMMER...
YOU'RE NOT DEAD...
LOOK OVER THERE...
...LOOK INTO THE BABY CARRIAGE...
...SEE THE HIDDEN T.V.
CAMERA?**



...HUH?...

**NO SAM
HAMMER... YOU'RE
NOT DEAD AT
ALL... YOU'RE VERY
MUCH ALIVE AND
ON COAST-70-
COAST T.V....**



...MY LIFE...

...YOU SEE
SAM HAMMER...
YOU'VE BEEN OUR
FIRST "VICTIM" ON THE
NEW T.V. GAME
SHOW:

**THIS IS YOUR
LIFE!!
THIS IS YOUR
DEATH!!**



YOU MEAN...
YOU MEAN **NOTHING**
WAS **REAL**?

NOTHIN' SAM! IT
WAS ALL SET-UP AND
EVERYBODY WAS IN ON
THE FUN AND GAMES...
EVERYBODY
EXCEPT YOU
THAT IS...
...YOUR
PARTNER ED,
YOUR BOSS,
CAPTAIN
DOOLEY... THE
PHONY CRIMINALS
AND... AND YES EVEN
"LITTLE FEO"
WAS IN ON IT...



...BUT... BUT WHY DO YOU CALL THE SHOW: THIS IS YOUR LIFE... THIS IS YOUR DEATH...

...JUST A GIMMICK SAW... A GIMMICK... YOU GOTTA HAVE A GIMMICK ON TV THESE DAYS...

...YOU SEE... EVERY POSSIBLE KIND OF GAME SHOW HAS ALREADY BEEN DONE... GUESS WHO? GUESS WHAT? GAMES... MARRIAGE SHOWS AND DIVORCE SHOWS... TELEPHONE SHOWS... PUZZLE SHOWS...

...EVERYTHING YOU COULD IMAGINE RIGHT?



...WELL... YES I GUESS SO... EVERYTHING RIGHT? ...WRONG? ...NOT EVERYTHING... NOW THIS SHOW IS THE MOST EXCITING SHOW OF ALL... WE PICK A GUY AND LIKE 'THIS IS YOUR LIFE' WE SHOW HIS AVERAGE DAY... THEN LIKE 'CAMERA CAMERA' WE HAVE FUN WITH HIM...



... THEN WE GIVE PRIZES TO ALL THE PEOPLE WHO PLAY ALONG WITH US... LIKE YOUR PARTNER BO HERE... WE'RE GIVING HIM A CABIN- CRUISER...

... I'VE ALWAYS WANTED A CABIN- CRUISER SAW...

...AND THERE'S ONE MORE THING WE DO... JUST LIKE THE SHOW 'TRUTH OR CONSEQUENCES'!



...WHEN WE'VE ALL HAD OUR FUN THE CONTESTANT MUST PAY THE CONSEQUENCES...

...NOW ON OUR SHOW... WE PICK THE CRUMBIEST, MEANEST, SON-OF-A-BITCH... WE CAN FIND... AND WHEN WE'VE HAD OUR FUN... WE...



... THIS IS THE GRAVEYARD... THIS IS MY NEW BEAT, I WORK THE NIGHTSHIFT... DUSK TILL DAWN... THERE'S A LOTTA CARREPS HERE, LIKE WERWOLVES AND WAMPYRES AND GHOULS AN' IT'S MY JOB TO KEEP 'EM IN LINE... I WORK HERE... I'M A COR...

...AT 7:10 P.M.,...EVOLUTION WAS PERFORMED ON SAM HAMMER, IN A MOMENT, THE RESULTS OF THAT EVOLUTION...



...LET'S GO HOME... I JUST WANNA GO TO SLEEP.

AW CHON CHONNY... IT'S ONLY SEVEN O'CLOCK.

...IT'S SEVEN O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING JIMMY. EVERYTHING'S CLOSED IN THIS TINY TOWN EXCEPT THIS DUMP... C'MON... LET'S GO HOME...



WHO'S THAT COMIN' THERE?

...THEY DON'T HAVE NO NAMES...

WHADDYO MEAN THEY DON'T HAVE NAMES?

...THEY JUST DON'T... THAT'S ALL...



WELL LET'S FIND OUT WHAT THEIR NAMES ARE?

WHAT DIFFERENCE IS IT GONNA MAKE... WHO CARES? NOBODY CARES.

LOOK... LET'S GO HOME... I HAD TOUGH TO DRINK... I JUST WANT SOME SLEEP.



NO... YOU GO HOME IF YOU WANT TO... IT'S SATURDAY NIGHT. I WORKED HARD ALL WEEK. I WANT SOME FUN... COUPLA DRINKS AIN'T ENOUGH... I'M GONNA HAVE SOME FUN WITH THOSE FREAKS...

...HERE STARTS THE TALE OF: "THEM"

HEY CREEPS! ...HEY... WHAT'S VER NAMES?

...CHAPTER ONE...

COME ENTER... THIS IS THE VAULT OF THE LIVING DEAD!



WRITTEN BY HARVEY LICHTER ILLUSTRATED BY MARK WATKINS



HEY CREEPS!

...YES?..

HEY, WHAT'S YOUR NAMES? YOU'RE ALWAYS HANGIN' AROUND HERE..

ALWAYS LATE AT NIGHT..



WE PREFER TO SLEEP DURING THE DAY.. AND TO TAKE OUR EXERCISES AT NIGHT..

EXERCISES.. WHAT'RE THEY TALKING ABOUT..

EVERYBODY ROUND HERE.. IN THIS TOWN HERE.. EVERYBODY THINKS YOU'RE PRETTY WEIRD YOU KNOW..

YES.. I'M SORRY WE GIVE THAT IMPRESSION.. WE DON'T MEAN TO BE WEIRD.. ALTHOUGH.. ALTHOUGH SOME PEOPLE WOULD SAY WE ARE STRANGE..

..WHY DO YOU SAY THAT? WHY DO YOU THINK PEOPLE ARE RIGHT WHEN THEY SAY YOU'RE WEIRD..

WELL WE SLEEP DURING THE DAY.. NOW THAT'S WEIRD..



WHY DO YOU SLEEP DURING THE DAY?



HEY.. I'M TALKIN' TO YOU..

..WHY DO YOU DURING THE DAY?..



LISTEN CREEP.

...I ASKED YOU A QUESTION.

PLEASE LEAVE HIM ALONE!

IT REALLY ISN'T YOUR BUSINESS WHY... IT'S OUR BUSINESS... PLEASE LEAVE US ALONE...



NOW LISTEN HERE... IT AIN'T ONLY US... A LOT OF PEOPLE IN THIS TOWN BEEN TALKING ABOUT YOU AND HOW STRANGE YOU ARE...

... PLEASE... WE JUST WANT TO BE LEFT ALONE... WE'LL LEAVE... WE'LL JUST LEAVE NOW AND GO HOME... WE WISH NO TROUBLE...

OH LOOK NOW... I'M SORRY... LOOK... COME OVER TO THE TABLE THERE WHERE WE WERE SITTING AND HAVE A COFFEE WITH US...

...PLEASE... WE'D JUST LIKE TO LEAVE...

...THANK YOU BUT NO... WE JUST WANT TO BE LEFT ALONE...



WHEN I ASK YA TO JOIN US I EXPECT YA TO JOIN US!!



AAAH! MY ARM... YOU'RE BREAKING IT...



WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THEM?

...I THINK WE'D BETTER GET SOME ANSWERS FROM THESE CREEPS... THEY LIVE RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF US RIGHT HERE IN TOWN...

HOW'UM YOU'RE SO WEIRD HUH?



...YOU SLEEP DURING THE DAY AND ONLY COME OUT AT NIGHT...

...I KNOW WHAT THEY ARE...



HOLD IT THERE LITTLE LADY... WANT YOU TRYIN' TO RUN AWAY FROM... GIMME A LITTLE KISS...

LEAVE ME ALONE... LEAVE ME ALONE!

ALRIGHT... THIS HAS GONE FAR ENOUGH... LEAVE HER ALONE...



JEEZ... I THINK THEY REALLY ARE VAMPIRES.

MY GOD... IF THEY ARE THEM... THEN WE GOTTA RESPONSIBILITY... GET OUTSIDE CREEPS...



AT NO TIME IN THIS STORY HAVE ANY OF THEM IN ANY WAY RESISTED OR FOUGHT THE PUNKS... HOWEVER, THEM HAVE SOME ANGER ON THEIR FACES BUT THAT IS ALL THEM DO IN THE MANNER OF 'OPPOSING' THE PUNKS' ACTIONS.



HERE BEGINS CHAPTER 2
TO INCLUDE THEM

THE DAY OF THE DEAD...





...YES...WE ALL FOLLOWED THE SAME COURSE... IT IS OUR TRADITION AND OUR CODE...

NOW WE MUST EVALUATE WHAT HAS HAPPENED... AND DECIDE WHAT TO DO ABOUT IT...

WELL... WE ACTED TRUE TO OUR BELIEFS... WE REJECTED VIOLENCE...

...THEY PROVOKED US WITH QUESTIONS WE COULD NOT ANSWER... WE AVOIDED THEM... TRIED TO LEAVE... IGNORED THEIR INSINUATIONS AND REJECTED VIOLENT ACTION...



AND WHAT NOW?

WE DON'T HAVE TOO LONG TO MAKE A DECISION... WE MUST GET INDOORS AND AWAY FROM THE SUNLIGHT BEFORE TOO LONG BEFORE IT KILLS US...

IT IS MY PERSONAL SUGGESTION THAT WE RETALIATE...

... I AGREE...

... WE MUST...





GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY!

... YOU DIDN'T KILL US... YOU COULDN'T KILL US... UNLESS YOU USED MORE **UNORTHODOX** METHODS OF **MURDER**...

OH MY GOD... WE KILLED YOU...

LIKE A STAKE OR A CROSS...



THEN... THEN YOU ARE VAMPIRES...

BUT HOW? THE SUNLIGHT DIDN'T KILL YOU... AND WHY DID YOU FIGHT BACK?

... THE STORY OF VAMPIRES DYING WITH EXPLOSIVE TO SUNLIGHT IS EXAGGERATED...

... IT TAKE MANY HOURS...



... WE DID NOT RETALIATE AT THE TIME BECAUSE WE ARE... IN OUR TERMS, A REFORM SECT... IN YOUR TERMS, AS YOU SAID EARLIER, WE ARE SORT-OF LIKE HIPPIES...



WE REJECT THE CORRUPT AND EVIL WAY OF OUR FOREFATHERS... OUR PARENTS... JUST AS IN YOUR SOCIETY WE TOO HAVE A GENERATION GAP... EXCEPT THAT IN OUR CASE IT'S ABOUT 400 YEARS...

... WE REJECT OLD WAYS... REJECT VIOLENCE AND MURDER WHEN NOT NECESSARY... IT IS IMMORAL...

... BUT LIKE OUR FOREFATHERS EVERY SO OFTEN WE NEED BLOOD TO LIVE...



... DON'T TOUCH ME... GOD DON'T TOUCH ME... DON'T TOUCH ME...

... AND YOUR ACTIONS HAVE GIVEN US THE EXCUSE WE CRAVED FOR MONTHS!



WHADDA WANNA DO TONIGHT ALP

I DUNNO...

... I DON'T WANNA DO ANYTHING!

... I JUST WANNA SLEEP...

YOU WANNA WASTE A SATURDAY NIGHT JUST SLEEPING?...

WHADDA YOU WANNA DO TONIGHT MARCEL?...

...WE COULD GO DOWN TO THE DONUT SHOP AND KILL SOME CREEPS...

...AW, GUT THE HUMOR...

WRITTEN BY MICHAEL ANGERBERG
ILLUSTRATED BY DEEA ROSS

...OUR STORY BEGINS IN A TEASING, TAUNTING, WARRIED KINDA WAY TO INTRODUCE SOME OF THE WEIRDOOS IN MANHATTAN AND TO REVEAL THE INSANE SECRET OF WHAT THEY DO FOR KICKS ON SATURDAY NIGHT WHEN OLD BROADWAY'S NEON MARQUEES FLEXER-ON TO REVEAL THE INSANE NAME:



THESE ARE THE THINGS THAT ARE DEAD



...I GOT AN IDEA...

...WHO ARE WE GONNA KILL THIS TIME?...

...LET'S STEAL A SUBWAY TRAIN!...

STATION CENTRAL





HEY, WHAT
THE HELL IS
GOING ON UP
THERE?..

NO
SOONER
SAID..

GET
HIM!

...THAN
DONE..









... YOU REALLY
ARE A KILL'ER
AREN'T YOU ?

WE'RE
GOING TOO
FAST...



RAAAAAAAAAAAAA
RR

... WE'RE
BEING
CHASED...



MY GOD WE'RE
SURROUNDED
BY POLICE CARS!

... WHERE'D
THEY COME
FROM? ...

WE'RE GOING
HIT THAT PARKED
CAR!

WE'RE GOING
HIT THAT PARKED
CAR!



...MY GOD...
WHAT THE
HELL IS

...THE CAR... DON'T HAVE ANY
DRIVER ... THE FRONT SEAT IS
EMPTY.

...TELL ME
HOW IT CAN BE
EMPTY PETS?
TELL ME HOW IT
CAN BE EMPTY?

...NOTHING
IN PARTICULAR.

WELL, THAT
KILLS ANOTHER
SATURDAY NIGHT
IN THIS TOWN,
AL...

THIS TOWN IS
DEAD... WHADDA
WANNA DO NOW
PREGO.

THAT'S HOW
I DIED IN THE
FIRST PLACE
YOU KNOW...

LAST YEAR... I STOLE A
CAR AND LOST CONTROL
OF IT... IT WENT RIGHT INTO
THE EAST RIVER AND I
DROWNED...

...YEAH...

...I DIED IN
A BANK
HEIST...

...I DIED WHEN
MY HOUSE CALIBRATED
ON FIRE...

...I WAS
SMOKING IN
BED...

...THESE... ARE THE THINGS THAT ARE DEAD...
...THESE... ARE THE DEAD THINGS WHO WALK THE BIG CITY
STREETS ON A SATURDAY NIGHT... HOW THEY WALK INTO THE
BIG CITY SUNSET... THEIR EVENING'S ACTIVITIES ARE MORE OR
LESS FINISHED... THEY HEAD BACK FOR THEIR COFFIN
SOMewhere UNDERNEATH THE BOROUGH OF QUEENS... AND
THEIR HANDS DEPENDENTLY AND COLLAPSE INTO TOTAL
OBSCURITY...
...FOR THESE ARE THE THINGS THAT ARE DEAD...

CLOAKED AS SHADOWS, FIGURES MOVE THROUGH THE
CLOSE ALLEYS IN DARKNESS! THE RHYTHMIC BEAT OF 4 INCH
HEELS SLICES THE STILL AIR, WHILE THE DULLED, PADDED
SOUND OF BREAKERS, THROBS CLOSELY BEHIND!! ALL,
BUT A STRANGE PREFACE TO...

THE CRIME IN SATAN'S CRYPT!!!



WRITER BY ED FOLLOY ILLUSTRATED BY BOB STELL



STICKY BLOOD DRIPS, AND MIXES WITH
GRIME ON AN OIL-SOBBENED STREET.
DEATH!!! TONGUE-TYRSURE DRY
WHILE PURCHMENT - EYER GLARE
AND STALKING FLIES MISS CRIMSON-
SOLED SEX... FEW EYES, HAS
THE NIGHT!!!

CLICK
CLICKETY-
CLICK!

CLICKETY
FWOOF FWYHOOOT

WITHIN THE CONFINES OF THE MAUSOLEUM,
A "HIT" MAN WATCHES ... HIS CONTRACT
FILLED ...

SOMEONE
MUST'VE HEARD HER
SCREAMS!

NO BIG
THING!!

GOT MY FOOD
STOCKED HERE, AND
I CAN LAY LOW
FOR A COUPLE
OF DAYS!

WHO'S GONNA
LOOK IN A
TOMB!!

HA HA HA HA HA HA

GO ON, RUN YOU
FOOLS!! YOU'LL NEVER
CATCH DRAKE!!

DRAKE'S TOO
SMART... ALWAYS
THINKS AHEAD!!

ALWAYS COMPLETES
HIS JOB... NEVER
A NITCH!!...

GET'S HIS MAN,
EVERY TIME...

... OR WOMAN!!!

HUUUNNNHHHHH??!!

WHAT THE HELL'S GOIN' ON??!

MUSIC??!
HERE??

IN A...
CRYPT??!

I SHOULD TAKE ABOUT TWO DAYS FOR THINGS TO COOL, THEN BACK TO L.A. FOR ANOTHER HIT!!

AS THE STRANGE, DRIFTING CHORDS SOAK THE DANK AIR...

THE ONCE DANK AIR, NOW LIES PERMEATED WITH THE FRAGILE WHISPS OF MUSK THAT DRIFT FROM THE GRANITE BOWELS...

IT'S SOME SORTA ENTRANCE!!

EMPTY!!

BUT, WHERE'S THE MUSIC COMIN' FROM??

THAT'S ALL I NEED...

...COMPANY!!

THAT URN!!

IT-IT LOOKS LIKE...

MUST BE SOME HIPPIE HIDE-OUT!

THEN WOMB-BIRDS PROBABLY NEST DOWN THERE IN 'SMOKE JPA STORM!

YEAH, I BETCHA THEY GOT SOME OF THEM HIPPIE CHICKS...

WAIT A SEC!!!

GOLD!!!





GOLD!!
SOLID
GOLD!!

IT'LL
BRING A
FORTUNE!!

WHAT LUCK!!
COME INTA TOWN
T'DO A JOB...
...AND I WHO UFA
MILLIONAIRE!!!

HA HA HA HAAAA!!!



AS THE HAUNTING
LIGHT OF THE
REBBIWAX CANDLES
CAST GROTESQUE
SHADOWS TO THE
STONE WALLS, SO
DOES IT CREATE
A STRANGE
REFLECTION IN
THE POLISHED
GOLD...

A CASKET!!
STRANGE, I DIDN'T
SEE IT B'FORE!!

THE GUY'S
EYES ARE OPEN...
... BETTER CHECK
'IN OUT... MAKE
SURE HE'S
STIFF!!

THOSE WHO PINE-CLAD DWELL,
WITHIN THE EMBRACE OF TUFTED
SILK, STIR NOT...



DEAD!!
HIS SKIN FEELS
LIKE WOOD!!

FUNNY, HE DOESN'T
LOOK DEAD...
...NOT ROTTING,
OR NOTHING!!



THOSE EYES!!
THEY DON'T LOOK
LIKE DEATH...

...THEY'RE STILL
MOIST...
...ALIVE!!!



SUDDENLY, THE ONCE DISTANT MUSIC IS
CLOSER, AND RACES TO A FEVER PITCH!!
BETWEEN THE LULLS OF CHANTING, HEAVY
FOOTSTEPS ARE HEARD...

'BETTER
SPLIT!!

... SOMEONE'S
COMIN'!!!

A TRAIN OF SHADOWS GLID UPON THE IMAEIOUS WALLS... THE SOUND OF TAMBOURINES OF STRETCHED HUMAN SKIN, CHAIN THE AIR... THE SCENT OF HUMAN FAT CANDLED SLOWLY LACES THE MUSIC!!

TAMP TAMP TINGLE RINGLE
TAMP TAMP TINGLE RINGLE
TAMP TAMP TINGLE RINGLE
TINGLE RINGLE TINGLE RINGLE

TAMP TAMP TINGLE RINGLE
TINGLE RINGLE TINGLE RINGLE
TAMP TAMP TINGLE RINGLE
TINGLE RINGLE TINGLE RINGLE

EKO, EKO, AZARAK, EKO, EKO
ZAMELAK, EKO, EKO, EKO, EKO!!!

SLOWLY... MORE SKIN TO THE REILA OF SHADOWS THAN TO THAT OF THE LIMBS, THE COVER CIRCLES THE SILVER -- HANDLED GASKET...

MAIL ASMODEUS...

MAIL ASTAROTH...

MAIL ZABULON...

HEAR US!!
HEAR US!!
POSSESS US!!

GUIDE US!! AND US TO DELIVER SATAN WITHIN OUR UNHOLY REALM!!!

WHAT A BUNCH OF FREAKS!!

'BETTER STAY HIDDEN, 'N' WAIT THEM OUT...

... CAUSE I AIN'T LEAVIN' WITHOUT THAT LUN!!!

SOON, THE ANCIENT RITUAL BEGINS...

I SUMMON AND CALL YOU, MIGHTY ONES OF THE NORTH, EAST, SOUTH AND WEST, TO WITNESS OUR RITES AND GUARD OUR PEOPLE

I COMMAND YOU, LOTHODEUS, PRINCIPLES OF SIN AND DEATH-- RISE!!

GUIDE YOUR PEOPLE, AND PREPARE US FOR THE COMING OF THE MASTER...

...SATAN!!!

RISE!!
RISE!!

RISE!!
RISE!!

RISE!!
RISE!!

RISE LOTHODEUS!!!



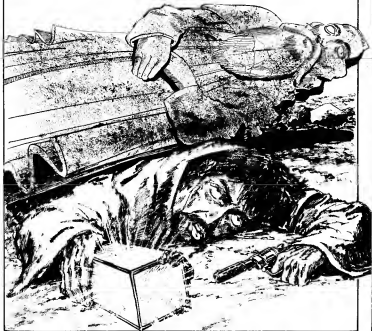
THE SILENCE OF MEDITATION IS BROKEN, AS THE ALABASTER PEDestal CRASHES TO THE STONE FLOOR...



THO' ALL THINGS HAVE THEIR TIMES... AND ALL MEN,
THEIR DESTINIES... STILL, THE HAND OF UNSEEN
EVIL MOVES THEM AS PITIFUL PAWNS!!!

SAN FRANCISCO AREA RIPPED BY MIDNIGHT EARTHQUAKE!!! NO DEATHS REPORTED!!

POLICE SEARCH FOR WOMAN-KILLER!!



WALTER LYMAN'S GOOD MOOD IS ONLY MARRED BY THE FACT THAT HIS WIFE CAN'T GO BACK WITH HIM -- BACK TO HIS HOME TOWN FOR HIS HIGH SCHOOL CLASS REUNION, AND HOW LUCKY MRS. LYMAN IS TO MISS WHAT WE KNOW WILL BE!

THE LUNATIC CLASS OF '64

THE WILD BURNING

... I JUST COULDN'T GET ANYONE TO STAY WITH THE KIDS, WALT!

I KNOW, HONEY, BUT I WANTED YOU TO MEET THE OLD GANG...



HOW DON'T GO FOOLING AROUND WITH YOUR OLD HIGH SCHOOL GIRLFRIENDS JUST BECAUSE I'M NOT THERE??!

I'LL HAVE MY SECRETARY MAKE A NOTE OF IT, HEN-HEN.

KIM, I DIDN'T HAVE ANY HIGH SCHOOL GIRLFRIENDS!

WALT, I DUG UP YOUR HIGH SCHOOL YEARBOOK THIS MORNING. HOW COME THERE AREN'T ANY AUTOGRAPHS IN IT, HONEY?

KUH? HELL, I DON'T REMEMBER. MAYBE I WAS OUT SICK THE DAY WE GOT OUR YEARBOOKS. C'MON, I'LL MISS THE DAMNED TRAIN!



YES, THE LYMAN'S WOULD DO WELL TO GET ONE LAST LOOK AT WALTER... TO BLOW HIM ONE LAST KISS...



...THE SKYWALK HORROR MOOD PROUDLY PRESENTS JAUNCHED JANE LYNCH FOR THE FIRST TIME ANYWHERE IN THE HORROR COMICS MEDIUM WITH HER TALE OF WALTER (NITTY) LYMAN AND HIS JOURNEY INTO HIS WRETCHED PAST...

NOW... HE'S ON A TRAIN
HEADED FOR YESTERDAY...

I'VE REALLY
MADE SOMETHING
OF MYSELF THESE
PAST TEN YEARS
SINCE HIGH SCHOOL
GRADUATION...
AND IT WASN'T
EASY...

GOD IT'S BEEN YEARS
SINCE I'VE THOUGHT ABOUT MY
HIGH SCHOOL DAYS. I
WASN'T VERY POPULAR.
THEN... NOW SOME OF
THOSE KIDS PUT ME
DOWN!!!

YES, THEY HAD TAUNTED HIM. WALTER FLASHES BACK TO
A HUMILIATING EXPERIENCE OF HIS YOUTH...

LEOTA,
WILL YOU BE
MY DATE FOR
THE PROM?

ME? YOU WANT
ME TO GO TO THE
PROM WITH YOU!!!!
YOU MUST BE INSANE.
DON'T YOU KNOW THE
KIDS CALL YOU
"PWILES LYMAN???"

WELL, WALTER, DO YOU REMEMBER HOW WHY THERE
ARE NO AUTOGRAPHS IN YOUR HIGH SCHOOL YEARBOOK?

HEY GUYS, LETS
HAVE YOUR JOHN
HAWCOCKS
HERE !!!

...ALRIGHT WALT--
HOW'S ABOUT THIS:
ACNE IS RED--
...BUT WE LIKE YOU ALOT...
EVEN THO YOUR FACE IS
DEAD AND LOOKS LIKE
CRUMBLING ROTT...

GOD, I'D... I'D
FORGOTTEN
ABOUT THAT!!!

NOW... WALTER IS BATHED IN A WRETCHED SWEAT... HIS MIND A FRENZY OF REMEMBERING...

JESUS, GUYS, I'D LIKE TO JOIN YOUR CLUB AFTER SCHOOL!

WE DOUBT THAT YOU'D BE ABLE TO AFFORD THE DUES, FIFTEEN, ALTHOUGH YOUR MOTHER COULD GET ANOTHER JOB AS A WAITRESS!

HIS PEERS WERE DEGENERATE... CORRUPT PERVERSIONS OF YOUTH... YET WALTER WANTED TO BELONG, DON'T GIVE UP TRYING TO BE LIKED...

I...ER... I... ANH... WOULD YOU LIKE, AHH...

...SPEAK UP STUPID... WHAT DO YOU WANT?

...I...ER... DO YOU WANT TO COPY MY ANH SCORER? MX, MY GEOMETRY NOTES FROM THE DAY YOU WERE ABSENT...?

...KATHY?...

NO! BRAD'S GIVING ME HIS NOTES... AFTER FOOTBALL PRACTICE... BUT THEN... YOU WOULDN'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT

FOOTBALL PRACTICE!!

WALTER, DEAR, WHY DON'T YOU EVER INVITE YOUR FRIENDS HOME AFTER SCHOOL?

I... I DON'T HAVE ANY FRIENDS, MOTHER...

IN THE LOBBY OF THE LITTLE TOWN'S HOTEL, WALTER'S OLD CLASSMATES GREET HIM AND IT'S AS IF HIS UNPOPULARITY HAS BEEN GRASPED FROM THEIR ANEMORBS BY THE ONSLAUGHT OF TIME...

EACH OF THESE MAJOR RECOLLECTIONS FORMING A SPEAR TO PIERCE WALTER'S EBING STABILITY.

THIS IS RIDICULOUS! I'M A GROWN MAN... SUCCESSFUL... ADMIRED... THE PAST IS BURIED AND GONE... BUT--

WELCOME HOME CLASS OF 64

HEY! WALT! GREAT TO SEE YOU! LOOK, EVERYONE, WALT'S HERE!!!

WALT! YOU'RE LOOKING JUST MARVELOUS!! ...ARE YOU MARRIED?

AT THE REUNION BANQUET, THE PETTY HATREDS OF ADOLESCENCE HAVE BEEN FORGOTTEN, BUT IT IS TOO LATE FOR WALTER, WHO HAS PUT BOTH FEET OVER THE AMORPHOUS LINE OF INSANITY!



HEY - IT'S TOO BAD YOUR WIFE COULDN'T MAKE IT... HEY, MAN, LET'S TRY TO GET UP A FOOTBALL GAME TOMORROW MORNING! LIKE THE OLD DAYS! WADDA SAY, BUDDY?

F-FOOTBALL--
I--



...THE DEGENERATING FIRE SPREADS QUICKLY!

FOOTBALL PRACTICE

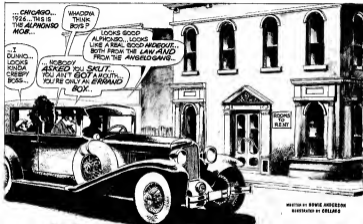


WHAT KIND OF MACABRE DEATH IS THIS? LIVING DEATH? IS THIS HELL? NO... IT'S A HIGH SCHOOL! THESE CHARRED BLOODY CORPSES ARE LUNATIC DISTORTIONS OF YOUNG STUDENTS!

SANDY, WOULD YOU BE MY DATE FOR THE PROM?

HA! I'M THE MOST POPULAR GHOUL AT SCHOOL AND YOU'RE JUST A CREEP, I'D RATHER DIE!

WALTER'S WIFE AND CHILDREN ARE WAITING, BUT WALTER HAS GONE BACK TO SCHOOL... FOREVER... TRAPPED IN A GHORLISH NIGHTMARE IN A DEGENERATE PRISON OF BEING THE MOST UNPOPULAR CORPSE IN THE CLASS!





...GET HER OUTTA HERE SKUT...

...SURE THING AL - SURE THING...

YEH!! I THINK THIS PLACE IS GONNA DO US JUST FINE!!



...ANYTHING ELSE YOU WANT AL?

...YEH, YOU CAN GET US SOME FOOD SKUT... WHADDYA WANT BOYS?

...HAMBURGER ANA BEER...

...HAM SANDWICH AN BEER...

...JUST BEER, SKUT...

...GET ME SOME EGGS - AND BEER...



...AN LISTEN SKUT... DONT LET ANY OF ANGELO'S GANG SEE YOU... KEEP OUTTA SIGHT...

...SURE THING AL... SURE THING...



...A LOUSY FINE DOLLAR BILL... AN HE'S GOT TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND OF 'EM IN HIS VIOLIN CASE... HAMBURGERS AN' EGGS...

...THAT'S ALL I AM... AN ERRAND BOY... JUST AN ERRAND BOY...



...HERE Y'AR SCHNOOK...

SCHNOOK!?!?

...YEH, SCHNOOK! WEASEL!!? NOW GET OUTTA HERE YA SLIMY LITTLE CREEP...



...YEH... IN THE OLD ROOMING HOUSE ON EDGEL STREET.

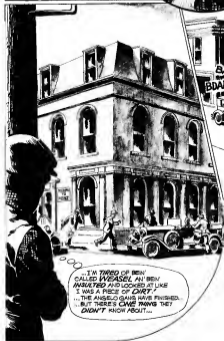
WHO IS THIS?

... NEVER MIND WHO IT IS... IF YOU WANT THE ALPHONSO GANG YOU KNOW WHERE TO GET 'EM...

...ERRAND BOY... WEASEL, EH?... I'LL GET MY REVENGE...



... THE ANGELO GANG ARE PULLIN' UP NOW... THE FIRE WORKS SHOULD START ANY MINUTE...



... I'M TIRED OF BEIN CALLED WEASEL AN' BEIN INSULTED AND LOOKED AT LIKE I WAS A PIECE OF DIRT! ... THE ANGELO GANG HAVE FINISHED... BUT THERE'S ONE THING THEY DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT...



ALPHONSO'S TWO HUNNERD GRAND STUFFED IN 'IS VIOLIN CASE!!





...TWO HUNDRED GRAND.
AN' IT'S ALL MINE...
...TROUBLE IS... IT'S STILL
HOT... THE COPS ARE STILL
LOOKIN' FOR IT... AN' IF
THEY'RE LOOKIN' FOR IT THAT
MEANS THEY'RE LOOKIN'
FER ME...



MAYBE THIS
OLD PLACE WILL
WAKE A GOOD
HIDE-OUT
AFTER-ALL...
WHY NOT?... IT
AIN'T TOO
BAD...



...I CAN'T LIVE HERE.
WHAT AM I GONNA DO
WITH ALL THESE DEAD
BODIES? I DON'T
WANNA LIVE WITH A
BUNCH OF DEAD
CORSES...



...I'LL
BURY
'EM...
...IN THE
BASEMENT...





... THERE'S SOMETHIN' **STRANGE**
ABOUT THIS OLD HOUSE... I FELT IT
FROM THE **MINUTE** I FIRST WALKED
IN... THAT WIRD OLD WOMAN - SHE
WAS STRANGE...

WHAT THE HELL
IS THIS? **MORE**
DEAD BODIES?
... BUT **WHOSE?**

... MY GOD... **SHE** MUSTA KILLED
THEM...

SAY?? **WHATEVER**
HAPPENED TO THAT OLD
WOMAN'S **BODY?** I DIDN'T
FIND IT WHERE I **LEFT**
IT...





... SOMETHIN' AN'FUL
STRANGE HERE... WHY WERE
THERE NO OTHER
BORDERS...

HUMP

... YOU JUST MET
THE OTHER BORDERS
... YOU JUST DUG THEM
UP OUT OF THEIR
GRAVES WHERE I
NEATLY AND
RESPECTFULLY
BURIED
THEM...

... THERE
WERE OTHER
BORDERS
MR. SKUT...



... BUT... BUT YOU'RE
SUPPOSED TO BE DEAD...
I... I SAW HUMP
KILL YOU...

BDA
BDA
BDA

... FOOLISH
LITTLE
MAN...



... DON'T CALL ME
THAT... WHY DON'T
YOU DIE?... YOU
SOME KINDA
VAMPIRE OR
SOMETHIN'...

... VAMPIRE?... DON'T
BE FOOLISH LITTLE
MAN... I'M JUST AN
OLD WOMAN...

... WELL
HOW-COME YOU
AIN'T DEAD.
OLD WOMAN?... YOU
GOT ENOUGH
LEAD IN YA TO
START A GANG
WAR!

... BUT I GOT A MORE
IMPORTANT QUESTION
FER YA BEFORE YOU ANSWER
WHAT YEN ARE...
... I WANNA KNOW WHY YOU
KILLED ALL YOUR
BORDERS...



I DIDN'T KILL THEM... THEY JUST DIED...

...JUST... DIED?... WHADDYA MEAN?

...JUST DIED FROM OLD AGE... I'VE HAD BORDERS A LONG LONG TIME MR. SKUT...



FROM LOWRY...

...SEVERAL HUNDRED YEARS...



...MY GOD... SHE'S A NUT!

...THIS WAS THE FIRST BOARDING HOUSE IN CHICAGO... BUILT BY MY FATHER IN 1798... I'VE OPERATED IT EVER SINCE...

YE'R NUTS... YE'R A RAVING MADWOMAN... YE'R OUT OF YER HEAD...

WHEN MY BORDERS DIE... WELL, I WANT THEM TO FEEL AT HOME... SO I JUST BURY THEM HERE...

...THIS HOUSE AIN'T NEAR THAT OLD... YOU'RE NOT IN YER RIGHT MIND LADY... YOU GOT TWENTY SLUGS IN YER... YOU SHOULD BE DEAD... NOBODY CAN LIVE THAT LONG... YOU'RE JUST MAD... IF YEN WERE TELLIN' THE TRUTH YOU'D BE DEAD AND IN YER GRAVE...



...IN MY GRAVE? I'M NOT... NOT SANE? NOT ALIVE?

...NO... NOT ON ME... WATCH OUT...



...MY GOD!! CAN'T MOVE... CORPSE HAS ME TRAPPED!



...WELL... IT'S ABOUT TIME WE NAILED THIS OLD DUMP CLOSED...

...IT'S A SHAME... THIS PLACE IS A LANDMARK...

WHADDYA MEAN?

...ARCHITECTURE WAS YEARS AHEAD OF ITS TIME... THIS IS PROBABLY THE OLDEST BUILDING IN CHICAGO... WHEN THEY TEAR DOWN THIS OLD PLACE TOMORROW THEY TEAR DOWN A LOTTA OLD MEMORIES...

... SO ENDS THE NARRATIVE OF SKUT... IF YOU'RE WONDERING, SKUT'S STARVED REMAINS WILL BE FOUND ON THE WORROW WHEN THE WRECKING BALL IS DROPPED ON HW... AND AS FOR THE OLD WOMAN DYING SUDDENLY LIKE THAT... WELL, YOU'D CUMBLE TOO IF SOMEBODY TOLD YOU WERE TOO OLD TO EXIST!...



THIS IS THE MONSTER...A MADDED CONSIDERATION OF RAGE AND FURY, AN INSANE BEING WHO HAS RISEN FROM THE DARKNESS OF DEATH, BUT HAS NOT ESCAPED IT...

MONSTER, MONSTER, HEED DEATH'S CALL

DEATH
CALLS LOUDLY...
AND WHEN THERE
ARE THOSE WHO
ADD THEIR VOICES
TO AID IT THERE
CAN BE ONLY
DOOM IN THE
AIR!

WRITTEN BY ROBERTO FRAGILLI ILLUSTRATED BY ESCOBAR YLLANORTE

THE AMULETS
OF POWER ARE IN
THIS AREA. I FEEL IT. THE
VEILED LADY AND I HAVE
COME TOO FAR TO MISS
NOW... YOU SAY YOU KNOW
OF ONE WHO MAY
HAVE THE AMULETS?

THEN IT WOULD
BE WORTH YOUR
EFFORTS IN AIDING
ME TO GAIN YOUR
REVENGE UPON THIS
KIRSTEN? SHOULD YOU
HELP US HOWEVER, I CAN
ASSURE YOU THAT YOU
GAIN MORE THAN
REVENGE...

...DOES THIS
NOT SEAL THE
BARGAIN?

YES...IF
ANY WOULD HAVE
THE OLD WOMAN
WOULD, HER NAME IS
KIRSTEN, AND SHE HAS
DESERTED US. SHE HAS
CAUSED MY BAND MUCH GRIEF
AND HUMILIATION!

BARGAIN: NO WORDS OF REFUSAL COME FROM THE PRINCE OF THE GYPSIES AND A PACT IS MADE...ONE WHICH WILL AFFECT THE LIVES OF THREE PEOPLE WHO ASK FOR NOTHING MORE THAN THE QUIET PEACE OF LIFE, THIS ONE FOR INSTANCE, WHO AT THIS MOMENT STRIDES INTO A CRIMSON AMULET...

THERE IS EVIL IN THE AIR...THE AMULET SHOWS IT TO ME. ONCE AGAIN WE MUST FLEE...FOR TO LINGER MEANS **DEATH!**

MUSH, DAUGHTER. WE MUST NOT REMAIN HERE! **DEATH** CALLS THROUGH THE AIR THIS NIGHT...WE MUST GO...

MOTHER?

WHY CAN'T WE STAY JUST FOR ONE NIGHT?

YOU MUST **NOT QUESTION!** SHE KNOWS OF SUCH THINGS...

MY DAUGHTER IS **RIGHT.** DO **NOT QUESTION** ME! I HAVE THE MEANS TO REVEAL ALL THAT I HAVE SAID TO BE **TRUE...** HEED MY WORDS, YOUNG FRIEND...

...FOR IT WAS THROUGH MY SOURCES THAT I FIRST LEARNED OF **YOU!**

THERE IS NOTHING ELSE TO BE SAID, THEY MAKE THEIR PREPARATIONS, AND WHILE THE MOON SHINES FULL UPON THEM, THEY **LEAVE...**



YOUR THOUGHTS TRAIL OFF, OLD WOMAN... BUT WHAT IF YOU KNEW THE REASON...THE CAUSE FOR THOSE ABOUT YOU NOT HEARING? WHAT IF YOU KNEW OF THE MADNESS THAT DWELLS WITHIN YOUR OWN CAMP? THE MADNESS THAT IS FAR WORSE THAN THE DEATH THAT STALKS YOU?



INSANITY! IT CREEPS THROUGH THE NIGHT, ITS FINGERS COVERED WITH THE STUFF OF NIGHTMARES! FREEZING ALL RATIONAL THOUGHTS...ALL HOPES FOR SANITY! HE RUNS...LAUGHING...FOR INSANITY IS BLISS...



THE
MADNESS IS
UPON HIM...

MOTHER...

HUSH,
CHILD...

WE MUST
LEAVE THIS PLACE,
WE ARE NOT SAFE
AS I THOUGHT.
ONCE MORE DEATH
CALLS...

... AND IF
WE REMAIN,
WE SHALL
DIE...

MOTHER...
WE CANNOT
LEAVE HIM
BEHIND! WE
HAVE TO FIND
HIM!
WE...

WE HAVE
TO
LEAVE!
WE HAVE
**NO
CHOICE!**



PLEASE UNDERSTAND
ME, MY DAUGHTER! IF
WE DO NOT LEAVE,
WE DIE!



THEN YOU SHALL
DIE, OLD WOMAN... FOR
YOU ARE GOING
NOWHERE!



YOU HAVE
POWER, OLD WOMAN...
POWER THAT I NEED.
...AND I'LL
HAVE IT...

WHERE
ARE THE
AMULETS
OLD
WOMAN?

AMULETS? POWER?
I AM AFRAID I KNOW
NOTHING OF...

I'M AFRAID
YOU **DO!** I WANT
THOSE **AMULETS**...
I WANT THEM
NOW!



HE IS
NOT HERE...
THE DAMNED
MONSTER IS
GONE!

PERHAPS YOU DO
NOT UNDERSTAND ME OLD
WOMAN. I WILL STOP AT
NOTHING TO OBTAIN
THOSE
AMULETS...

NOTHING!!





FEAR! SHIFT FROM ONE FOOT TO ANOTHER, YOU HAVE HEARD THAT IN-HUMAN WAIL BEFORE HAVEN'T YOU? YOU KNOW FROM THAT HORRIBLE THROAT THAT (WEARTHY CALL ORIGINATES, BUT SO DO THE TWO WOMEN...



...THE CAUSE IS **MADNESS...**



OH, MY GOD!!

FLEE, COWARDS... RUN! LEAVE YOUR PRINCE AND HIS AMERICAN FRIENDS... FOR WHAT ARE THEY TO YOU WHEN THE MONSTER COULD RIP YOUR VERY THROATS TO SHREDS? BUT YOU WON'T FLEE, WILL YOU, AMERICAN HERO? NO, YOU'LL STAY AND FACE THIS MONSTER... FOR YOUR RIFLE CAN KILL ANYTHING...



CAN'T IT? TRY AGAIN, AMERICAN HERO... YOU CAN KILL ANYTHING!



NO... MY GOD NO! IT'S DEAD! I SHOT IT!



IT ADVANCES...AND HATE
CAN BE SEEN IN THOSE
ANIMAL EYES! HATED FAR
WORSE THAN ANY EVER
BEFORE IMAGINED BY MERE
FRAIL MORTAL MAN.

**THIS IS
HATE!**



**DIE,
DAMN YOU!
DIE!**



BUT HATE DOES NOT DIE. IT FESTERS...
GROWS...EXPANDS! FOR YOU, AMERICAN
HERO, HAVE THREATENED THE LIFE OF SOME-
ONE WHO MEANS MUCH TO THIS MONSTER...
SOMEONE WHO CAN REACH THROUGH THAT
CLOUD OF INSANE ANIMALISM...



WATCH IT GET UP... THIS MONSTER
...AND ATTACK YOU AGAIN! YOU
CAN'T SHOOT IT... AND YOU CAN'T
CLUB IT TO DEATH...

**FOR HATE WILL
NOT DIE!**






NO...IT
CAN'T BE...
NO...
NO!



ARROOWWW



IT TURNS AND SEES THE TWO WOMEN, SEEMINGLY FOR
THE FIRST TIME... AND FOR A FULL MINUTE IT STARES
AT THEM... IT ALMOST
SEEMS AS IF THERE
IS LOVE IN THOSE
ANIMAL EYES...



YES... ANIMAL LOVE MIGHT BE IMPOSSIBLE...
BUT HUMAN HATE ISN'T. DEATH HAS NOT
YET LEFT THE AIR THIS NIGHT...

...THE VEILED WOMAN TAKES OFF HER
DISGUISE AND...



BUT THAT
IS IMPOSSIBLE...
ISN'T IT?



THAT
DAMNED
MONSTER!

IF NOT FOR
IT THE AMULETS
WOULD BE MINE... BUT
NO MATTER... THEY SHALL
BE MINE, ANYWAY!

THAT OLD
WOMAN SHALL
DIE! AND THE
MONSTER AS
WELL...

NEXT: IN THE "MONSTER, MONSTER SAGA..."

MONSTER, MONSTER, WATCH THEM DIE!

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